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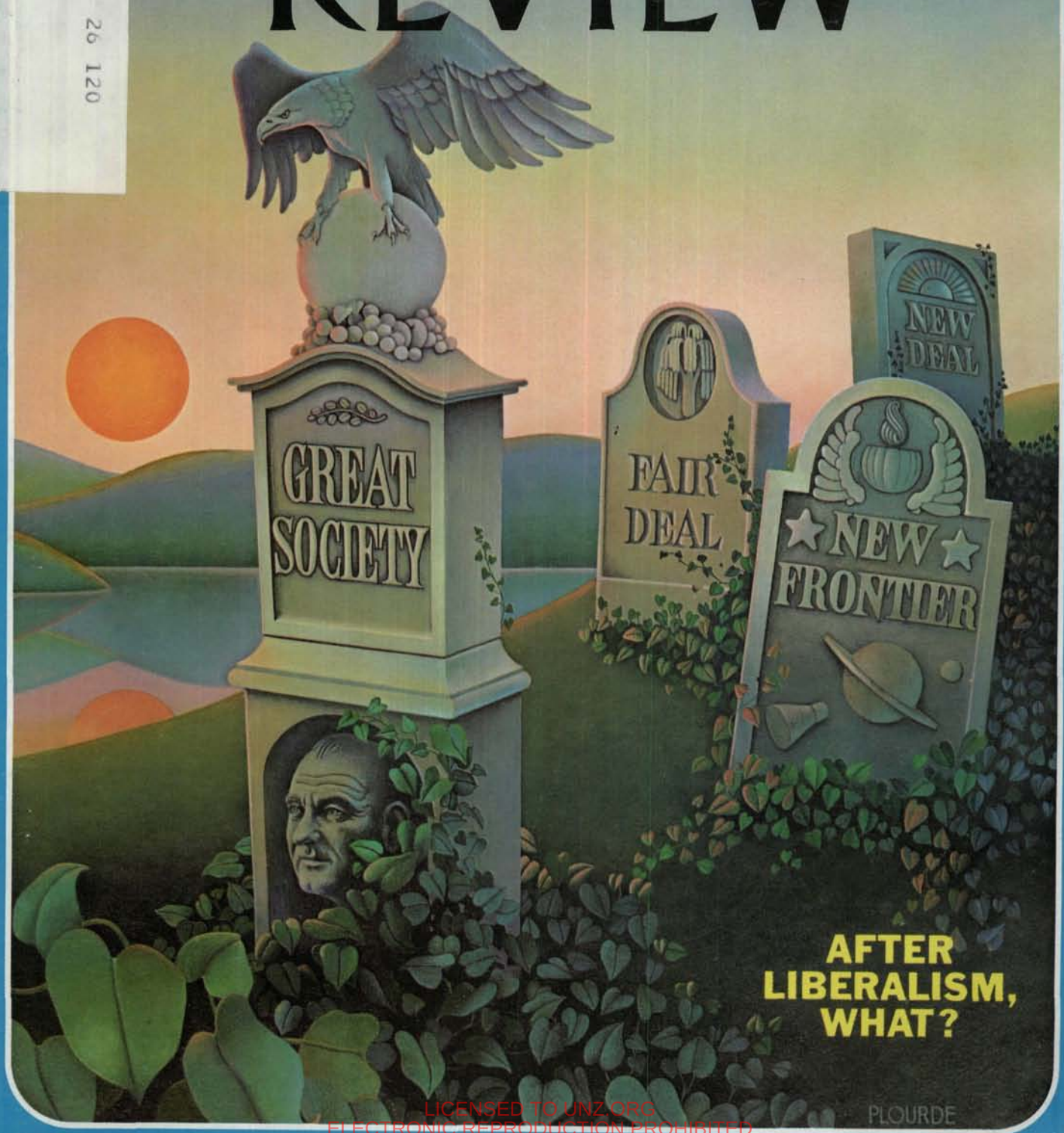
NATIONAL REVIEW



AFTER LIBERALISM, WHAT?

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This photo of Taiwan, taken from a NASA Gemini spacecraft, could double that nation's fishing yield.

The deep blue water along the upper west coast, an upwelling that raises nutrients from the ocean floor, is an ancestral fishing ground. The similar upwelling on the east coast, discovered by this photo, may prove to be as rich in fish as the traditional grounds.

Orbiting satellites could locate new fishing grounds around the world and help manage and conserve all our ocean resources. It's one of the ways our existing space technologies could benefit all mankind.

Think about the possibilities.

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If You Like What Mr. Agnew Is Saying About the Media, You'll LOVE What This Former Times Editor Reveals About His Paper!

All The News That Fits

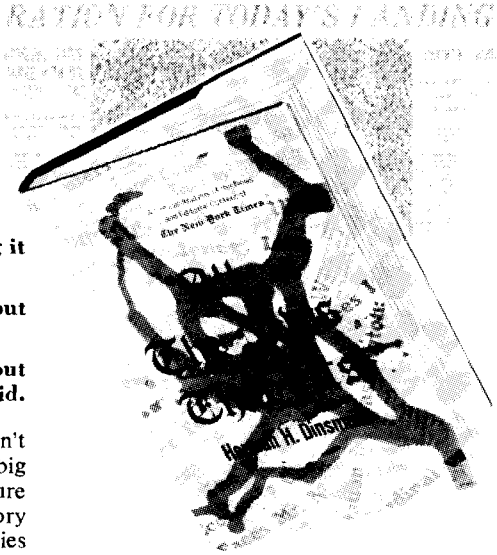
A Critical Analysis of the News and Editorial Content in The New York Times

by Herman H. Dinsmore

376 pages • 4-page bibliography • exhaustive 18-page index

A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

The New York Times is often called "the good grey lady." This book will force many to conclude that the lady is a tramp.



HERMAN DINSMORE joined the *Times* in 1929, back when the paper measured up to its reputation for greatness. By 1951 he was editor of the International Edition, a post he held till 1960. So he has watched the downhill slide from the inside. Now he Tells All. It is the first book of its kind – the book that documents what anti-Communists have long known but only now have at their fingertips, in instant-reference form.

Who Said It, the *Times* or the Reds? Mr. Dinsmore can be quietly devastating. Sprinkled through the book are excerpts from Communist publications side-by-side with the *Times* treatment of the same subject. With interesting results. You can't tell the players without a scorecard.

As a professional journalist, as a man who was well aware what he was fighting against on the *Times*, Herman Dinsmore spells out the four ways the *Times* slants or suppresses the news it finds unfit to print. Now that a School Edition of the *Times* is required reading in many classrooms, this section is as necessary as an inoculation for any students you know.

What the *Times* Finds Unfit to Print Dinsmore shows us a wealth of news items that missed every edition of the *Times* – and not because they were squeezed out by the girdle ads . . .

- **"Doctor" Castro: he got his Ph.D. from the *New York Times*.**
- **Russians rioting against their slavemasters.**
- **Soviet assassination squads: revealed by J. Edgar Hoover, ignored on West 43rd St.**
- **No room in the *Times*: all those pictures of *North* Vietnamese atrocities.**
- **What Truman really said about Hiss: too shocking for the highminded *Times*?**
- **The fate of the 50,000 Vietnamese who dared to say they didn't want their farms collectivized. (Looking it up in the *Times* Index? Forget it.)**
- **U.S. Communists infiltrate UN, but the *Times* keeps mum.**
- **What J. Edgar Hoover said about Oswald. What the *Times* said he said.**

Old pro that he is, Herman Dinsmore can't stifle the newsman's instinct. Result: a big bonus – the book reads like a miniature history of our time. Conscious that history sometimes gets rewritten while the bodies are still warm, Dinsmore can't resist pausing to treat us to an obscure piece of information, to give us a life-giving detail about a great event, to set the record straight on points of common misinformation, to show us a fresh way to look at a familiar incident.

What can be done about the *Times?* Mr. Dinsmore doesn't consider the old girl hopeless. Great once, she could find her way again. But not without books like this.

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Send for a copy of *All The News That Fits,* on Arlington House's generous Risk-Free Examination: if not well pleased, return the book within 30 days and receive a full refund plus extra cash to cover your return postage. Mail coupon with $7 to your bookseller or: Arlington House, Publishers, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

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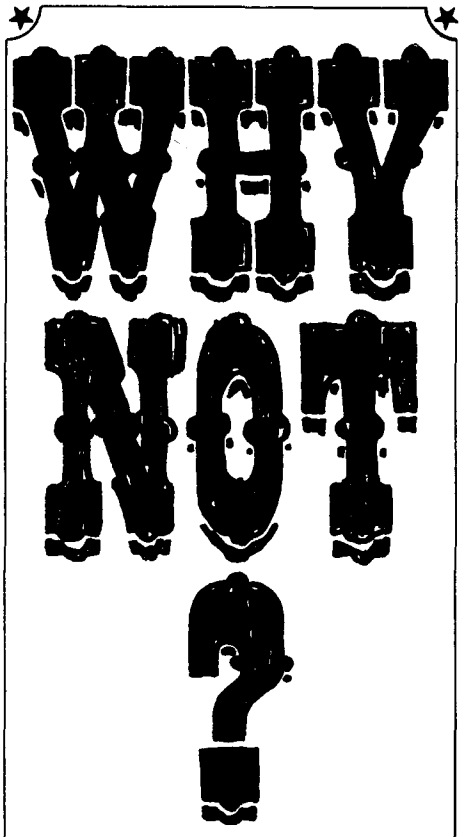

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXII NO. 47 DECEMBER 1, 1970

1246 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

1240 For the Record
1242 Letters
1258 Letter from Washington *by Cato*
1259 Delectations *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
1260 Notes on a Fifteenth Anniversary *by Priscilla L. Buckley*
1263 A Special Section: After Liberalism, What?
In the Beginning . . . *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
The Fortunes of the Left *by Eugene D. Genovese*
The Future of the Republican Party *by Frank S. Meyer*
The Continuing Claims of Liberalism *by Charles Frankel*
Secession of the Intellectuals *by Jeffrey Hart*
Notes on Authority, Morality, Power *by James Burnham*
1290 The Inside Story
1293 Crossword Puzzle
1296 Mrs. Hazelton Throws a Bash . . .
1314 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
1316 Trans-O-Gram

1302 **BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS**
Guy Davenport, "Apocalypse Next Exit" ☐ "The Conservative Consensus by Peter P. Witonski ☐ "Writer to Actor to Director" by Richmond Crinkley ☐ David Brudnoy, "Losing It at the Movies"

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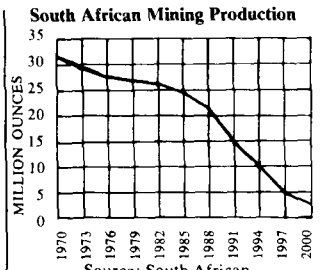
The amazing properties of gold make it one of the world's most useful metals. Its rarity makes it one of the most valuable.

GOLD IS THE METAL most easily drawn into a wire. A mere ounce of gold can be drawn out thirty-five miles long.

Gold is the metal most easily hammered into a thin sheet. A surface, 100 feet by 100 feet, can be covered by a solid gold film weighing only one ounce and measuring only ten one-millionths of an inch thick.



Black line shows the estimated South African gold mining production—which accounts for 70% of the Free World's output—to the end of the century. This vitally important information, largely overlooked in the United States, is typical of the perceptive and thorough coverage offered by the RICKENBACKER REPORT.

Gold is incredibly heavy. A block only one foot high, wide and deep weighs more than half a ton.

Gold is substantially non-magnetic. Along with silver and copper it is tops as an electrical conductor.

Gold is extremely reflective throughout the visual range and into the infrared. Thus its importance in shielding spacecraft and astronauts against radiant heat.

Gold is almost completely inert chemically. Gold is unique among metals in that oxygen has no effect on its high-temperature behavior. Thus its importance in high-temperature devices.

Gold's almost complete resistance to chemical action, combined with its excellent electrical conductivity, makes it a prime substance for use in electrical circuits where absolute reliability is necessary over long periods of time—in defense missiles and space stations, for instance.

Industrial demand for gold has been growing rapidly. Between 1956 and 1959, it grew from $245 million to $280 million. In 1960 it crossed $300 million. In 1964, industrial demand was $520 million. Year by year since then it has grown: $560 million, $725 million, $805 million, $895 million in 1968, and $930 million in 1969. Economic analyst William F. Rickenbacker expects this demand to continue to grow at about nine per cent per year – even if gold prices rise sharply.

GOLD PRODUCTION

Even while gold consumption was rising dramatically, gold production was declining. After reaching a historic peak of $1.9 billion in 1963, production of gold declined steadily. With profits squeezed between rising costs and a fixed selling price—pegged by the government at $35 per ounce—mine after mine closed down. Those remaining open have had to strip their high grade ore and abandon the low grade. Current production stands at $1.4 billion, and is headed down.

EASY PROFITS?

With consumption increasing and production decreasing, a *steep* rise in the price of gold seems inevitable.

However, in the RICKENBACKER REPORT, Mr. Rickenbacker warns against uninformed investing. "I expect to see several emotional runs into gold," he writes, "and as many emotional withdrawals from it." The withdrawal from the 1969 highs, for instance, drove gold mining shares down 50%.

In a comprehensive, fact-filled 24 page minibook *The Case for Gold*, the RICKENBACKER REPORT: a) explains and documents the fundamental supply and demand factors now at work; b) untangles the confusing international monetary situation and its effect on the price of gold; c) outlines a *ten year* investment program designed to maximize profits and minimize risks from investing in gold mining shares and d) recommends *one* particular gold mining company for immediate purchase.

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Mr. Rickenbacker's new 24 page minibook *The Case for Gold* is yours—as a BONUS—when you take a no-risk, 3-month trial subscription to the RICKENBACKER REPORT. Send your $30 check to the RICKENBACKER REPORT, Box 1000, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. 10510. If, within 30 days, you are dissatisfied for any reason, you may cancel your subscription for a full and prompt refund. *The Case for Gold* is yours to keep.

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- & Mr. Rickenbacker's longtime associate who must remain anonymous for discreet professional reasons: "Praktikus," a senior member of a leading commodity brokerage house,

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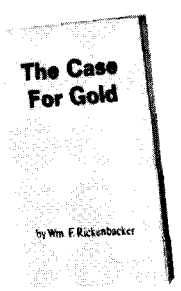

Yours as a BONUS

"Gold throughout the 1970s will be seeking a higher price, and before the '70s are done it shall have found it. This is a wonderful opportunity to establish an informed position in the gold situation."
—Wm. F. Rickenbacker

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N-25

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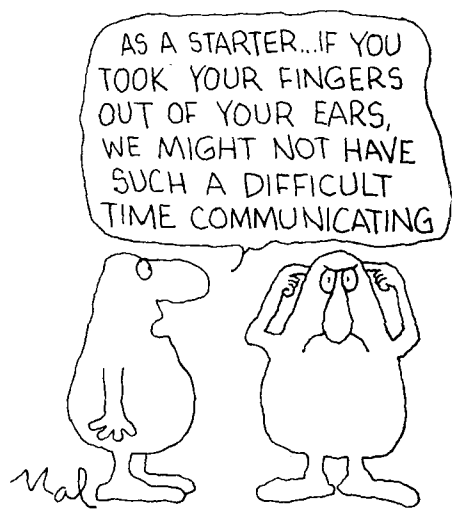
FOR THE RECORD

■ Final election tidbits. Ten of the fourteen states that voted on propositions to lower the voting age turned them down. . . . In California, John Birch member **John Rousselot** won a seat in House beating out Medgar Evers' widow, **Myrlie Evers**, running on a peace platform. The other John Birch candidate, **John Schmitz**, also won. Judge **Alfred Gitelson**, who handed down sweeping ruling that would force Los Angeles to integrate all its schools by Sept. 1971, was overwhelmingly defeated, and **James Flournoy**, the conservative Republican Negro running for secretary of state was defeated by white liberal Democrat **Edmund Brown Jr.** (son of Pat). . . . In Massachusetts, **Howard Phillips**, a founding member of YAF lost his House race to liberal Democrat **Michael Harrington.** . . . Sen. **Thomas Dodd**, who lost his three-way race to Republican **Lowell Weicker**, reportedly intends to run for the House in '72, against Republican **Robert Steele** in the 2nd CD. . . . In Michigan, conservative State Senator **Robert Huber**, who lost a close primary to **Lenore Romney,** reports he's thinking of forming a new conservative third party in that state.

■ Jockeying for position: In House it looks as if **Hale Boggs** of Louisiana will succeed **Carl Albert** as Majority Leader in 92nd Congress. Albert will be moving up to Speaker, succeeding **John McCormack.** Young Dmocratic liberals would rather see **Morris Udall** (Ariz.) or **James O'Hara** (Mich.) get the job. . . . In Senate, Republicans wanting **Hugh Scott** to continue as Minority Leader claim they will get the votes of four newly elected senators: **Weicker** (Conn.), **Taft** (Ohio), **Roth** (Del.), **Beall** (Md.). . . . Senate leaders working behind the scenes to dissuade **Jacob Javits** from appointing a girl page—the first ever—in next Senate. Javits appointed the first Negro and the first Puerto Rican to the page staff. . . . Beefing up his staff: **Spiro Agnew** has



appointed **David Keene**, national chairman of Young Americans for Freedom, as a special assistant on political affairs and conservative public relations man (and *NR* contributor) **Victor Gold** his press aide. . . . **Ron Docksai**, of N.Y. YAF has been named to succeed Keene.

■ Guests of both Army and Navy at annual football game in Philadelphia Nov. 28: Families of **American prisoners of war** in Vietnam. . . . Annapolis middies have organized letter writing campaign to the POWs; the letters they have written and collected will be flown to Vietnam by **H. Ross Perot**, the Texas businessman who has done so much to publicize the plight of the prisoners. . . . Sen. **Robert Griffin**, meanwhile, the Republican Minority Whip, has flown to Paris to urge North Vietnamese delegates there to release sick and wounded prisoners before Christmas.

■ Chile: **Augustin Edwards**, Board Chairman of the anti-Allende paper *El Mercurio*, has resigned his job and announced he will go into permanent exile abroad. Advertising in *El Mercurio* is off 40 per cent since Allende's election. . . . Rumors persist that the new leftist Bolivian regime will free French journalist and revolutionary **Régis Debray** (a companion of **Che Guevara**) in a Christmas amnesty. . . . In a recent interview in *L'Express*, Debray appealed to Palestinian guerrillas not to read his revolutionary writings, but to stick to the works of Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh. . . . Reports from Beirut indicate that Dr. **George Habash**, head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, may have been bounced from that job; his whereabouts are unknown. Habash, the brain behind the big international plane hijackings, was in China when the short-scale Jordanian civil war broke out.

■ Slapped down: Students at Sacramento City College voted three to one to over-ride their own Executive Senate. The Executive Senate had wanted to name **Angela Davis** honorary Homecoming Queen of the college. . . . *Daily World* (Communist) now carries regular box on p. 6: Free Angela Davis—Now!, with appropriate quote, such as (Nov. 13) this one by Wayne State U. Prof. **Maryanna Mahoffey**: "She was hunted like an animal, a member of the academic world, placed on the FBI's ten most wanted people, for what? What have they proved, what have they produced, outside of rhetoric?" . . . Can hardly wait: **Bertrand Castelli**, who produced *Hair*, reports he is now working on a film called *Richard*, a musical about **Richard Nixon**. Would Mr. Nixon like it? "He can't help but like it." Castelli replied, "It will be very real and human." **Nader**'s Center for the Study of Responsive Law wasn't all that responsive about filing it's 1969 income tax, so the Feds are after Ralph.

■ *Washington Post* columnist **Maxine Cheshire** swears it's true. That when Sen. **John Stennis** ran across **Charles Goodell** in the Senate dining room the other day, he commented: "What happened to you in New York reminds me of a Boot Hill tombstone that read: 'Hanged Legally But by Mistake.' "

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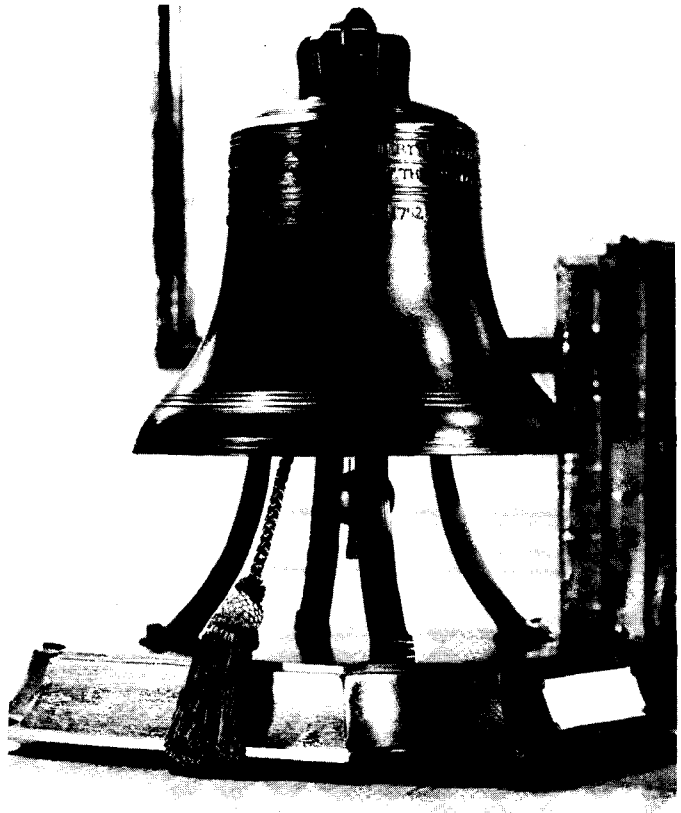

To commemorate the 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence in 1976, the famous Whitechapel Bell Foundry of London (the same bellmakers who cast the original Liberty Bell) is casting a limited number of bicentenary Liberty Bells to the original design and on the original site. The purchase price is $875, inclusive of duty and crating for overseas shipment, plus a small charge for inward delivery.

In 1751, the Province of Pennsylvania had a policy of individual freedom that much influenced the other colonies. It was fitting that when the Assembly of the Province decided to order a bell, they asked that on the bell's shoulder be inscribed the words from Leviticus, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Thomas Lester's Whitechapel Foundry in London was chosen to cast the bell, and in Sept. 1752 it arrived in America. Philadelphians gathered in the State House yard to hear it ring out. It cracked, however, upon the first strike, apparently as the result of mishandling on the hazardous sea voyage. In 400 years it was to be the only bell from Whitechapel's to have so cracked! But the bell was re-cast and hung in the tower and for the next 20 years it would ring out on the burning issues of the day. It proclaimed George III. It tolled the "death of liberty" with the Stamp Act. And finally in July of 1776 it rang in the Declaration of Independence. Now the bell was part of American history. Since then it has pealed forth great news, from Cornwallis' surrender in 1781 to D-Day in 1944.

The Bicentenary bells are exact in every particular to that cast in 1752 by Whitechapel's master founder, Thomas Lester, for the State House of Pennsylvania (now called Independence Hall). In fact, some of the descendants of the original bellmakers who cast the first Liberty Bell are engaged in the work of hand casting the replicas. The Whitechapel Bell Foundry was founded in 1570 during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. Many of its earliest bells are still in existence, including two bells at Westminster Abbey cast in 1583 and 1598. Among the recent bells from Whitechapel are those of Washington Cathedral, hung in 1964. The bells of Big Ben, which towers over the Houses of Parliament, were also cast at Whitechapel.

Each bell — black, like the 1752 bell — will be made to the scale of one-fifth of the original, weigh approximately 20 pounds and stand 13½ inches high with the base. The plinth is hand carved from oak grown in Windsor Forest. The replica will be made in the manner of the original Liberty Bell and will carry the quotation from Leviticus inscribed on a silver plaque in the type face used by the original bellfounder, Thomas Lester. The silver plate is fashioned from fine English solid silver. Also, an additional optional silver plaque will carry the personal inscription of the subscriber. The clapper, drawn into a hand grip with a tasseled cord, strikes the walls of the bell and causes it to ring a perfectly tuned note at each stroke. Each bell has been meticulously tuned (actually five partial tones are tuned together) to its final and perfect pitch. In only one particular will the bicentenary bell, save for its size, differ from the bell now in Philadelphia. The bell will have no crack. It will sing its song as magnificently as the original Liberty Bell did when Lester tested it before it left London. In this way the ancient and historic contract between London and Philadelphia is fulfilled.

Only 2400 bells will be cast — each bell thus symbolically representing a separate month of independence. WHEN THE LIMITED EDITION IS COMPLETED, THE MOULDS WILL BE DESTROYED. Like most limited editions, these bells are already becoming collectors' items. Consequently, they should increase substantially in value, with the greatest appreciation occurring on those with the lower numbers.

Indeed, the Liberty Bell is an heirloom and tradition to be preserved by generations of your family, symbolic of American independence and individual freedom. You may order a bell by sending a check for $875, or, if you prefer, a $100 deposit, to Liberty Bell Limited Edition, 450 Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass. 02116. Upon receipt of your order, you will be promptly informed of the reservation for the casting of the bell allocated to you. Bells are numbered in sequence as orders are received.

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LETTERS

Nightmare Edition

Congratulations on the November 3 cover of *NR*. Mr. O'Bryan and Miss Valko did a wonderful job. The "Nightmare Edition" was very good.

Sincere best wishes to *our* Senator—James L. Buckley.

New York, N.Y. HENRY LENZI

May I engage the services of Tom Weeper to dream all my nightmares in Latin? *Congratulationes in excelsis!*

New Orleans, La. MRS. HELEN R. DIETRICH

Thanks a trillion and heartiest congratulations for what has to be the most audacious, mischievous magazine cover in history.

Dubuque, Iowa KENNETH J. HERBST

Texas: No Nightmare

I sorta gathered from your November 3 cover that *NR* would have preferred Bush to win in Texas. Don't despair, though. Bentsen is going to be just as satisfying to conservatives as Bush would have been. Maybe even more so. All along, I have had the feeling that Bentsen dwells to the right of Bush. Why? Possibly because Bush made rather a large thing of his freshness and receptivity to new ideas. Bentsen struck me as more orthodox (not to be confused with "stodgy"). What is more, his election strengthens the hand of the conservative Connally Democrats in what is going to be a close fight for control of the state's Democratic Party.

By the way, all *NR* readers should be as ecstatic as I was over John Coyne's *Kumquat Statement* [which will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue]. It is a hell of a good book, told in the most intense and, well, gripping—for lack of a better word—style possible. There's never a dull moment, to coin yet another phrase. And at the end, my heart was racing as though I had just finished an H P. Lovecraft story.

Dallas, Tex. BILL MURCHISON

On Seizing Libya

Mr. Charles Benson's article "Should We Ditch Israel?" [Nov. 17] is a tour de force. The proposal made by Mr. Benson far transcends the Arab-Israel situation. It is a grand program to begin to put the U.S. back on the map. But national glory, however important, is not the immediate issue. It is a matter of saving our skin. Either we establish new centers of power in the world or we won't be able to hang onto our historic center that now rests so precariously between those two, no-longer protective oceans. The seizure of Libya should begin a process of creating powerful American bases in strategic areas to counterbalance almost three decades of Communist expansion. Furthermore, an American policy of waging aggressive war will stiffen the sagging knees of our European so-called allies, make them lose their enthusiasm for playing footsie-under-the-table with the Communist powers and help to turn them back to what they should be, defenders of Western civilization.

New York, N.Y. PAUL FABER

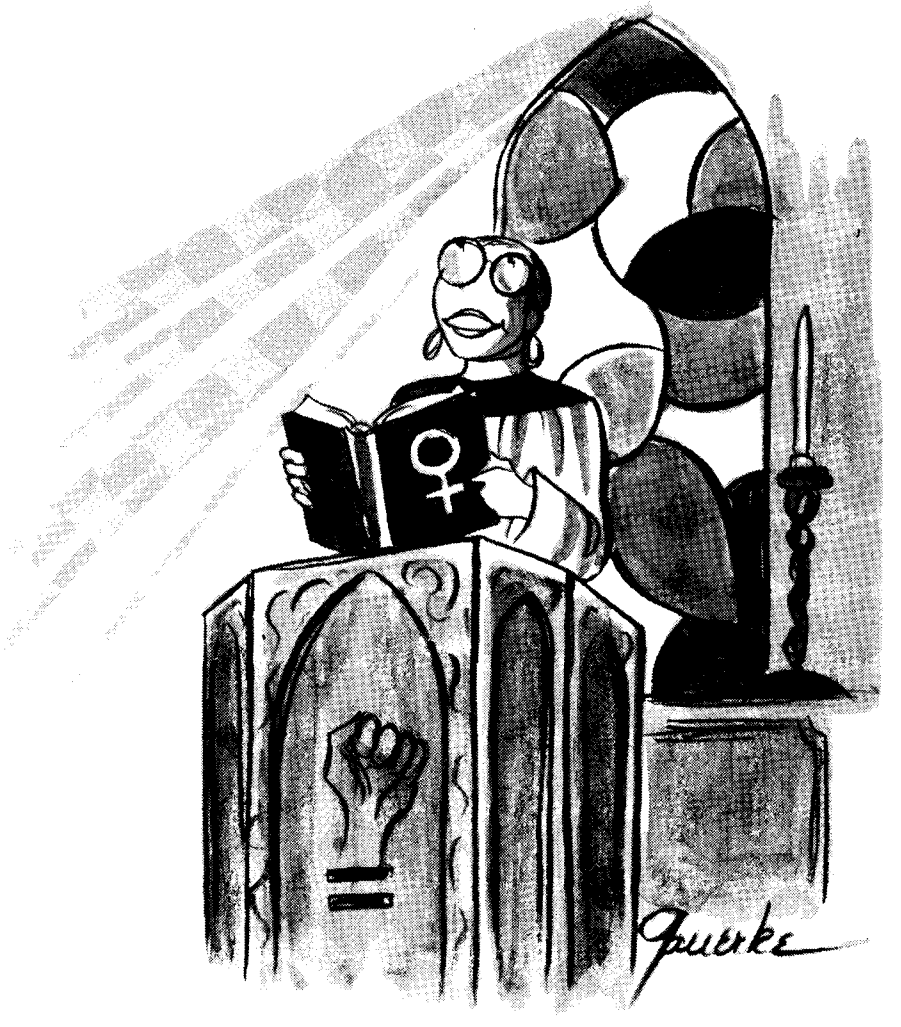
Operation Gratitude

Many thanks for your mention ["The Week," Nov. 3] of the NCRP's current project, Operation Gratitude, a nationwide program of activities backing law-enforcement officers and fire fighters. Could you also tell your readers that individuals and organizations interested in helping with this project, which will include a motorcade to Washington, D.C. on December 5, and Appreciation Day observances on December 15, may contact us at the Commodore Hotel, 109 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017—phone (212) 684-6311. Thank you.

CHARLES W. WILEY
Executive Director
National Committee for
New York, N.Y. Responsible Patriotism

Books

The "Books Arts Manners" section, always splendid, was even more magnificent than usual in the November 17 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. All the reviews were excellent; but particularly deserving of commendation were John Chamberlain's review of the Lindbergh memoirs, as notable for its analysis of the reactions to this book as for its comments on the book itself; Guy Davenport's review, which has added three more to the already overwhelming list of books one *must* read; Tibor Szamuely's essay on Zamyatin and Soviet literature; and perhaps most importantly, because most surprisingly, Garry Wills' evaluation of Hilaire Belloc, brilliantly argued, brilliantly written, of a haunting timeliness: Of whom besides Hilaire Belloc has it been said re-



"She leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for Her name's sake."

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cently, ". . . he was not a portraitist. . . . Belloc could not cast himself outside his own preoccupations, so what we get are portentous glimpses of cloudy battle"; of whom besides Belloc should it be said that his literary criticism "is all excellent. . . . even when he treats literature just in passing, he does it with great feeling and insight"?

Boston, Mass. LIONEL CRUMPET

Rodman

I have finished reading the Oct. 6 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW and am still doing a slow burn over the Selden Rodman article on Chile. Where did you dig him up? Is he on loan from *Foreign Affairs* or the *New Republic*? His proposed remedies are just more of the same tired, old, neo-liberal, socialist, Communist and statist dogma.

As the non-ideologues from Adam Smith to Ludwig von Mises have repeatedly pointed out to us, we cannot have free democratic government without first having free markets: I.e., you cannot be free politically while being enslaved economically. And from von Mises to eternity the principle will be there. Violate it we shall; avoid it we cannot.

New York, N. Y. RANDAL A. ANDERSON JR.

I've just finished reading Selden Rodman's "Day of the Generals" [Oct. 20]. How did the article ever get into NATIONAL REVIEW? One doesn't have to know anything about Peru (and I don't) to recognize the article as an apology for nazism or Velasco-ism or whatever name you give socialism. With capitalists like Rodman, socialists don't need friends.

Guatemala MANUEL F. AYAU

Mr. Rodman, who has lived in South America for many years, was basing his comments on the facts as he observed them in Chile and Peru, and not on ideology—he was making recommendations based on conditions as they exist, and not on conditions which NATIONAL REVIEW *would like to see, but cannot magically produce.* —ED.

Dos Passos

I enjoyed and concur with John Chamberlain's remarks on John Dos Passos ["The Week," Oct. 20]. After a lecture in New Haven, in 1956, it was a pleasure to meet and chat with him. I mentioned that I had thoroughly enjoyed the novel, *Number One*. The fact of my stressing this book rather than, say, *U.S.A.* or *The Grand Design* obviously pleased him. With many artists the popular works don't coincide with the most personally satisfying ones.

Akron, Ohio JACK B. COURSEY

Corrigenda

You stated ["Random Notes," Sept. 22] that the American Library Association passed a a resolution asking the ALA to define its "broad social responsibility" and "to take a position for the guidance and support of its members on current critical issues."

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This is not what happened. Words to this effect were contained in the "ACONDA (Action Committee for New Directions for ALA) Report," a set of proposed guidelines for the reorganization of the Association. This Report has not been adopted in its entirety and cannot yet be considered as an official statement of the ALA. The words "for the guidance and support of its members" were eliminated by a successful amendment at the membership meeting, and at the second meeting of the ALA Council, the Association's governing body, this portion of the ACONDA report was further amended to require position statements to indicate clearly their relevancy to library service and librarianship. Incidentally, a proposed membership resolution opposing U.S. actions in Vietnam and Cambodia was defeated by the membership.

By the way, ALA's "traditional neutrality" applies only to general public issues; the ALA has never been neutral on issues involving the library profession, such as federal budget cuts for library service, censorship, etc.

RICHARD H. ROSICHAN
Director
Coldwater, Mich. Coldwater Public Library

William F. Rickenbacker ["Happy Birthday Mr. Beethoven," Oct. 20] calls for the suppression of "*all* the goddam operas" of Beethoven. But, alas! there is only *Fidelio*, unless WFR and his clan (in a hitherto undisclosed family service to Mankind) have already suppressed all the others for one hundred and fifty years.

Palo Alto, Calif. WILLIAM E. RATLIFF

Please see "On the Right," p. 1314, for more on the subject of Beethoven and Rickenbacker. —ED.

The Great Galiano!

I heartily agree with Mr. W. R. Steinhoff who wrote to you hoping that Louis Galiano had signed a contract with NATIONAL REVIEW ["Letters," Oct. 20].

Louis Galiano has been acclaimed in many circles as the conservatives' Voltaire. His wit and polish are nonpareil. He is also good for bad breath, the yaws, has a nifty secret compartment known only to your friends, and is unsurpassed as a can opener.

Chalmette, La. LOUIS GALIANO

Estonia and the USSR

Your comments on the recently concluded German-Russian pact [Aug. 25 and Sept. 8] make sense. Unfortunately you do not, characteristically, even mention the case of the Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. The Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939 allowed Communist Russia to occupy these states. Now the Socialist-leaning Willy Brandt government of West Germany has agreed with Moscow that the existing de facto borders of Europe ought to be inviolate. The people in question have never been consulted on the matter.

(Continues on page 1311)

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Would you pay $7.95 for a child's gift that won't be outgrown, broken, worn out, lost or forgotten six months after Christmas?

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HIGHLIGHTS *appeals to a wide age range:* from tots of 2 who love to listen to its stories and do the simple preparation-for-reading exercises within its pages . . . to 12-year-olds who find the biographies and science articles prime sources for school reports. A special annual Resource/Index issue, coming at the end of each calendar year, organizes each year's 11-issue collection as a reference source, to be turned to again and again as the child's interests and reading ability expand.

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN is not available on the newsstands, but is sold by subscription only, for the editors feel that part of its value is its continuing program of fresh, imaginative material.

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THE WEEK

■ AIR FORCE 1 1735 EST NOV 12
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TAVERN ON THE GREEN RESTAURANT NYC

AT A TIME WHEN INTELLIGENT DIALOGUE AND RESPONSIBLE PUBLIC INFORMATION ARE MORE THAN EVER THE KEY TO CONSTRUCTIVE ACTION FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD, IT IS ESPECIALLY GRATIFYING TO APPLAUD THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NATIONAL REVIEW. I REGRET THAT MY UNFORESEEN ABSENCE FROM THE COUNTRY PREVENTS ME FROM TAKING A MORE PERSONAL PART IN YOUR CELEBRATION. BUT I WANT YOU, YOUR STAFF AND ALL WHO ATTEND YOUR DINNER TO KNOW THAT MY THOUGHTS WILL BE WITH YOU. I CONTINUE TO BE HEARTENED BY THE SUSTAINED SUCCESS AND INCREASING POPULARITY OF NATIONAL REVIEW, AND ENCOURAGED BY THE DISTINGUISHED PLACE IT HAS EARNED AMONG NATIONAL PUBLICATIONS IN SO SHORT A TIME. IT IS A TRIBUTE TO THE QUALITY OF ITS CONTENT THAT IT HAS BECOME SUCH A VITAL VEHICLE OF FACT AND OPINION. I FULLY SHARE YOUR PRIDE ON THIS OCCASION, AND I HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE THAT YOU WILL CONTINUE TO REVIEW THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL SCENE IN THE SAME FINE TRADITION WHICH HAS WON YOU THE REPUTATION YOU ENJOY TODAY. RICHARD NIXON

■ Latest instructions from the bureaucracy: [Extract from INTERNAL REVENUE CODE (§ 509) (Tax Reform Act of 1969)] "For purposes of paragraph (3), an organization described in paragraph (2) shall be deemed to include an organization described in section 501 (c) (4), (5), or (6) which would be described in paragraph (2) if it were an organization described in section 501(c) (3)."

■ It was a lollapalooza of a settlement for the UAW. After 58 days GM agreed to almost everything, including a first-year wage increase ranging from 49 to 61 cents per hour; a second-year hike averaging 13½ cents; and a third year average boost of 14 cents. Also agreed to: An unlimited cost of living bonus figured on price index gains recorded by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, plus a $500 per month retirement pension for 58-year olds with thirty years service. Results? Among others: Leonard Woodcock, the new UAW president, has proved he can be just as tough as Walter Reuther, and wins a place in the top echelon of labor leaders; Ford and Chrysler now haven't a ghost of a chance of avoiding similar settlements; price hikes for autos are certain; other unions with contract renegotiations pending—United Steelworkers, for instance—will expect at least an equally lavish dish. And for consumers, of course, it's the same old story. "I would say that the cost of the settlement is substantially more than the anticipated increase in productivity of the country," said GM Vice President Earl Bramblett, "and this, of course, is true of the general level of settlements in recent times. That's the definition of—a general definition of—inflation."

■ "Nixon in '72," says the poster; it shows a rifle bullet and three spent cartridges. You'll find it in the *Berkeley Barb*, along with a letter from the American Committee for the Defense of the Accused Assassin of Richard M. Nixon. The purpose of the Committee, says the letter, is "to see to it that the people hear first-hand the reasons for the deed." The letter is signed by Steve Wagner, active for the past several years in radical circles, and carries a Seattle telephone number. A *Chicago Tribune* reporter called the number and one Kevin Crowley answered the phone. Seattle police say Crowley and Wagner are close friends; Crowley's father has been identified in sworn testimony as a Communist Party organizer in the Seattle area. Nice bunch.

■ *NR* notes with pleasure the speech delivered November 18 to the Economics Club of New York by Robert W. Haack, President of the New York Stock Exchange. In language of a clarity and vigor rare in the financial community, Mr. Haack urged the cause to which *NR* directed an editorial in its last issue ("To Thine Own Self Be True," Nov. 17): that the Exchange should start practicing more fully the free-enterprise capitalism it preaches. Mr. Haack, like *NR*, called for abolishing fixed commission rates, ending restrictions and penalties on dealing with non-Exchange members, and altering the internal regulations of the Exchange to make it more generally "responsive to the needs of the public and membership." The immediate pained response of a number of prominent members of the financial community suggested that Mr. Haack is going to have a fight on his hands. As believers in the free marketplace, we wish him luck.

■ Keep your eye on the Free Angela Davis movement, which is now getting under way—as on the UCLA campus last week where a fund-raiser was addressed by Elaine Brown, Deputy Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party. "We will free Angela Davis by any means necessary to do that," declaimed Miss Brown. One Franklin Alexander, representing the National Committee to Free Angela Davis, pointed out that "there is no higher honor than for her to be placed on the list of the highest criminals in this land." We don't know about that. We think it's possible that even higher honors may be in store for her.

■ What about the Soviet submarine base in Cienfuegos, Cuba? Is it or is it not a-building? The tug and tender that the Russians had withdrawn after a confidential talk between Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin and Henry Kissinger in late October, were reported moving back toward Cienfuegos last week, under close American naval and aerial surveillance. Photographs don't show any dismantling of the buildings the Russians had put up in recent

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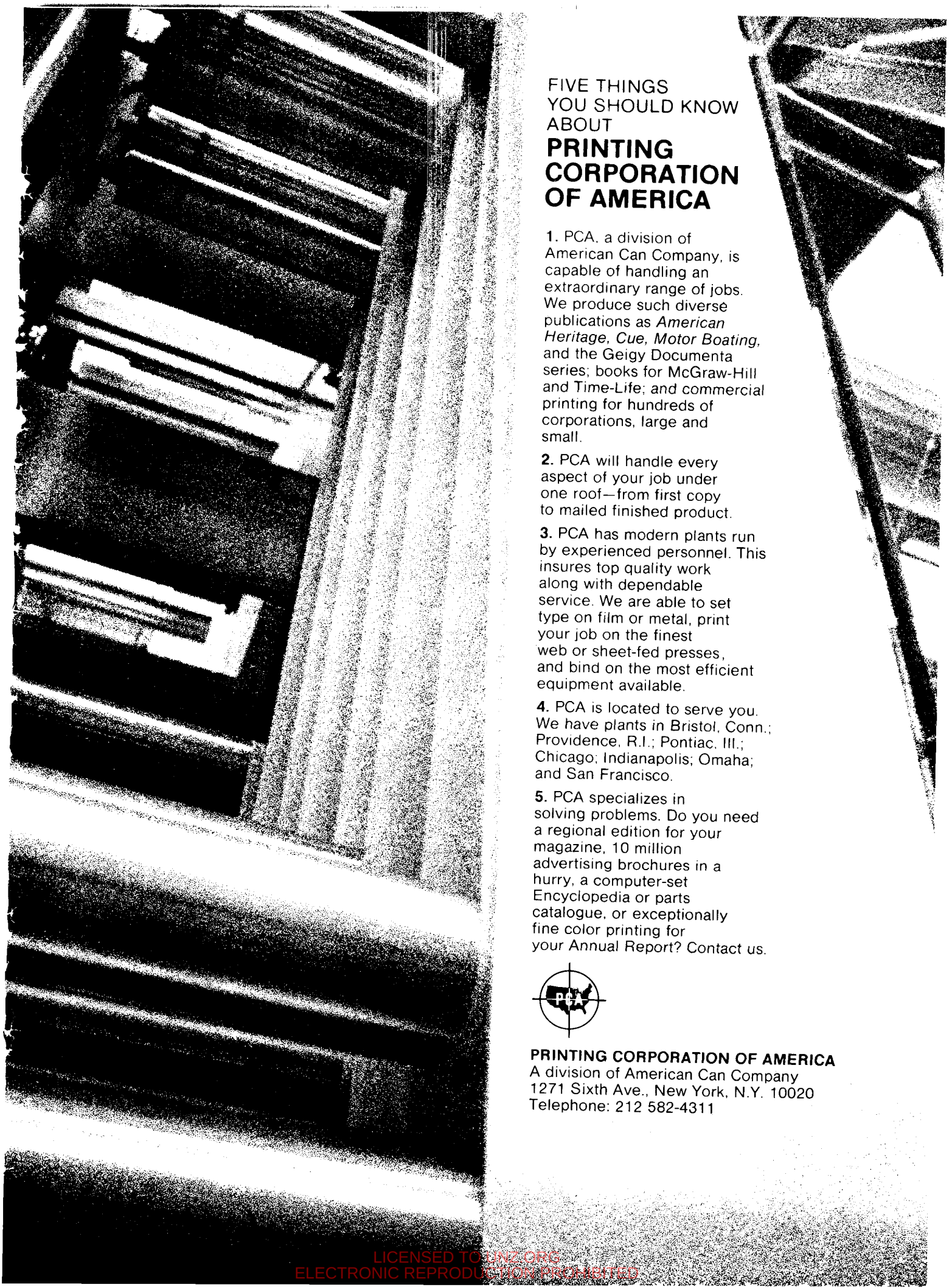

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months. No one is saying much. It is very reliably reported that "an understanding has been reached" with the USSR—America's position very simply is that she will not allow a hostile missile base, or submarine base, which amounts to much the same thing, to operate in the Western Hemisphere. This was told to the Russians very quietly, but very firmly—none of the public saber-rattling that accompanied the 1962 missile crisis, and Moscow apparently has agreed to cool it. But for reasons of face, the Russians will probably move their materials out as quietly as they moved them in.

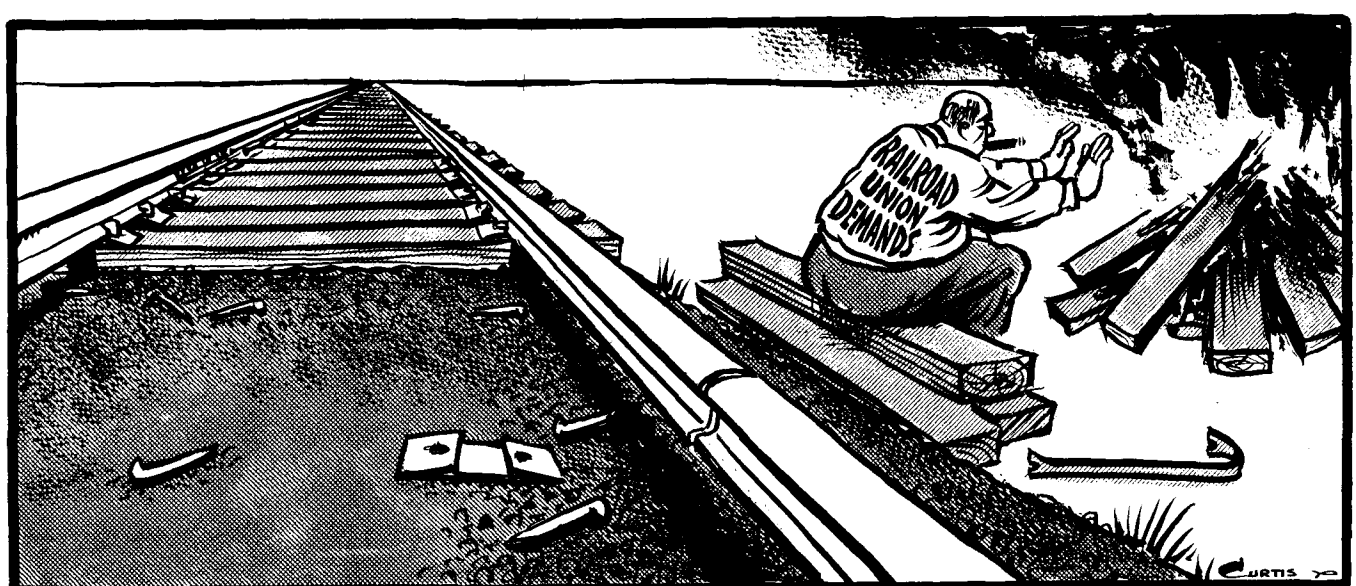
■ Jerry Rubin took a brief trip to the British Isles recently. His first stop was the *David Frost Show* in London, which Rubin and some fellow Yippies interrupted by shooting water pistols and shouting obscenities. A short time later, after being asked to leave London, Rubin journeyed to Belfast, where he wanted to join "the struggle for Irish freedom." Unfortunately, agents of Scotland Yard deported him to America before he could help. American authorities, always nervous about the impression Americans leave abroad, were surprisingly quite relieved by Rubin's behavior. They noted that while the 32-year old did curse and did squirt water pistols in public, not once did he suck his thumb or wet his diapers. Cynics were quick to add that Rubin never carries his own diapers or thumbs, dependent as he is on the communal spirit of the Movement. In fact, they say Rubin sucked Dr. Spock's wrinkled thumb and soiled Bernardine Dohrn's psychedelic underthings.

■ This rowdy New World of ours may boast more freedom, but it still has much to learn from the Old World, where centuries of tradition have bred real dignity, élan, style . . . consider, for instance, the recent "Star of Italy" beauty contest in Rome. It opened, not with the glare of TV lights reflecting off Bert Parks' teeth, but with a banquet at which twenty contestants, the MC and the judges got food poisoning. When the ceremonies were resumed two days later, Miss Sicily accused another contestant of stealing her bikini, and added that the other girl's only qualification was being engaged to the master of ceremonies. Whereupon both girls took a fancy to each other's hair and had to be separated by police. When the title was finally conferred on Miss Ravenna, a farmer's daughter, there was none of this tearful, mawkish nonsense found at American pageants, but a simple, touching ceremony: The other girls turned their backs and booed.

■ How many times have you seen news stories like this one? "$30 ROBBERY BRINGS NEGRO DEATH PENALTY. Birmingham, Ala. (AP)—An all-white jury has decreed the death penalty for a Negro convicted of robbing a white girl of $30 and a wristwatch. The seven women and five men of the Circuit Court jury deliberated less than three hours before returning the verdict against John Henry Jones Jr., 23." Routine. Now for the facts, as brought out by Morrie Ryskind in his column: The defendant had forced the girl into her car, driven to a secluded area, raped her, taken her watch and money, bound and gagged her and put her in the trunk, then sent the car plunging into a ravine; by a miracle, she was found and survived. Some months later, the defendant raped a black girl whose description of her assailant led to his arrest. Police found a pawn ticket for the watch taken from his first victim, who also was able to identify him. The man confessed to kidnaping the first girl, but said he was too drunk to remember the rest. Associated Press, Ryskind learned, had included all the particulars in its story.

■ Hell's Bells, says the Hell Chamber of Commerce, that census was inaccurate. Seems that the population of Hell, Michigan declined from 52 to forty-eight. But half the problem is that George and Charles Bell, off doing military duty, weren't counted. Hell, says the Chamber of Commerce, "is proud of its contributions to the Armed Forces, but like most everyone, we will be happy when Hell's Bells are back in Hell, Michigan."

■ Jane Fonda (see also p. 1295) breezed into Atlanta the other night to give a lecture at Emory University. It



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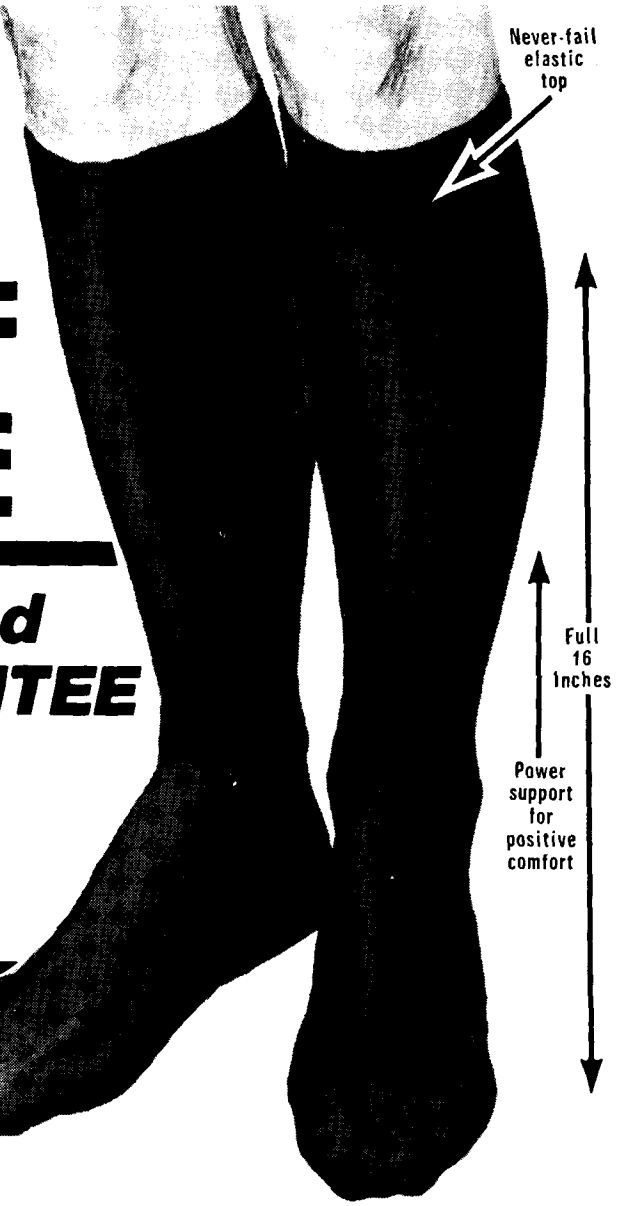

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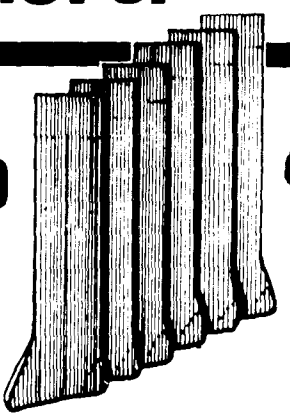

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was the usual stuff—Up the Panthers; Free Angela; bombings are morally okay but tactically unwise—and nobody seemed very excited. Until she said, referring to her recent arrest on drug-smuggling charges (but they're still pretty square at Emory), "I'd like to give some of the facts about my bust."

■ Thousands of rank-and-file believers have reacted with dismay to the desanctification of Saint Poll, the patron of Political Enlightenment. Sources close to the Eschaton state that Poll was demoted, or "scopesed" as they say in the trade, during the late campaign on the basis of modern findings that cast doubt on Saint Poll's reliability. It is an ill-kept secret among the Hierarchy that Saint Poll came into disfavor when he began to indicate conservative, or "mythological" as they say in the trade, trends. An editorial in the *New York Tempora*, semi-official voice of the Eschaton, states that "the decision to scopes St. Poll, although deeply painful, is final, i.e., non-negotiable." However, many believers continue to wear their "Gallup asked me" medallions.

Economics and Elections

The early stages of this year's election campaign were dominated by what has come to be called "the social issue"—riots, bombings, pornography etc. This worked to the advantage of the Republicans, who were the first to latch on to it, though many Democratic candidates, from John Tunney to Edward Kennedy, did their best to make up for lost time. In the last weeks of the campaign the Democrats began pushing "the economic issue" (unemployment, inflation), to their considerable benefit, it is generally agreed, in the outcome, which might otherwise have been a Republican sweep instead of a standoff. Given that the most conspicuous economic signpost after 22 months of a Republican Administration is a 65 per cent rise in the rate of unemployment, Republicans should not have been surprised at some dampening of voter enthusiasm. The fact that the rate of inflation has steadily decreased on a quarter-to-quarter basis since the first of the year understandably makes less impression on many voters.

The Administration's pragmatic combination of monetary and fiscal measures has helped to cool the dangerously overheated economy which it inherited. It deserves praise that this has been done without taking the politically popular but ultimately self-defeating way of selective credit or wage and price controls, or resorting to such verbal cosmetics as an "incomes policy." These techniques always appeal to liberal economists—cf. the hundreds of editorials and columns about them in the press lately—because they give the appearance of "doing something," even though they are worse than useless.

With the exception of further progress on the inflation front, however, the economic news coming out of Washington for the next few months is not likely to be particularly pleasant for Republicans. There is a significant element in the present situation to which most economic analysts pay little attention, mostly because they cannot fit it into their high-powered mathematical models of the economy. The animal spirits of investors and businessmen, corporate and individual, have undergone a radical change in the past year. What were felt just a few months ago to be "reasonable" price-earnings ratios and profit expectations for investments in stocks, factories and shops are now viewed as totally unrealistic. And a corporate colossus like Penn Central does not fall into the ocean like Brueghel's Icarus with all spectators resuming their daily routines as though nothing had happened.

Such a shift in investor outlook puts limits on any gameplan the Administration wants to follow. We rather doubt that inducing the Federal Reserve Board to expand the money supply at a faster rate, as some Administration officials as well as many publicists are urging, is going to guarantee economic Nirvana by November 1972. Economics is not all that simple.

Last winter there was much talk about a necessary trip through the valley of an economic slowdown. We seem to have got onto the floor of that valley, perhaps with somewhat more of a jolt than the Administration guides intended. There is a good chance we will be able to start moving back up the other side, provided those guides keep clear of the easy-looking shortcuts touted by some of our more loquacious professors and their politician-pupils.

Byrd Watching

I shall positively *flip*
If the Democratic Whip
Gets a glorious what-for
From a Southern senator.
All I know is what I've heard:
West Virginia's Robert Byrd
Salivates whenever he
Dreams of kneeing Kennedy.

W. H. VON DREELE

Peking Duck

It becomes clear that a global reshuffling of relations with Communist China is under way. A couple of months ago Canada recognized Peking; Italy has announced she will shortly follow. Belgium and Austria are said to be on the verge of recognition. The UN membership issue is about to rise for its annual blowoff in the General Assembly. Ambiguous statements from Washington hint that some tempering of the heretofore flat American opposition to both recognition and UN membership is in the offing.

A prediction is plausible: that the 1971 session of the UN Assembly—probably not, though conceivably, this year's—will vote to invite the People's Republic of China (as the Communist regime on the mainland will be duly termed) to become a member, and to take the seat on the Security Council assigned to "China" by the Charter. It follows that the Republic of China—Free China—will be

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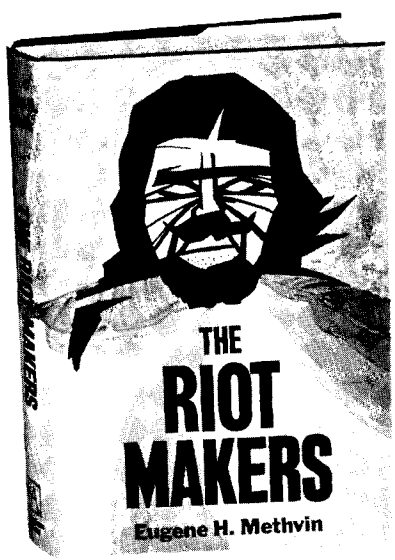

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Flag Day at Judson Memorial Church

Over on Washington Square South in Greenwich Village, they held an art show recently dedicated to the Stars and Stripes. I came, appropriately enough, on Veteran's Day, and following is a short account of what I saw:

To set the tone of the exhibition, as you enter, you are confronted by a poster reading: WANTED FOR MURDER. Framing the big, black, bold letters are mugshots of Richard M. Nixon and Spiro T. Agnew. Under the pictures the viewer is warned that these men are ARMED and DANGEROUS.

Inside you are immediately confronted by one of the less lecherous uses to which the flag is put. This is in the shape of a dangling mobile on which the name BUCKLEY is fastidiously imprinted on the red, white and blue tentacles of a Swastika (a favorite motif with the artists). But by far the largest single display in the auditorium is a bamboo cage in which is placed a broken-down toilet bowl from which drips a faded edition of Old Glory. This artistic contribution by Kate Millett (*Sexual Politics*) is titled: "The American Dream Goes to Pot." (Get it?)

Other chalk scrawls and crayon drawings are too obscene to describe, as are some of the more explicit sculptural displays in which men and women cavort in a variety of perversions, all—it seems—requiring the use of the flag as the dirty linen for their depravity. Old Glory hangs, a tattered rag, from dirty walls or is spread on the floor or is rolled into a wad with which to stuff a bunghole. But one silk-screen edition of the flag has these words carefully inscribed within the white bars: "This is your flag, honor it, defend it, burn it, trample on it, masturbate into it . . ." The ellipsis is my way of telling you that the rest is simply unquotable.

One pop-art version of the treatment, however, can be described in which a shapely female nude (back to viewer) has her derrière tightly swathed in the Stars and Stripes, with a message in bright red lettering running up her side reading, "Up the ass with the ruling class." To make their point many of the artists have molded the flag in the shape of the male member—huge, grotesque and uncircumsized. (It is, you understand, a church we are in.)

Purpose of all this? To show up not only the debased nature of our racist society which is engaged in "the murder of all nonwhite people all over the world," but to help Americans to see the flag—as "others" see it: the oppressed, the tired, the wretched of the earth. Overseeing all this were two young men, one John Hendricks who described himself as an artist, and John Toche who spoke of himself as "head of the Belgian government in exile."

On my way out, I stopped to ask whether the rectors of the church took responsibility for what went on inside their premises. The rectors not being available for comment, the leggy girl in charge of answering all official questions told me that both the Reverend Howard Moody (Baptist) and the Reverend Al Carmine (Methodist) knew of the exhibition and, in so far as the board of governors approved the placing of the show within the hallowed confines of the church, it could be said to have "official approval."

"Please," I asked, "would you tell me the names of the members of the board?" To which, the miniest of mini-clad girls replied: "No, that is a secret."

Just as I was leaving, I spied a woman (a school teacher?) escorting a young brood—ages six to ten—up the flight of stairs leading to the show. I asked what she was doing there with the children. She replied: "None of your business." I followed her about a bit and I overheard her telling the youngsters not to speak to me if I talked to them, but to pay attention to the "beautiful pictures," some of which I have tried to describe. But such are the inhibitions of a family journal (coupled with my own sense of reticence in such matters) that I left wondering, wondering, but strangely not so much outraged that such things are happening—only that they are happening where they are happening.

On Friday, November 13, the police raided the premises—saw what they saw—and closed down the show.

—MAX GELTMAN

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required to give up that Security Council seat. A number of UN members, including all the Communist and near-Communist members, will demand that Free China be dropped not merely from the Council but from membership. It is doubtful that this view will prevail; it could hardly be approved with a straight face by a majority of an organization that includes on its membership rolls Mauritius, Fiji, Upper Volta and the Maldive Islands. A compromise will more probably be arrived at through which Free China can continue to be a member—if she then so chooses. Meanwhile other nations about the world, though not all, will be extending diplomatic recognition to Peking.

This is probably what will happen. It is not that this outcome is inevitable. It could be altered if the United States Government were determined to alter it. If our government stated that the United States would leave the UN if and when Communist China entered, then Communist China would not enter, for the plain and sufficient reason that the UN could not exist without the United States. But our government will not say this, because this is not the way contemporary United States governments behave. We will yield to the general drift, to the way things are going. And quite possibly this is not, in any case, the time and place and issue on which an absolute stand ought to be made.

The older rule governing international relations was that, war or near-war apart, diplomatic recognition was

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extended to de facto governments, once they were seen to be firmly in the saddle, without regard for their social character or moral standing. (It was pursuant to that rule that Great Britain recognized Peking as soon as the Communists had consolidated power on the mainland.) This traditional rule meant that recognition carried no implication of either approval or disapproval, and served only as a practical convenience. It seems to us a good, useful rule, in general, and we regret that United States diplomacy, with its tendency toward irrelevant moralizing, has so often breached it.

In the case of Communist China, however, *NR* has agreed with the majority of Americans that non-recognition (and opposition to UN membership) was called for, in spite of the general rule. In the first place, a non-Communist Chinese regime did and does exist, with a substantial territorial base and a greater claim to legitimacy than the regime of the Communist revolutionaries. And there have been many other special and weighty considerations. In the 1950s there were scattered over the world millions of "overseas Chinese" who were either escapees or resident non-citizens of the host countries. Recognizing the Communist regime might have enabled it to force many of these back to death or concentration camp, as Stalin did with the many Russians, Ukrainians, Balts etc. who had taken refuge in Western Europe at the end of the war. Further, it was conceivable that the Communist regime might have crumbled. Certainly Chiang Kai-shek, our ally, believed so, not entirely without cause, and repeatedly promised so—affirming, in fact, a decade ago that the Communists would collapse "before the end of the Sixties." Moreover, in the early years Communist China was an integral part of a monolithic Communist bloc. Bringing her into the UN and giving her the Chinese seat and veto in the Security Council meant a multiplication of the bloc's power in the most intense cold war stage. There was, finally, the demoralizing effect that recognition, thus at least partial legitimization, of Communist China, would have had on firm anti-Communists, and on anti-Communist policy in our country and globally.

Most of these factors that motivated nonrecognition and nonmembership in the past have either disappeared or been considerably weakened. There does not seem to be any acute danger now to the overseas Chinese—though general recognition will render them more exposed to the operations and ideas of Peking and its agents. The Communist regime has not collapsed and shows no signs of doing so; Chiang has not been able to fulfill his pledge. Though mainland China is still Communist, it no longer runs in close tandem with Russia; it is no longer certain that Peking's entry would strengthen the Soviet UN bloc—maybe the contrary. It remains true that UN membership and recognition would be a blow to anti-Communists, and especially to those many, many persons, conservatives and liberals alike, who have for twenty years stood fast against the pro-Peking lobby. But there seem to be rather few left who feel very strongly about the issue.

Are we not, by these words, merely rationalizing a forthcoming defeat? Even so. We should not hide this from ourselves. Unquestionably it would be a defeat for anti-Communists, a victory for the pro-Peking lobby that has worked so relentlessly on public opinion year after year—and above all, a victory for the Chinese Communists and world Communism. But the matter of admitting the Peking government to the UN or recognizing it diplomatically is in itself only a minor appendage of the larger defeat defined by the successful Communist consolidation of rule in China and our global failure even to contain, much less push back, the advance of the Communist revolution.

Of course, the UN can call Peking in, but Peking has given no sign that she will come when the UN calls her. It is not excluded that the Chinese Communists will feel that UN meetings, talkings and listenings, would be just wasting their time.

A Skilful Campaign

Any attempt to grasp the reality of what happened in the recent election, even now, only two weeks later, is blurred by the cloud of claim, counterclaim, and interpretation that now surrounds the event itself. The Republican campaign "was a massive exercise in political slicksterism," complains Mike Mansfield. The campaign divided the country, lament whole shoals of liberal columnists—a rather esoteric charge, since elections are designed to do precisely that—and Nixon (see Reston, Stewart Alsop) weakened his own position and is now vulnerable in 1972. Most of such commentary exists only because, after all, newspapers and magazines appear on a regular basis and so something must be said.

As far as the numbers argument is concerned, in the Senate the Republicans scored a moderate success, in the state capitols sustained a moderate defeat. The Senate is likely to be the more significant arena during the next two years, and there we will not lament the departure of Gore, Goodell, Tydings, Clean Gene, Yarborough and Young. When you meditate upon it, that is quite a phalanx. And the new faces will include Brock, Taft, Bentsen, Roth and

Dump Romney?

Lenore (that's Secretary Romney's wife)
Should think of dubbing hubby Mac the Knife.
Consider: Halfway through the fall campaign,
For reasons loosely cataloged "humane,"
George told the citizens of Warren, Mich.
That integrated housing was their dish.
Incredible And now he's out to show
How integration works for Blackjack, Mo.
Most pols instinctively abhor a dud,
But Mr. Romney's running things at HUD.

W. H. VON DREELE

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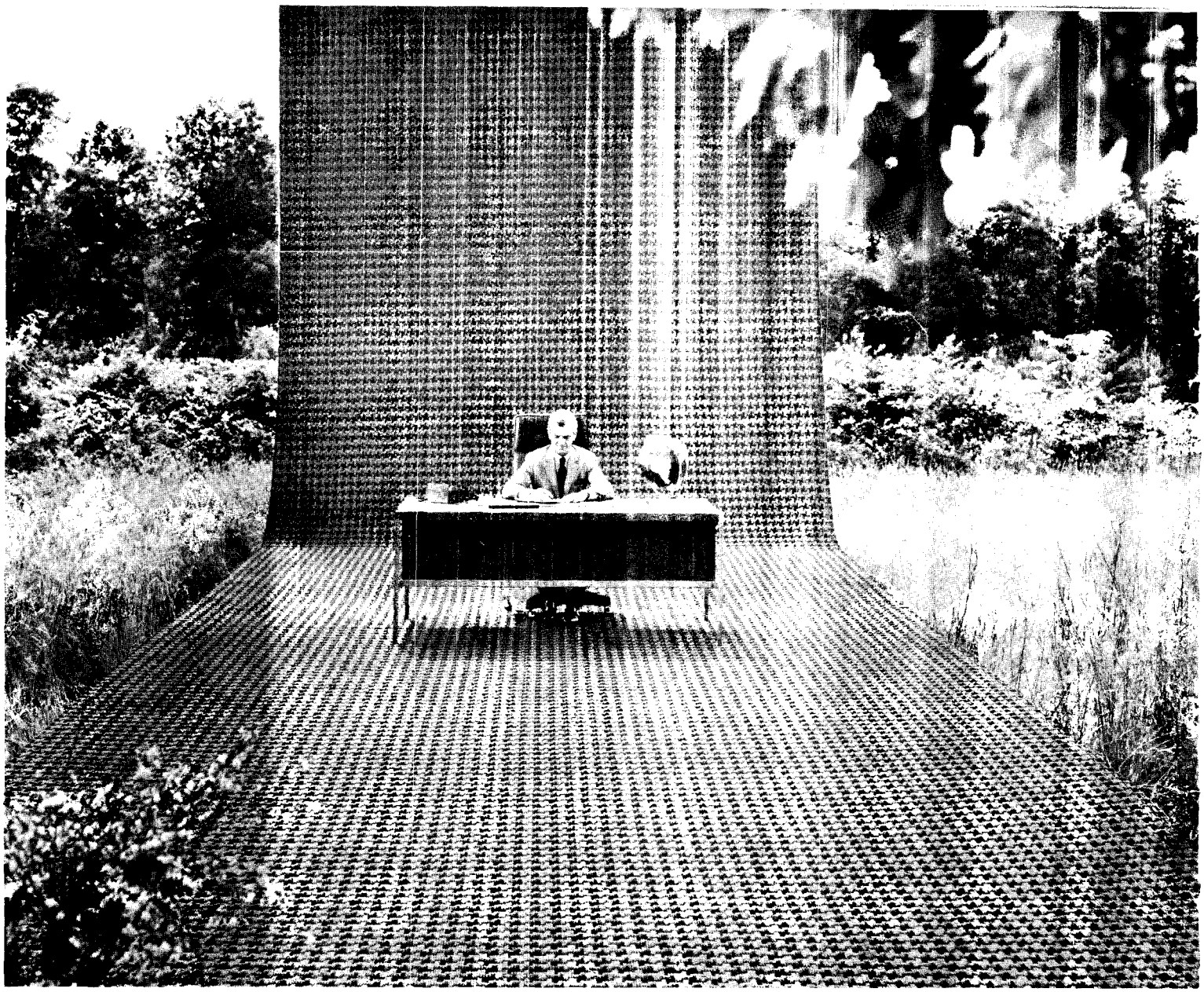

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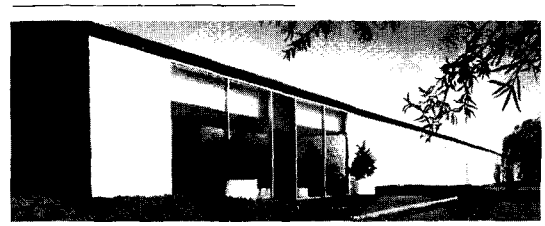

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Buckley. Despite the defeats of Cramer in Florida and Murphy in California, and the cliff-hanger might-have-beens like Roudebush in Indiana, the Senate result shapes up pretty well.

But apart from this, the election, carefully considered, proves a fascinating subject indeed. First, the campaign waged by Nixon and Agnew was, incontestably, a model of electoral tactics. It is safe to say that if the White House had remained passive, the Democrats would have campaigned all-out on the unemployment issue, raised the specter of Depression, from the beginning right up until November 3. We would have been deluged with rhetoric about the imminence of economic collapse, Walter Cronkite would have pumped out the same message every evening on CBS—you can see the news clips now: Roger Mudd among the idle men, Roger Mudd in front of the idle plant—woeful economic forecasts by Galbraith and Schlesinger would have been trumpeted everywhere, and, as the elections drew close, there would have been amazing documentaries about the Great Depression, revivals of *Grapes of Wrath,* Studs Terkel on *Meet the Press.*

Students of Richard Nixon's past campaigns, however, recognize the operation throughout his career of one cardinal rule: Never discuss the opponents' issue; always seek to force them to discuss your issue.

And so, instead of being drawn into attempts to explain his economic policy, or the theory of fighting inflation, instead of being trapped into awkward statements about the "acceptable level of unemployment," Nixon seized the Social Issue—violence, the campus, the erosion of institutions and of morals. The Democrats could not focus on unemployment and inflation, but had to keep besting Agnew. The Democratic offensive on the economic issue came too little and too late for the smashing victory that might have been (see "Economics and Elections"). Hubert, Adlai III, Teddy, Tunney and all the others had to keep trying to prove that they were just as tough on the criminals and the anarchists as Spiro was. Adlai wore an American flag in his lapel. Hubert campaigned in a hardhat. Teddy sounded like J. Edgar Hoover. The Nixon-Agnew strategy—and note well it was a conservative rhetoric that they employed—kept the Democrats mostly on the defensive, dominated the media and prevented the Democrats from concentrating on their most effective campaign theme.

Heath Shakes Them Up

To the outraged astonishment of just about everyone, and most especially of the Labor Party, Edward Heath has moved to reverse the whole drift of postwar British economic and social policy. In a special budget message to the Commons, Heath a) announced a 2.5 per cent cut in the personal income tax, b) proposed that the prices charged for numerous social services be brought more into line with their cost, c) revealed that farm subsidies would be slashed, an obvious preparation for Common Market entry, and d) said that he was going to abolish the Industrial Reorganization Committee, a device set up by Harold Wilson to exert government control over private industry through the purchase of stock. Heath also introduced legislation designed to reform Britain's labor practices and curb the wildcat strikes that have made British productivity the joke of Western Europe.

All this was highly unexpected. The standard work on Britain's postwar policy is Samuel Beer's *British Politics in the Collectivist Age* (1965), which observes delightedly that Tory policy is not much different from Labor Party policy, and that, therefore, the whole drift of events is more or less immutable: thus the "collectivist" of Beer's title. The book raises Butskellism to an axiom of history.

All this being so, you can imagine how Heath's budget message was greeted. "Shame," groaned the Labor MPs. Some, according to one report, even yelled "Bastard!" But Heath had yet another outrage in store. The screams had not yet died away when he announced that, yes, he was in fact going to supply some arms to South Africa, would do so, he said, because it was in England's long-range interest to do so. England's *what*? . . .

Russian Freedom

Writing, in the Soviet Union, is a high-risk activity—one day a Nobel Prize, next day a salt mine. It can have come as no surprise to Andrei A. Amalrik, the Soviet historian and author who had written *Will the Soviet Union Survive until 1984?*, when he was sentenced on November 12 to three years in prison under intensive supervision; no surprise, that is, because he had already served two-and-a-half years in Siberia as "an antisocial parasite," which experience provided the basis for his well-known *Involuntary Journey to Siberia.* Before his arrest last May, Amalrik described himself this way: "Patiently awaiting his return to prison, he occupies his time growing cucumbers and tomatoes." Other writers, meanwhile, were making nuisances of themselves to the grey figures who shuffle the dossiers inside the Kremlin. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn wins the Nobel Prize for litera-

Everybody Loves a Monster

In Transylvania, when harvest moons
Illuminate the coffins of the cursed,
Vampires rustle in their damp cocoons,
Each striving to be up-and-doing first.
How they delighted William Randolph Hearst!
On Sundays, horror oozed across the page.
He knew what sold, and so he sold the worst.
He made the Yellow Peril all the rage.
There's something fascinating in a cage;
The Colosseum-watcher's in us all:
A Karloff stalking stiffly on a stage
Helped Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer make a haul.
In Massachusetts, car keys at the ready,
Another creature stirs. Ye gods, it's Teddy.

W. H. VON DREELE

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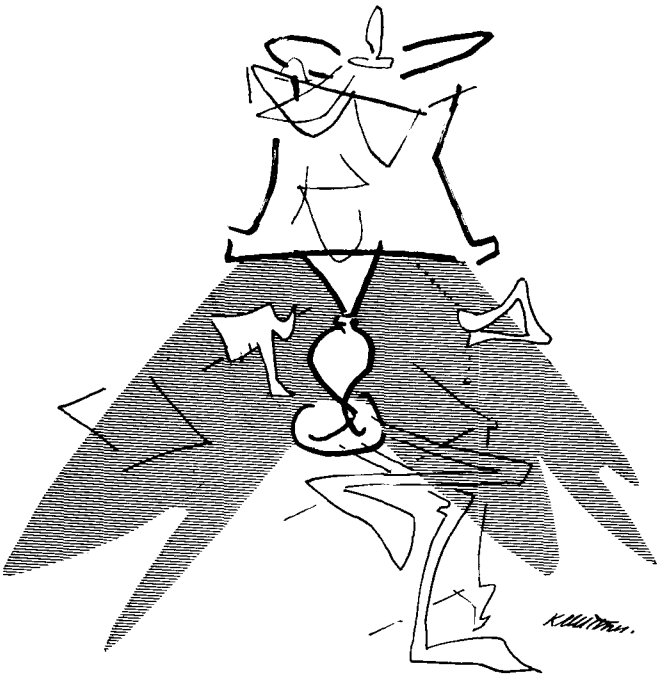

"As one of the most illuminating spokesmen for lavish expenditures of other people's money, maybe I can shed a little darkness on just how the guaranteed annual income builds dignity."

ture for 1970, plus a blast from *Pravda*, only to be defended by the celebrated cellist Mtislav Rostropovich: "If in his time Sholokhov had declined to accept the Prize from hands which had given it to Pasternak 'for cold war considerations' I would have understood that we no longer trusted the objectivity and honesty of the Swedish academicians. But now it happens that we selectively sometimes accept the Nobel Prize with gratitude and sometimes curse it." And no sooner do the boys in Agitprop get one corner of the situation nailed down than another one comes unstuck and flops around. Khrushchev's memoirs are being published in the West. . . . Gutenberg himself must have been the original antisocial parasite.

Charles de Gaulle, R I P

All claims to historical greatness usually contain a large dose of sentimentality and therefore deserve to be subjected to the iciest sort of skeptical analysis. Every schoolboy, for example, knows who the great American Presidents have been, and when the historians periodically draw up those lists they tend to agree: Washington, usually somewhat reluctantly, but certainly Lincoln, Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. And the great men of the twentieth century? Why, Roosevelt again, and Churchill, and de Gaulle, and some others perhaps.

The question that leaps instantly to mind is whether "greatness" in these estimates is not pretty much synonymous with wartime leadership, and whether these figures do not loom larger than life more because of the dramatic context within which they are perceived than because of anything they actually accomplished. It is worthwhile, then, to try to extract them from that context, and ask what other evidence of genius or creativity they showed; and when this is done, the whole question becomes more complex, and the great men begin to change in size.

Churchill, for example, was a peacetime catastrophe, Wilson's notorious idealism seems provincial and irrelevant to the real world, Franklin Roosevelt's capacity to cope with his main domestic problem—the Depression—comes off as extremely dubious, no matter how many battleship decks he later sat on, and as for Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth imposed upon him an historical plea of *nolo contendere*.

When we turn to Washington, however, his stature grows. He was a reasonably skilful—and lucky—leader of the colonial troops, but he was much more than that. We can infer that his contributions to the Philadelphia Convention were decisive in the Constitution-making process; he created, and then he governed. He was not grandiloquent. But the more one reflects upon him, the more his solid eighteenth-century qualities grow in impressiveness.

Examined in this astringent spirit, how does Charles de Gaulle shape up as an historical figure, and what claims for greatness can plausibly be advanced for him? The entire spectacle, of course, was superb—the lapidary prose, the regal mein, the impression of supreme independence: moving qualities today, and no doubt good in themselves aesthetically considered, but, politically considered, useful mainly as accessories in governing, as something for the masses—including journalists and intellectuals—to consume.

And surely the entire public spectacle of de Gaulle was a deliberate artistic construction, for behind it one catches glimpses, drastically different, of the private man—extraordinarily gentle, and also full of a healthy disenchantment. One recalls his feeling for his retarded daughter Anne, who died when she was twenty, and beside whom he is buried. "He walked with her hand-in-hand around the property," recalls one of his neighbors at Colombey, "caressing her and talking quietly about the things she understood." He also had a pungent Gallic skepticism, as in his remark that JFK had "the style of a hairdresser's assistant—he combed his way through problems." What de Gaulle thought of Sorensen's prose is not, so far as we know, known.

But when we get beyond the famous manner, and when we are done with the more elusive, and deeply interesting, private man, what of a permanently valid nature remains, what is there to build on? More, perhaps, than in most of the world leaders who were his contemporaries. The principal motif of his career, the dominating theme in all of his actions—even when those actions seemed dangerous or perverse—was the idea of the validity of the nation. No one was less bemused by supranational abstractions. De Gaulle perceived things like the UN for what they

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actually were, and his Europe was not the Common Market or the U.S. of Europe but the "Europe of the Fatherlands." The idealists might speak of Humanity; he saw Frenchmen, Englishmen, Chinese, Egyptians. When he established relations with the Red Chinese, he did not do so for reasons that would have pleased Chester Bowles, but as part of a balance of power operation vis-à-vis Moscow. The same is true of his Middle Eastern policy. The nation was his fundamental political reality. In consequence, when he did come to power in 1958, his grasp of the national reality enabled him to give France a workable constitution.

In his perception of the reality and the validity of the nation, de Gaulle had hold of a profound political truth. In this, it is not often said, he was the disciple of Charles Maurras and of Pétain—indeed, his entire career was fascinatingly intertwined with that of Pétain. The fact is that in our time, and for as far as it is possible to see into the future, it is in the nation that resistance will have to be rooted to the tyrannical abstractions and pseudoreligions that are now the mortal enemies of civilization.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In our American History class, our left-of-center teacher labeled you a "reactionary." As one of your avid followers, I strongly protested such false labeling. I would appreciate a response to this accusation on my teacher's part. With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,
Mark Exley
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Mr. Exley: Tell your teacher he is a silly goose. —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As you know (I take it you know since you keep reminding me), I became a subscriber to the lion's share of your time in 1965. This was not so much the result of my own efforts, but rather represented an accident of fate, being a gift on the event of my graduation from high school. Hence, for a year's time, I imbibed the copious outpourings of your fertile mind, and at the end of the year decided (or was it default?) that I would go on to bigger and better things. So I let my subscription lapse and subscribed to the *Saturday Evening Post*. As you may no doubt guess, I have since moved to even more staggering heights.

However, for the past several years, I am reminded from time to time that NATIONAL REVIEW has, buried somewhere deep in the bowels of 150 East 35th Street, my name. This is, at best, unfortunate. As you know, Mr. Buckley, times change. Alas, I know that you would like to turn back the clock to that golden day in 1965 when my name went onto the rolls, but it cannot be so.

And so it is with a twinge of nostalgic regret that I must ask you to strike my name from the Rolls of Conservatism (and lest there be any mistake, from your magazine as well) forever. It would be at best embarrassing, and at worst disastrous, for my name to reside in such places after the Revolution.

And so the time has come, postponed these many years, when I must say at last:

Good night, Bill.

David W. Hoster Jr.
Taylor, Texas

Dear Mr. Hoster: When the Revolution comes you'd better have NATIONAL REVIEW *in your library, and I mean the current issue. Otherwise . . . goodbye, David.* —*WFB*

■ The Vice President
Washington November 12, 1970

Dear Bill:

My sincere congratulations on the Fifteenth Anniversary of the NATIONAL REVIEW. The growing popular acceptance of the magazine and the ideas it has come to represent are a tribute to the tenacity and dedication that you and those who have been drawn to you have displayed over the years.

Please extend my best wishes to all attending your celebration this evening.

Sincerely,
Spiro T. Agnew

■ The White House
Washington October 26, 1970

Dear Bill:

The growth of NATIONAL REVIEW during these past fifteen years must surely be as gratifying to you and your staunch associates as it is to the many Americans who look forward eagerly to each new issue. You have every reason for pride in these years and for great satisfaction in accomplishment both eloquent and honest.

With style and imagination, you have done a great deal to fill out the spectrum of current political thought for all of our country's citizens. NATIONAL REVIEW has not been afraid of controversy, and the stimulus you have given to public debate has been a healthy one for every member of our society. I am especially pleased to have this opportunity to send to you and to each member of the editorial board and staff my best wishes for future years of lively and successful activity.

With warm personal regards,

Sincerely,
Richard Nixon

—**WFB**

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CATO

THE TWILIGHT CONGRESS

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The twilight days of the 91st Congress, Second Session, won't be dull. Jockeying for position in the 92nd will, of course, occupy a lot of the time of re-elected members. But there is unfinished business and one or two more slugfests on tap. A big one will be over defense appropriations. Anti-defense leader, liberal Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) returned to town before most of his colleagues. Braced by a big win in his bid for re-election, Proxmire is now sharpening his knife to trim Pentagon budget requests for the next fiscal year.

Current custodian of the Defense Department's money bill is the Senate Appropriations Committee. Though few insiders anticipate trouble for the Administration bill in committee, there are doubts that it can withstand serious cuts on the Senate floor during the lame-duck session. Senator Richard Russell (D., Ga.) supports a sound military establishment. Both he and Senator John Stennis (D., Miss.) will provide strong support for adequate funding of Administration military programs. But lately neither Stennis nor Russell has been particularly active on the bill. Senator Henry Jackson (D., Wash.), easily re-elected with tacit Administration support, can also be counted on to back the bill. But Jackson has been in Israel, not minding the home front recently.

Proxmire is a worker who avoids the leisurely Senate lunch syndrome, sometimes eating by himself in the Senate cafeteria, where many senators never go. His ally and house intellectual is A. Ernest Fitzgerald who was dismissed from the Pentagon after exposing cost over-runs. Fitzgerald has set up shop across the street, in the Methodist building, previously renowned for its now defunct cafeteria, and is writing a series of speeches against what the Administration considers essential defense spending.

Lame-duck liberal allies such as Senator Ralph Yarborough (D., Tex.) will be around to boost the Proxmire-Fitzgerald efforts. The Administration will have to make sure that some of its friendly lame-ducks are also on hand. Both retiring Senators George Murphy (R., Cal.) and Thomas Dodd (D., Conn.) will back reasonably generous appropriations. But absenteeism may plague both Proxmire and the Administration. Numbers of senators tend to take off on either end of the long, long Thanksgiving weekend. For the anti-Pentagon bloc, this may be the last chance for two years, since in the 92nd Congress they will have at least three fewer votes. Even with the Senate as presently constituted, the Administration is in reasonably good shape if its strategists are not over-confident.

SENATOR ROBERT BYRD's challenge to Senator Edward Kennedy for the post of Majority Whip has been dependent on five or six key votes. Essential to the Byrd campaign are newcomers Lawton Chiles of Florida and Lloyd Bentsen of Texas. Byrd also wants the vote of Hubert Humphrey. Humphrey, however, will back Kennedy. The former Vice President hopes to conclude his career in some post such as ambassador to the United Nations, and Ted Kennedy may one day be in a position to give him such a post. Another vote Byrd wants is that of his neighbor, Senator Harry Byrd (Va.). But whether Virginia's Byrd, who ran for re-election as an independent, will be admitted to the Democratic caucus remains questionable. Harry Byrd will probably vote with the Democrats to organize the Senate on the theory that current Democratic chairmen are on the whole more conservative than their prospective Republican successors. And if Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has his way Harry Byrd will probably be in the Democratic caucus and backing West Virginia's Byrd for Whip.

Even if he gets Chiles, Bentsen and Harry Byrd, Robert Byrd faces a tough fight for votes from the large liberal bloc. Only Presidential ambitions by a prospective Kennedy opponent, such as Birch Bayh, can get Byrd the votes he needs. Edward Kennedy does not have too many friends in the Senate. But most of his colleagues are leery of writing him off. As one Democratic legislative aide put it, "The Kennedys are notorious for two things: their quick recoveries and their long memories."

THE PROTRACTED ILLNESS and slow recovery of Senator Karl Mundt (R., S.D.) causes deep concern among his friends in the Senate. It is now clear to most observers that Mundt will be unable to return to his duties in the foreseeable future. And with the defeat of incumbent Republican Governor Frank Farrar of South Dakota, what had been a personal worry for Senate Republicans has become a major political crisis.

Unless Mundt resigns before January 3, Farrar's Democratic successor will name a Democrat to the Senate, thus negating one of the Administration's hard-won gains. A committee of Republicans from South Dakota will visit Mundt in December in an attempt to persuade him to resign. But Mundt's wife, who is said to have steadfastly kept the question of resignation away from her husband, may prove an obstacle. Although Mundt's staff insists that the Senator regularly receives visitors and keeps up with the news, no newsman has been able to get close to him. If South Dakota Republicans and Administration officials fail to secure Mundt's resignation, the GOP will suffer. Opponents of the President have been increasingly reluctant to pair themselves with Mundt, especially on key votes, their argument being that he is not an active member of the Senate. Some Capitol Hill Republicans say that it is already too late. There probably isn't enough time for Mundt to bring himself to think of resigning before Farrar leaves office. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

MORE ABOUT BAYREUTH

EVER SINCE Wagner himself started alerting the world to the cosmic importance of his work, more metaphysical twaddle has been written about it than about the work of any other composer. Following the Master's lead, the staging, musical direction and all that goes with the production of opera have been full of the Deeper Meaning of It All, far more than the Master ever intended himself.

But as with any esoteric rite, you've got to know what you are looking at or you'll never notice it. My husband and I are indifferent to practically all cosmic meanings, let alone those of opera, and it did not make a particle of difference in our enormous enjoyment of the *Ring of the Nibelung* which we heard last August at Bayreuth.

It's quite strenuous to listen to Wagner operas, and it's infinitely more strenuous to sing or play them. In the case of the *Ring*, where the same cast appears throughout, a day of rest is inserted between *Walküre* and *Siegfried*, and *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*. *Rheingold*, which is short, only two hours long, is followed by *Walküre* on the next day, since the singers and orchestra are not worn out by it. Thus you get two days of rest, as well as all of your mornings and early afternoons. This is the time to enjoy the other Bayreuth, the ravishing rococo Bayreuth, which is not nearly so well known as it should be, and even more strangely, not of great interest to a large segment of the Wagner disciples. But before I get to rococo Bayreuth, I should say something about the Wagner shrines.

The most famous of them is the Villa Wahnfried, Wagner's own home, a rather ugly building combining unfortunate elements of Victorian Germany and Classicist inspiration, that belongs to the Wagner family and contains a great many of the Maestro's scores and papers. These are not open to the public, nor is the interior of the Villa, but you can walk into the front yard. The Wagner archives in the New Palace, however, are open to the public and contain an enormous amount of fascinating personal and professional material that makes the man come alive.

Wagner and Cosima, his wife, the daughter of Franz Liszt, lie buried in a plain ivy-piled mound at the back of the Villa, in the Palace Gardens. The rest of the family—Liszt, the son and grandson etc. lie in the town cemetery, in tombs just this side of neglect, and largely ignored by the Wagner fans who line up for The Grave.

BAYREUTH WAS LARGELY DESTROYED in the War, and it has been rebuilt in the usual modern concrete style, though mercifully, the buildings are low. Some parts of the medieval town survive and are nice, though not spectacular. But what is spectacular are the rococo buildings put up by Wilhelmine, sister of Frederick the Great, who married herself a dull Margrave in a dull little town. She was an energetic, talented, literate woman who was friends with Voltaire and, besides poetry and drama, wrote music and ballets as well. She built two palaces, one in town and one in the country, for her residences, she made some marvelous gardens and she is responsible for the loveliest of all the rococo theaters, bang in the middle of the town.

The theater was built in 1745 by two famous Italian artists, the brothers Bibiena, and no gold, putti, moldings, carvings and rocailles were spared. The effect is delight at the richness of it all and wonder at the size of theater and stage; the inventory of the time lists more than 1,100 props for all the operas and masquerades and oratorios and similar divertissements, in many of which Wilhelmine acted and sang. The most interesting rooms in the Bayreuth residence, low, and small for a palace, are a Chinoiserie (one which differs from the others so popular at the time by having mirror fragments stuck all over the ceiling) and a stunning dining room, a present of Frederick the Great to his sister. Long and narrow, it is paneled in walnut and painted and gilded to give the impression of being a palm grove, a fairy one, with a blue ceiling populated with vaguely oriental fairy birds. The room has a curious air of premature art nouveau.

The same utter delight at the civilized life of the rococo (provided you belonged to the right circles) lives on at the Ermitage, Wilhelmine's summer palace some five miles out of Bayreuth. The gardens are lovely, filled with a number of eighteenth-century follies including artificial Roman ruins incorporating an outdoor theater, dragon fountains and the like, and an enormous, sparkling orangerie pavilion overlooking massive fancy fountains, fairyland come to life once more, for *fêtes champêtres* and other rural pleasures.

The Ermitage Palace is a rural version of the Bayreuth Palace, smaller, but not much simpler and just as ornate and charming. There are even seven cells in the grounds for the seven ornamental hermits, conceit of the rococo, men hired to sit in suitable garments to give a change of tone to the surroundings, surely one of the most desirable jobs of the times.

Bayreuth also has a Freemason Museum, full of documents and artifacts that are interesting even to an ignoramus like myself. It has an old tower with a circular staircase on which you can ride a horse to the top, a few good churches, a handsome, eighteenth-century prison (once a castle) and a Typewriter Museum, which however we did not explore; there is gratitude for you. The surrounding country is lovely, especially the *Fichtelgebirge*, all pine trees and romance, with the towns where the famous German porcelains are made, such as Rosenthal and Hutchenreuter in Selb, where you can visit the factories. All sorts of cultural and art places are within easy driving distance, and what's more, you really don't have to do anything about them since you came for the Wagner, didn't you? □

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AMONG OURSELVES

Notes on a Fifteenth Anniversary

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

WEDNESDAY AT FIVE, *NR* having been sent finally to bed, the editorial staff meets for a drink (50¢ per, *cash*). Bill Rusher bursts in. He has just got word that the Editorial Department insists on keeping the office on the Fourth Floor just now vacated by Circulation, and that the editor, from the safety of an Alpine retreat, has agreed with the editors that in order to keep pace with the modern world, we should forthwith install our very own Telex. Rusher, the last to hear of these developments, reminds us that the last shall be first—by decreeing an economy drive that sends shivers up the spines of the Tiny Tims assembled with their b.y.o.l. gin and tonic. "I don't blame you," Bill begins (Bill is *very* sarcastic) "for feeling that NATIONAL REVIEW must develop facilities sufficient to challenge the *New York Times*," he starts and builds from there to the picture of the magazine insolvent (which, alas, we always are), the staff out on the street, selling nationalized matchboxes, as the winter winds blow. "So" (bang on the desk), "I tell you" (bang) "this positively" (bang, bang) "must *stop*"—and a final bang on the piece of furniture on which he is perched. As in a melodrama of old—s u r p r i s e—crosses his face, "and just what may I ask is *this*?"—in chorus, Tiny Tim and all his brothers and sisters: "Our Brand New Super-Duper Extra Special Latest Word in Xerox Machines." "And it has just taken three thousand pictures of *you*," says Jim McFadden, Assistant Publisher, one of whose tasks it is to raise $1 million a year in subscription revenues. Bill Rusher laughs. At the end Bill Rusher laughs. *On aime* Bill Rusher.

» Scene changes. It is late, late in the evening, at Bill Buckley's apartment. An "Agony" is in progress (an "Agony" is vernacular for the quarterly meeting of the Publisher and the senior editors, held three times a year, on the deliberations of which the world hangs). The ideological debate has been spirited. Tempers are running high. One editor has just accused another editor of insufficiently deimmanentizing the eschaton in a recent column. The Managing Editor inserts a soothing word. A third party, the Bard of Woodstock, looks at her gratefully. "Priscilla," he says with feeling—he gropes for *just* the right words . . . "you are the grease in our crankcase." . . . Epitaph-stuff.

» Inter-office memoranda. Bill Rusher, having circulated five dozen memos on the upcoming political convention and how to game-plan it, has just now driven Bill Rickenbacker *too* far, which is to say, in Rickenbacker's case, to his typewriter.

> MEMO TO: The Editors
> FROM: William F. Rickenbacker
> RE: William A. Rusher's memos dated 7/15/62, 9/9/64, 3/29/66, 5/3/68, 5/15/68
> I owe it to you to make my position irrefragably clear. If Rockefeller fails on the first ballot, Romney tosses his kerchief to Nixon, Reagan squares with Percy, and O'Doherty remains above the conflict, then McKinley is a shoo-in. If, however, Stassen and Dewey announce for Nixon *before* the third ballot, Clif White swears off martinis, Mahoney and Alessandroni arrive at an understanding with Nixon, and Rockefeller undercuts Reagan's early strength by divorcing Happy and re-marrying the former Elizabeth Todhunter Clark, then it seems entirely possible that Claude Kirk of Florida and Charles Percy of Illinois will be the immediate (though by no means final) beneficiaries. There remains the possibility of a premature combination between Rockefeller, Reagan, Nixon, Stassen, Romney, Scranton, Lindsay, Javits and Spinoza to thwart the rapidly expanding Presidential ambitions of Buz Lukens. In this event, I look forward to a brokered convention.

» It is June 1970, and in fourteen-and-a-half years not a single deadline has been missed. But what's that? It's a bird. It's a plane. It's Superman. No, it's a helicopter, descending in the predawn dark onto the roof of the Hildreth printing plant in Bristol, Connecticut. The wildcat pressmen have struck and our indomitable messenger, Ken, has reported back to us empty-handed with the news that all six tires on his truck have been slashed. And we are supposed to close tomorrow. So . . . the outflanking movement from the sky. NATIONAL REVIEW will not be denied. All you need is a helicopter.

» Personal politics. As *NR* rounded out its tenth year, in 1965, it offered its Most Precious Asset, its Editor in Chief, Himself, to the people of the City of New York, who rudely refused him. At *NR*'s Tenth Anniversary dinner, held a week after election day, Barry Goldwater had a lot of fun [Excessive?—Ed. in C.] with that one. "If I had to define Bill Buckley," said AuH_2O, "I'd say he was a Goldwater who did it on purpose." Big laugh. Big hand. And then: "Running as a Conservative in New York must be an interesting experience. You're not really a candidate. You're a political kamikaze."

Five years later, as we rounded the Fifteenth, another Buckley, running in New York as a Conservative, had just been elected senator. *NR* played a major role in the organization of the Conservative Party of New York. Between the two events, Bill's campaign for mayor and Jim's for the Senate, the Conservative Party—whose Bosses Dan Mahoney and Kieran O'Doherty *NR* defers to with voluptuarian sycophancy (when we agree)—flourished. At the end of the six-day period that began with Jim's election to the Senate as the first third-party victory in the history of the state, and ended at a remote Bahaman island, peopled at that particular moment by only the host, Bosses Mahoney and O'Doherty, WFB and the President of the United States, Boss Mahoney was heard to observe, cigar in hand pointed vaguely in the direction of the White House, "On the whole, Bill, I would consider this an above-average week."

» R I P. During that period, *NR* lost some very great friends, institutional and personal. Whittaker Chambers, whose epistolary testament (*Odyssey of a Friend*) some critics believe to be his primary achievement. Frank Chodorov, former editor of the *Freeman* and associate of *Human Events*, spiritual godfather of latter-day antistatism; Willmoore Kendall, irascible, entrancing, restless, brilliant, a founding editor; Rodney Gilbert, William Henry Chamberlin, J. B. Matthews, friends and contributors; young Bob Schuchman, first chairman of YAF; and other eminent friends, collaborators, co-adjustors, Max Eastman, Evelyn Waugh, John Dos Passos; and also in late '66 and early '67,

(Continues on page 1294)

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Here's why we have waited as long as possible to ask you about what you're doing for Christmas this year,

It really *is* getting close to Christmas now. But every other publication we can think of began Christmas long ago. (We got a multicolor "Holiday Gift Promotion" from one of the big slick magazines in late August!) Presumably they all do it because they just plain get more subscriptions that way. Well, Lord knows we welcome all the gift subscriptions you can give (especially *this* year), but we've always resisted mentioning the subject to you when the temperature is still in the 80's ("just 100 or so shopping days until Christmas!"). However, now *is* the right time—if you act now, you still have time to "shop early"—and we think NR is the *right gift* this year.

It really is a convenience—really does save you time and trouble (and, for that matter, money)—to decide on *National Review* for the hard-to-please people on your list. Sending NR gift subscriptions is simple, un-messy (no waiting, no gift-wrap lines, no extra charges) and, we think, a thoughtful compliment to the recipient.

All the more so this year, when NR is obviously an "in" gift. The local papers are calling Senator-elect James L. Buckley "the voice of the new politics." Shucks: *we've* been that for years, but only you knew about us. Now all kinds of people know about *National Review,* and would be delighted not only to be receiving it, but also to know that *you* thought of sending it to them this Christmas.

So why not make some people happy (including *us*)? This year, gift subscriptions to *National Review* are just $10 each*, and are as easy to give as taking a moment right now to fill out and mail the card facing this page. We'll bill you later if you like, but the important thing is to do it now, before you forget—and before you really *are* in the last-minute holiday rush! The handy card provides for *three* gifts: should you want to send more, just send the additional names on your own stationery. All subscriptions are the same economical $10 price*, all gifts will be acknowledged (in time for Christmas, if you act now) with a handsome gift card in your name. And after the cheese selection (Gosh! did it get there?) is long gone, and the necktie forgotten ("she *knows* I have my *own* ideas about ties!"), NR will still be coming along, issue after issue, throughout the year.

It promises to be an exciting year—no doubt for you, certainly for *us*—and for all those to whom you send *National Review*. Won't you please use the card facing this page today?

And *why we hope you won't wait another minute to reply!*

**In all cases, add $1 additional for Canadian, $2 for all other foreign postage. Thank you.*

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ACCESSED THROUGH GALE...
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A SPECIAL SECTION

After Liberalism, What?

In the Beginning...

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THE FIRST ISSUE of NATIONAL REVIEW was sent out fifteen years ago, and we thought it appropriate to plan something to remark the anniversary. Something serious, and something social. The serious ventures are, paradoxically, much easier to consummate. Five years ago Professor Jeffrey Hart, since joined to the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW as an editor, wrote an entire book on the recent history of the American conservative movement, and *NR*'s role in it, from which book we excerpted fifty thousand words. At the social end, our well-wishers threw a party, chaired by Clare Boothe Luce, that drew 2,300 people, and featured eight (count 'em 8) speakers including Barry Goldwater and John Dos Passos, with a dais seating about fifty people. Well, one might have invited, this time around, Jeff Hart to write an encyclopedia (he'd have done it, if we had given him a little notice), and had a shot at Madison Square Garden. But what then would we have arranged for our 25th Anniversary? I suppose we might have staged it in the White House, arranging to receive the swords, respec-

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tively of the editors of *Partisan Review*, the *New Republic* and the *New York Times*. I like that. But it might prove impractical.

We decided on a conservative solution. James Burnham agreed to edit a special feature section, on the theme, "After Liberalism, What?" He thought it essential to the successful exploration of the question to hear from someone who does not believe that liberalism is over and is glad (enter Charles Frankel); and from a radical, who rejects liberalism even as conservatives do, but for quite other reasons (enter Eugene Genovese).

As for the Party, given under the sponsorship of Mrs. Nika Hazelton, well it would be a far smaller one, without speeches. (Or at any rate that is the intention as these words are written.) It would be mostly music, drinks, jollity and small talk, at the Tavern on the Green. You would think that such a decision as that was easy to arrive at. You would be wrong. There were all kinds of other proposals. One was a work-fun pay-your-own-way charter flight weekend trip to Bermuda, with seminars, speeches and golf. That was turned down on the grounds that you couldn't put together the right list. My own proposal—that conservative luminaries charter a 747 and go buzz Havana—lost by a narrow vote. As for making the party at the Tavern on the Green memorable, we do not know whether we will succeed. We were prepared to lay down a great deal of money in order to produce an enormous cake with fifteen candles—provided we could persuade Henry Kissinger to hide inside it until the stroke of midnight. He said okay, provided the Mideast crisis is solved by that time. So much for the cake. Some of the rompings at the party are recorded at the back of this issue.

MR. GENOVESE, a Marxist, a professor of history, was on the staff of Rutgers University a few years ago, and a major political campaign was fought on the question whether he should be dismissed. The nays had it, but in due course he went on to teach at Yale, and now he heads the Department of History at the University of Rochester. He does not take the occasion to plead for his species of radicalism. Instead he pokes about the corpse of liberalism, with considerable fun, and tells why he is not optimistic about a meaningful swing to the left in this country in this decade.

Frank Meyer, one of the original editors of *NR*, comes through in fine doxological style to thank the forces that have exposed the emptiness of U.S.-style liberalism, but reminds us how much more work there is to do, and how persistently the old forms remain, even under a Nixon Administration.

Charles Frankel is sometimes thought of as the last philosophical liberal. He has been at it for a very long time, turning out a stream of polished, thoughtful books, including *The Case for Modern Man*. He had a stretch with government—in the State Department, which is where American liberals take their vacations. He wrote a book, a fascinating book, about his experiences—*High on Foggy Bottom*—and is back at Columbia. He asks some tough questions, among them whether conservatives are really disposed to do without the *forms* of liberalism. Requiring us to think hard about the question: Are the forms he speaks of inherent in liberalism? If so, are they detachable from liberalism?

The troubled youth of today ought to get around to discovering that we conservatives have been plugging for the best of what they want from, permit the expression, the time they were babies.

Jeffrey Hart believes that the adversary relationship that has developed between America's culture and America's intellectuals is altogether unique in the experience of modern civilization. He explores the roots of that antagonism, and draws pessimistic conclusions.

James Burnham, with only one or two direct references to the preceding essays, brings forward the analysis he made in his book *Suicide of the West*. He asks again the great question: Can self-government survive? What happens when the people, and in particular the thought-leaders of the people, fail to exhibit that self-denying restraint without which democratic government simply does not work? He points out that the problem is to achieve authoritative government which is not authoritarian. But how can this be done in the absence of an appropriate set of attitudes, which are the vertebrae of functioning societies? His conclusion—no, it isn't that exactly. *The destination of his argument* leaves one peering into a dark and dense forest which, if we are to enter it and make it habitable, will need great effort, the recolonization of America. Messrs. David Brudnoy, Peter Witonski, Guy Davenport and Richmond Crinkley, meanwhile, tell us about cultural trends: discussing movies, books, novels and drama.

THE EDITOR of *NR*, as distinguished from the editor of this section, has no statement he feels a special urge to make. Quite the contrary, I feel the need to get out of the way of Messrs. Burnham, Hart and Meyer. Mr. Burnham in particular, whose examination is so haunting, whose conclusions (there I go again: whose *projections*) are so arresting. Nor do I feel much like sticking out my tongue at those who, fifteen years ago, predicted that NATIONAL REVIEW would fail, even as the forces it defended would fail. (Sweet are the uses of paralepsis!) Merely, as the final speaker at a banquet is given to say, a very few words. They are these, that the best of the troubled youth of today, who for instance have most recently discovered Charles Reich in *The Greening of America*, ought to get around to discovering that we conservatives have been plugging for the best of what they want for many years, and have held up the torch they now gather around steadfastly from, permit the expression, the time they were babies. What torch?

It was obvious to the conservatives who grouped

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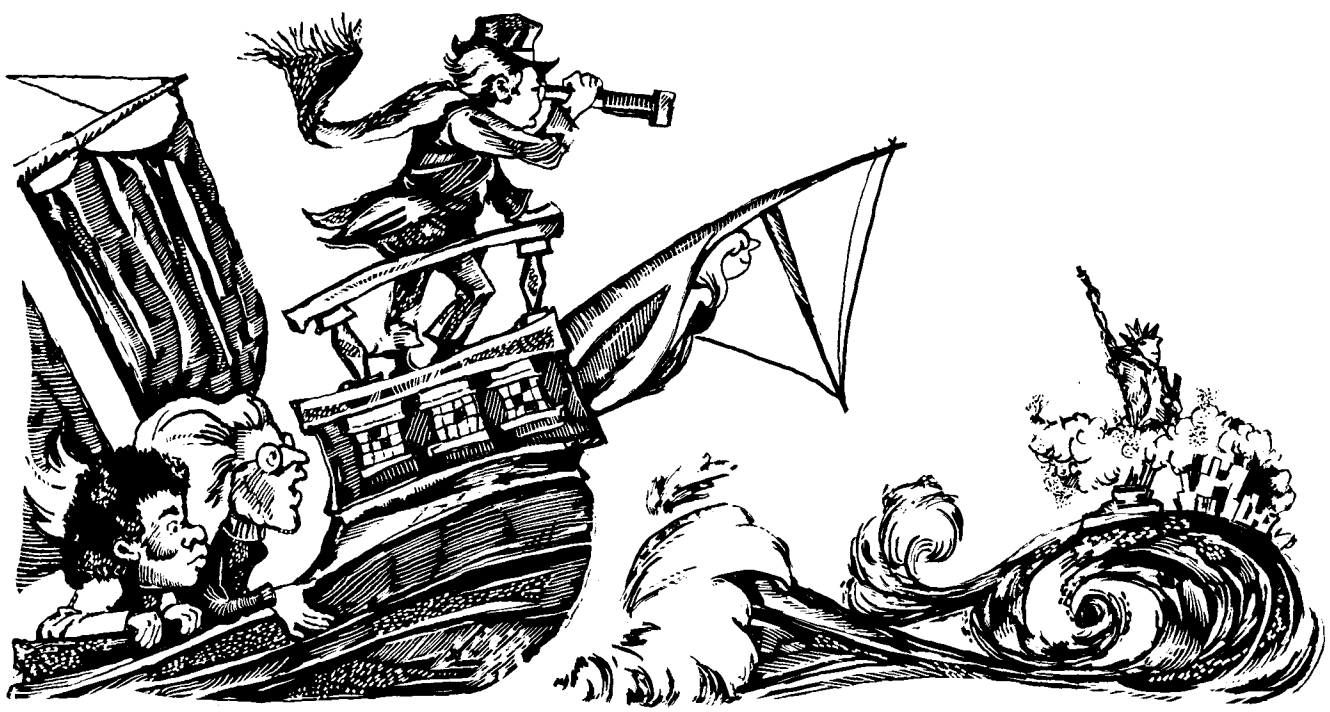
together after the Second World War that the centripetalization of power simply had to be arrested. Had to stop for one thing because it threatened to suck all social energy into Washington, leaving the individual in ineffective control over his own destiny. And had to stop as a practical matter, because of the limits of corporate efficiency. It was fourteen years after *NR* began that Peter Drucker would write in *The Age of Discontinuity* that the only thing the government can do effectively (see also Burnham, below) is wage war and inflate the currency. The special idealism of the youth who went to college or completed college during the postwar years seized on collective fancies—the orthodox socialism of the Henry Wallace campaign, the satellization of which by the Communist Party brought widespread disillusion. And, for a brief season, the dreams of World Federalism. When that fell apart, they fell back to the paunchy liberalism of the Fifties, dressed up by the belletristic politics of Adlai Stevenson. The end came in Dallas. Because it was really well before Dallas that it could be seen that it simply would not work, that the individual could not pump his idealism through tubes that reached all the way to Washington, D.C. It fell to Lyndon Johnson to be the personal victim of the end of that very long dream, and if there is any satisfaction to be taken from an assassination, it is only that one, that John Kennedy was never exposed personally to the jostling that would come when the highway turned to dirt and potholes, and the public realized, as they did in England through a succession of bureaucracies, that no free people could lead happy or full lives by buying one share each of common stock in—

The State.

Along came the prophets of quite the other direction. The solipsists. Jack Kerouac, gone on the road, refusing even to read the daily newspapers. The hippies (whom he later reviled) adopted his life-style, without the motion motion motion that was the operative narcotic during the period, stressing gentle Adamite indifference to worldly things. And then once again the direct opposite, the total iconoclastic self-assertion of a Jimi Hendrix or any columnist for the *Village Voice* ("Professor Banfield's new book on urban problems is just horseshit"), and now they have found the Greening of America through Charles Reich's Consciousness III, but what Charles Reich has said, if you boil it down over several nights, is what Robert Nisbet said quietly (and with style) when fifteen years ago he wrote about the *Quest for Community*. The kind of community Nisbet told us we all needed, and the kind that now Reich enjoins upon us, is inconceivable in the absence of individuation: and individuation is what happens when the state ceases to be taken for granted as the necessary instrument for human progress. The conservative who spoke to little audiences fifteen years ago about the necessity for arresting the growth of government was saying then what the followers of Reich have come upon, except that they are now, as Burnham points out, condemning America, while what they ought to be condemning is what I once called the special effronteries of the twentieth century. One of these—Eastern seaboard liberalism—substituted ideology for metaphysics, having caused that great void which the sensitive of whatever age feel so keenly. Those who are a little older, and expect less from an intractable world, come more readily to terms with it, which is not to say that we accept it as it is, only that we will not try to change it into something it cannot become, for no reason more complicated than that human hands are soiled.

I see it as the continuing challenge of NATIONAL REVIEW to argue the advantages to everyone of the rediscovery of America, the amiability of its people, the flexibility of its institutions, of the great latitude that is still left to the individual, the delights of spontaneity, and, above all, the need for superordinating the private vision over the public vision. □



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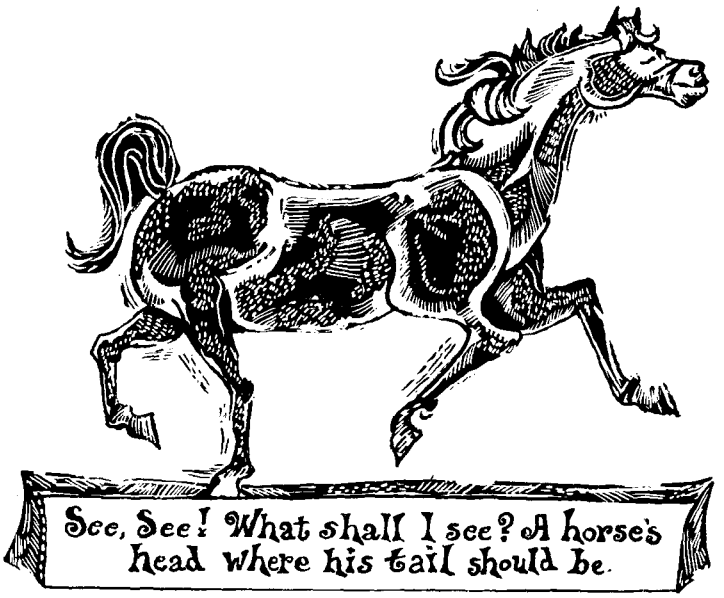
A VIEW FROM WITHIN



The Fortunes of the Left

EUGENE D. GENOVESE

WHEN INVITING ME to write this piece the editors of *NR* asked me to include an evaluation of the Left's chances of taking power.* Truthfully, I did not know whether to laugh or cry. Not wishing to offend my hosts, I shall pretend that the question deserves to be answered seriously: The chances for an electoral victory by an opposition to the left of liberalism are nil and receive no attention within any section of the left-wing movement; the chances for a seizure of power by one or more sections of the Left are slightly inferior to the chances of a seizure of power by a coalition of the Campfire Girls and the Gay Liberation Front under the leadership of Ti-Grace Atkinson. I respectfully submit—without a trace of malice—that those conservatives who fear for the life of the American state be given prompt psychiatric attention. If Jerry Rubin and Mark Rudd are awakening such fears, then it is the fearful, even more than the feared, who need urgent and kindly attention.

The Left has fewer prospects today than it had ten years ago; and at least another decade will be needed to repair the damage done by the madness of the last few years. Whereas the rise of the New Left in the early 1960s promised to effect a reconciliation of revolutionaries and social democrats, the gulf between the two camps (and within each) is now greater than ever before. Whereas the New Left promised to transcend narrow and outmoded ideologies, much of what remains of it today wallows in the ideology of the 1930s or, as in the case of the Weathermen, in the ideology of pre-1905 Russia. Whereas the New Left promised to develop tactics of nonviolent civil disobedience as an alternative to both ineffective electoral machinations and vain dreams of violent action, much of it today spends itself on a cult of violence generally manifested in blustering and sporadic and self-defeating acts of nihilism, which are no more than the acting out of adolescent fantasies of revolution by impotent individuals or tiny sects.

The Left has no party, no organization and no leader with a shred of credibility beyond a handful of adherents —and ironically, beyond the terrified elements of the Right and Center who interpret their own inability to discipline their children as the beginning of the end of civilization. (I suspect that it is, in fact, only the beginning of the end of the quaint notion that children can be raised without occasional spankings.)

SDS has died, and nothing has arisen to replace it. The Weathermen would be laughed out of the Left, were it not for the sobering thought that these pitiable young bourgeois will get themselves and some other people killed before the newspapers and TV, which invented them, stop finding them cute. The pro-Chinese Progressive Labor Party which embodies such virtues of the Old Left as personal discipline and morality, respect for the sensibilities of working people and an appreciation of the

* In this article I shall not discuss the various sections of the Black-Liberation movement, which in my opinion are only superficially related to the White Left. Even the "Marxist-Leninist" Black Panthers cannot be subsumed under this heading despite appearances and, in any case, deserve a full and independent assessment. I shall also ignore the Woman's Liberation Movement because I consider it of peripheral interest and relevance. I might say more, but even Marxists understand that discretion is the better part of valor.

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need for social order, has never grown beyond the size of a small sect and, given its dogmatism and inability to grasp the realities of American life, it is never likely to. The Trotskyists are still Trotskyists. If the readers of *NR* do not know what that means, perhaps Mr. Burnham will write a piece about his friends from the old days; whatever he says is likely to be as true of them today as it was 35 years ago.

As for the hippies, the freaks, the Mother Fuckers and the several other exponents of "cultural revolution," these are the natural-born, legitimate, honest-to-goodness children of the pseudoconservative suburbanites of the 1950s. They are the problem children of the solid bourgeoisie and constitute a problem for the Left only because their antics are confused with left-wing politics by the working class and lower middle class of Middle America. Beyond that, they constitute an essentially apolitical excrescence of the world of indebted affluence—a collective withdrawal of that part of the middle class (and especially the upper middle class) which is superfluous to the task of preserving a middle-class social and economic order. One suspects that relatively they form no larger a percentage of bourgeois youth than criminals, lumpens and tragically broken souls have traditionally formed of working-class or poor-rural youth without anyone's bothering to notice. But these are the children of the people who own the country, and they do have the power to burn down a campus or two; they will therefore be noticed and even pampered—at least until the gentlemen of the ruling class are forced by consciousness of the responsibilities attendant upon their ownership of property and of the state to deal harshly with their own children. That day is not, I think, far off. The disappearance of youthful nihilism would strengthen, not weaken, the prospects for a political Left, unless, as is probable, its excesses are used as an excuse to crush all dissent at once.

For the moment the "youth revolt," supported as it is by national media that hail everything young as intrinsically good and misunderstood, enormously hinders the Left, not only by the reaction it generates among working and middle-class Americans who are normally slightly to the left of center in their social views, but in the obstacles it places in the way of the emergence of a left-wing party of order. A mass movement of the Left must be based on a vision of a new order, even if its tactics sometimes appear disorderly. Conservatives do not have to be told that Americans will not rally to a burn-baby-burn banner and will choose even fascism over anarchy, if the choice comes to that. One of the greatest difficulties the Left has always faced in its efforts to build a broad movement has been the association in the popular mind of radicalism with disorder and a repudiation of those values which are necessary to any civilized existence. The ascendancy of the Pepsi Generation's latest heroes, the Weathermen and the hippies, represents the ascendancy of what the conservative historian Stephen Tonsor has marvelously called "liberal nihilism," and it has wrecked those hopes for a new departure on the Left which were so high in the early 1960s.

The hippie Left and the Weathermen are certainly not aberrations; they are logical developments of the anarchism of the early New Left. It was a short step from the absurdity of "participatory democracy" to the rediscovery of Josef Stalin. The common thread has been the extreme egotism of the pretension that self-expression is life's highest value. Professor Tonsor is right: The ideology of the New Left is liberal-nihilist—which to me means that it is the ideology of the marketplace in violent caricature. Even its proclaimed collectivism, as manifested in the passion for communal living, is generally no more than a projection of the infantile notion that if everyone were left to do as he pleased, he would naturally love and help everyone else. These young people announce themselves as Maoists, Castroites, Leninists, even Stalinists, but who besides themselves does not know that any serious left-wing political movement, and certainly any of those particular movements, would make short work of them if only because they are liberals turned inside-out and therefore unassimilable to any socialist party.

THE INSANITY on and off the campus is symptomatic of the crisis of liberalism and brings us to the prospects for a party of the Left based on democratic principles, a realistic assessment of American life, and a decent respect for Western civilization's historical commitment to individual freedom. Curiously, the early New Left came closer to realizing this ambition than the Old. For all its anarchism, or rather as a positive function of it, it did project a critical spirit, an assertion of humane values, a hatred for regimentation and, on a more direct political level, a strong suspicion of centralization in general and Big Daddy government in particular. These early strivings have been largely reversed for a variety of reasons, among which have been the naïveté with which they were originally formulated and the inability of the Now Generation to bear setbacks, defeats and other irritants to the compulsion for instant gratification. Nevertheless, those early strivings, which intersect at some points—both genuinely and spuriously—with those of many conservatives represented the Left's best hope for the 1960s. Their defeat and rejection have recreated the miseries and impotence of the Old Left in, as we Marxists like to say when we are trying to impress liberals with our sophistication and learning, "a new and higher synthesis."

What remains of the early New Left's ideology or, better, impulse is to be found in the rapidly leftward moving young liberals of the kind who flocked to McCarthy

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in 1968. Through the demagogy, rhetoric and more reasonable hopes of the "new politics," which may be politics but is certainly not new, there may yet emerge a new party led by the Lindsays, Hatfields, Kennedys and McGoverns. But if so, it would by itself clearly be a left-liberal New Deal party, brought up to date for the age of affluence; some of these liberals are genuinely concerned with the need for structural changes in the economy, but they cannot do much so long as they remain imprisoned within their present economic and social assumptions and commitment to capitalist property relations. Alternatively, the Democratic Party may be captured by this kind of coalition. In either case, the socialist Left, New or Old, would then have to choose between being absorbed by a rhetorically radical but basically status quo liberalism or retreating once again into isolation and sectarian politics.

Hence, the Left faces the same dilemma with which it entered the 1960s. The left-liberals are as yet neither socialists nor radicals in any meaningful sense (that is, they have no interest in a fundamental shift in property relations), and liberal solutions have already proven worthless except as bread-and-circus distractions. Madison Avenue packaging of banal programs worked briefly with John F. Kennedy but had reached its limits even before the assassination of his younger brother. Thus, the radical Left, if it follows the Communists into a new coalition with the liberals, will once again be used without having an opportunity to offer an alternative strategy. There is a third road—entering such a coalition as an open and avowed socialist caucus and attempting to shift it to the left, but this possibility has as yet received little attention. Those who speak for unity with the liberals—the Communists and the remnants of the old Socialist Party being the most obvious—in practice always prove willing to sacrifice their critical stance for an illusory expediency. As yet, no left group has shown a willingness or an ability to operate independently within such a coalition, and it is not at all certain that the liberals would tolerate those who did. The odds, therefore, are that the Left will take one or the other of the older roads into absorption or sectarianism.

Since people on the Right and even in the Center believe that the Communist Party consists of Communists —something few of the Left are silly enough to believe —a word is in order. The Communist Party comprises those on the Left most committed to garden-variety liberal politics and the least interested in building an independent socialist Left. (I except the formal remains of the Socialist Party, which to all intents and purposes has disappeared.) The CP continues to operate as an extension of Soviet policy, not in the sense that it is made of "agents" (few of its adherents are bright enough to be anyone's effective agents, even if they were so inclined), but in the sense that they are historically and ideologically imprisoned by the idea that the USSR will in time outstrip the capitalist countries in economic and social performance and thereby draw the rest of the world into its orbit. Hence, the Communist Party opposes all "adventurism," by which it means anything that might interfere with a détente. In recent years they have supported the Kennedy wing of the Democratic Party, but the logic of their position could easily produce increasing support for others, even Nixon, if negotiations for a rapprochement advance. Those who think such a turn impossible should reflect on the vigorous if covert support given by the French Communists to de Gaulle, especially during the May Events of 1968, and their thinly disguised shift to Pompidou during the subsequent election. Conservatives would do well to tell J. Edgar Hoover to stop bothering the CP, for its only function is to use its reputation as a revolutionary force and its considerable bank account to choke off genuinely radical movements on the Left.

THE ONE POSSIBLE WAY out of the dilemmas of popular frontism for the Left would be to enter a liberal-left coalition as a distinct caucus with a socialist program of its own, but this course appears, at the moment, to be closed off by the hostility of the disorganized and frustrated youth movement, which wants no part of electoral or long-range politics. We may, therefore, expect that the Left will remain for some years split between the Communists, Social Democrats and other opportunists who will support a liberal coalition in the vain hope of influencing it to do good, progressive, peaceloving things (whatever these may be) and the "revolutionaries," who will either decline further into sectarianism or turn to desperate, useless and easily suppressed violence.

The crisis of the Left reflects that of the nation as a whole and of all political tendencies within it, for liberalism's failure to solve our national problems proceeds simultaneously with the failure of both Left and Right to do any better—even on paper. Let us take the racial crisis. Notwithstanding the assurances of *NR* and others, I do not believe that the economic position of Black America is, in fact, improving meaningfully, but let us bracket the question for the sake of argument. Few are likely to deny that the technological development of the economy, the historically and culturally conditioned technical backwardness of the black community and the impossibility of effecting rapid social integration continue to guarantee that a very large portion (whether a big majority or a big minority is not decisive) of black Americans are being bypassed and rendered marginal.

The liberal solution to this problem has been a variant of the liberal solution to all social problems: provide a dole for the unemployed and unemployable; keep troublemakers quiet by putting them on the payroll as investigators, consultants and niggerologists; and ease the more successful blacks into white cocktail parties as best one can. To provide jobs, however, is a more difficult task.

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There is always the Kennedy Plan of 1960: increase military spending. Unhappily, liberal opposition to the war in Vietnam and belated liberal recognition that military spending has manifold effects not all of which are palatable even to liberals now threaten to render even that part of the proposed solution difficult.

What neither the liberal approach, nor any conservative approach of which I am aware, has bargained for has been the upsurge of black nationalism as a genuine and deeply rooted social force. We cannot here discuss the question of black nationalism in general—the question of the extent to which black people in the United States constitute a nation-within-a-nation with its own culture, traditions, collective sensibilities and community of interest. But it is impossible not to recognize their growing determination to have some measure of self-determination and to preserve and develop a separate ethnic personality. Under these conditions all "great society" swindles will fail, and so, I believe, will an alternate reliance on equal access to a free market that is manifestly not free in the first place and that is largely irrelevant to problems which transcend mere economics.

The Left has no party or coherent program of its own; it therefore cannot formulate demands to facilitate the integration of blacks into the national economy and simultaneously to plan for a decent and peaceable sociopolitical separation for those blacks who prefer it. So long as it continues to be bedeviled by the twin ghosts of regimented statism and anarchism it will remain as unable as the Right or Center to come to grips with the black experience, which is simultaneously a separate national experience and part of the general American experience. (And unlike the Right and Center it cannot even fall back on the "solution" of reacting to the demands of people it cannot understand by bringing in troops to shoot the bastards down.)

In this as in other matters, John Lindsay and Edward Kennedy evince only a limited interest in radical surgery. However far to the left these liberals may appear to conservatives, they are "radical" more in the potentialities inherent in their awareness of the need for a new turn than in their present political policies. Much more could be said about the inability of these or any other liberals to solve any of the great problems confronting us without a prior transformation in their own politics. But neither conservatives nor radicals have much to cheer about. President Nixon's right-wing liberalism is the counterpart of the Communist Party's left-wing liberalism—that is, each advances solutions within the established consensus of liberal social policy. Regimes and societies do not just disappear, and there is no reason to believe that God will intervene to create either a genuine Left or Right opposition and then put it in power. For all the current fear of fascism, what we are in danger of experiencing is merely a more repressive policy carried out by men of the Right within the context of liberal-consensus national policy. In my opinion, no profound turn to the Right or Left is yet on the horizon.

The continued predominance of the liberal Center, with its unquenchable thirst for centralization and statism and its contempt for autonomous institutions and communities may, however, force quite different alignments in the decade ahead. Increasingly, for example, the financing of universities is being taken over by state and federal governments. As campus nihilism proceeds, so does the demand for state intervention to restore order. The nihilist action and the panicky reaction it calls forth each contributes to carrying out the logic of the liberal prostitution of the campus—of the destruction of its autonomy, of its politicization, of its surrender to anyone strong enough to buy or intimidate it. The corruption of the universities, begun long ago, having advanced under cold war liberal auspices in the 1950s, is about to be perfected by liberalism's ostensible enemies. The idea that the university (and other institutions) must be preserved as autonomous bodies is dying precisely at the moment it is most needed. Regional and community decentralization being difficult to effect in a modern national economy, institutional decentralization and autonomy have become the main hope for the arresting of the power of the bureaucratic state. It is possible that those sections of the Left, Right and Center that value humane learning and academic freedom and regard their preservation as inseparable from institutional autonomy and freedom from state intervention will coalesce to fight this battle. Something of the sort is already happening on a modest scale. We may yet see the emergence of a political opposition to the liberal state, but how "left" or "right" it will be remains to be seen.

WHAT IS CERTAIN is that, like the genuinely anti-liberal Right, the Left has, in its present manifestations, no future and only a shadowy and deceptive present. Its domestic-policy dilemmas have their counterpart in foreign policy. Since the Russian Revolution the Left has been plagued by an inability to come to terms with international affairs and to face the truth about the socialist countries. Things were bad enough in the Good Old Days, when the issue, however difficult to resolve, was plain to see. With only one socialist state in the world leftwingers had a clear if unpleasant choice. They could, with the Communists, offer absolute support and therefore identify the cause of socialism with the Soviet regime; or, they could withhold support on the grounds that the USSR was not socialist at all. In the first case, the Left played into the hands of those who, like some *NR* writers, insist that dictatorship, purges and bureaucratization necessarily accompany socialism. As it became increasingly difficult to deny the facts about Soviet life—and Khrushchev ended all pretenses in 1956 even for Communists—the Communist Left was simply made to look absurd. In the second case, anti-Soviet socialists were

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driven step-by-step into celebration of the American position in the cold war and were thereby transformed into ordinary liberals with a bad case of nostalgia for Debs and Kautsky. To make matters worse, the emergence of socialism in Eastern Europe, North Korea, North Vietnam, Cuba and especially China has forced these hapless "socialists" to condemn every variety of socialism among the one-third of the world's population which practices it while recommending socialism as a cure for what ails the other two-thirds. (Try selling that combination to a construction worker some time.)

The New Left has not solved the problem; it has merely tried to bypass it. In the early 1960s it condemned Soviet totalitarianism and American imperialism and called for an undefined reformation. Since it was not wedded to socialism its position looked plausible, although a number of us on the Left even then said publicly that a debacle was in the making. With the shift—as inevitable as anything can be in politics—to a socialist position, the New Left has had to confront all the old problems; its solutions have been mere variations on the old themes. With China, the USSR and other socialist countries denouncing each other for restoring capitalism, the Left's discomfit has passed into agony.

This agony is of its own making. It is possible to reconcile limited support for undemocratic states in backward countries without liberal-democratic traditions with a firm commitment to freedom in the advanced countries of the West. In fact, if the Left were not so stupidly insensible to the elementary truths that conservatives have been preaching about the staying power of culture, tradition and habit—if the Left was not wedded to fantasies about remaking the human race by an act of political will—it would have confronted this unpleasant problem a long time ago. Here again, what is clear in the Old Left and the New is the extent to which they are imprisoned by liberal notions of man and society and are unable to realize the historical insight that Marxism ought to have offered them. Moreover, it is possible to admit that socialism's centralizing tendencies are dangerous and require institutional checks, which are possible to provide in countries with traditions like our own. It is not an accident that outstanding left-wing intellectuals—William Appleman Williams being the most prominent—have called for a positive reassessment of much of the American conservative tradition and for the incorporation of many of its values and ideas into an American socialist ideology. But this theoretical development is beyond the scope of this article, which I fear is already taxing the patience of the editors, who made it clear that I was not to use these pages to present a left-wing manifesto. In any case, the critical viewpoint to which I allude has not yet become part of the thinking of any organized section of the Left.

IN THE DECADE AHEAD this view is likely to absorb the attention of the growing number of left-wing intellectuals who are already rallying to oppose the nihilists on and off the campus and who are determined not to fall back to the useless positions of Communism and Social Democracy. But since the socialist intelligentsia remains split and deeply discouraged and since it has never been able to force itself into a position of political influence with any organized section of the Left, its only hope is to build a movement of its own on the campuses, which have become much more important in political affairs than any one could have believed ten years ago. As the radical students retreat from nihilism—as many are already doing—and as the campus grows in political importance to our national life, this potentiality may come to fruition. But the odds are clearly long, and therefore the prospects for the Left are poor. To complicate matters, the outlook I have outlined leads many campus socialists into increasingly bitter opposition to the campus confrontationists, who in turn charge cowardice and betrayal. The Left is on the verge of a total split—one that transcends without healing the current fractionalism. Those who want a new departure can no longer deny to themselves or others that the "revolutionaries" are destroying what few chances remain, whereas the "revolutionaries," feeling themselves betrayed by those who dislike suicide, are continuing to escalate pointless and self-defeating violence. For the next few years we must expect more of the same, after which the certain defeat of the carriers of apocalyptic fantasies may clear the way for the long, slow work of finding new ground on which to stand, unless of course it buries the whole Left in a savage wave of repression.

Before conservatives rejoice at these prospects they would do well to consider the irony they disguise: The New Left, especially in its recent aspect, has been the nihilist cutting-edge for the liberal assault on what remains of autonomous and independent civil society in America. And so, so far, has been the mindless right-wing call for using the state power to restore order on the campuses. (The right-wing call for troops and professional purges on the campuses is merely the other side of the same cutting-edge.) The liberal Center is much more opportunist than philosophically liberal, with a few exceptions campus liberals have no principles of any kind. But it is nonetheless on its way to another triumph—this one delivered into its hands by the common ineptness and unprincipledness of both its left and right opposition. We are, I do believe, at the beginning of another decade of living proof that even the most decadent, compromised, and incompetent of regimes will last indefinitely so long as its opponents are bigger fools than itself. □

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A NEW ROLE?

The Future of the Republican Party

FRANK S. MEYER

WHAT IS the role of American conservatism now that liberalism has been emptied of its charismatic power and the fundamental threat to our civilization is radical, anarchistic, nihilist, rather than liberal? What are the prospects and what should be the directions of the Republican Party now that the old Democratic alliance has split asunder, its liberal and radical elements warring one with another, its blue-collar and Southern elements moving in a conservative direction?

Fifteen years ago when NATIONAL REVIEW was founded, the situation in the United States was profoundly different. The power of liberalism—political, social, cultural—was at its height. The revolutionary transformation of American society ushered in with the election of Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 had been consolidated, a consolidation signalized not least by the liberal capture of the opposition party, when the Eisenhower forces defeated the basic forces of the Republican Party represented by Robert Taft and Douglas MacArthur.

The establishment of NATIONAL REVIEW in 1955 at the nadir of conscious organized opposition to triumphant liberalism represented the beginning of a process of crystallization of the scattered conservative forces opposed to liberalism. The movement it helped to usher in, the contemporary American conservative movement, was directed, as all conscious conservative movements are, to recovering the tradition of its civilization after a revolutionary transformation. For the two decades of the Thirties and Forties had witnessed precisely that, a revolutionary, if bloodless, transformation of the American scene. That revolution was a liberal revolution, and, from its first issue, NATIONAL REVIEW saw in liberalism the enemy against which it was arrayed.

Today the situation is transformed. Liberalism has lost its charisma. True, the liberal Establishment still holds the seats of power, but it is a power exercised by rote; the basic doctrines, slogans, attitudes of liberalism no longer evoke loyalty. One need only compare the magic of Franklin Roosevelt with the flim-flam of Hubert Humphrey to realize how emptied of content the liberal ideology has become.

Wherever one looks—politics, the social scene, the arts—this decay of liberalism is apparent. But, from a conservative point of view, it is a moot question whether this is as much to the good as we might have hoped fifteen years ago. Even though conservative criticism has been one of the major factors in the decline of liberalism, and even though conservative ideas and influence have gained much ground during these fifteen years, nihilist radicalism has shown at least as great gains.

As a result of these challenges, the political scene has become a great deal more complex. Where formerly liberalism reigned unchecked, except for the burgeoning conservative movement, today the political spectrum is variegated and shifting. At the central point of communication and control a liberalism of rote and habit still prevails—in the university Establishment, in the media, in the governmental bureaucracies from State to HEW, in a large part of the corporate bureaucracies. But its reign is a

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reign of inertia; and it is under attack from Right and Left.

In political terms what is happening is the breakup of the Roosevelt coalition, that strangely joined but most effective alliance of the South, the Negroes, the farmers and labor, all presided over by liberal intellectuals. It was this coalition against which the Republican Party struggled in vain during the years of the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier. Particularly from 1936 on, when, under Northeast liberal leadership, the national Republican Party attempted to imitate the Democrats with ham-handed "me-tooism," that broad coalition (with episodic defections by the farmers) held together and gave continuing power to the prophets of the liberal ideology.

TODAY, as that coalition splits apart, a considerable portion of the Negroes and the intellectuals are moving to the radical Left; labor and the farmers to the Right. The latter, the rightward movement, is immensely strengthened by a social category that did not exist in the Thirties, that has been brought into existence by the economic and social developments since World War II. It is not class-bound; it includes labor, white-collar workers, middle sectors of society of varied occupation and up to the executive level. We have come to refer to it as Middle America. Stanton Evans and Kevin Phillips have categorized it geographically as "the sun belt" and the suburbs. It is clearly the main mass base of the rightward movement in American society.

Simultaneously there has occurred in the intellectual community and to a considerable degree among the Negroes a sharp swing to the left. That radicalism, particularly as it is developing in the intellectual community, is undermining the cadres of liberalism. It should be emphasized that this is not a "generation gap," as it is so often described. Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab in a brilliant analysis of the situation in *Commentary* (August 1970), contend that this is a social gap, not an age gap. The same split between a leftward and a rightward swing from liberalism exists among the young as among their elders:

> For example, 72 per cent of the college youth and 82 per cent of those not in college believed that "competition encourages excellence"; 56 per cent of the students and 79 per cent of the non-students agreed that "hard work will always pay off"; three-quarters of the former and 87 per cent of the latter thought that "the right to private property is sacred." . . . A Roper poll of college seniors indicated that over three-quarters thought that American political and business institutions were basically sound. Less than 10 per cent were "very critical." Indeed, they go on to say that "the basic direction of the younger generation is in most cases the same as that of their parents; they go with the parental grain rather than against it."

The figures Lipset and Raab quote may seem astonishing in view of the massive media presentation of the younger generation as radical through and through. But this paradox is characteristic of the polarization presently proceeding within the whole of American society.

Any polarization in a society that affects the basic consensus, which is the foundation of all constitutions, threatens social disaster. Polarization of a sort is probably inescapable when a long-standing ethos, like the liberal ethos of the past forty years, betrays its bankruptcy. But the danger today is that the polarization may go to deeper issues than opposite views of the desirable character of a post-liberal America.

Because of the distortion by liberalism of the meaning of our basic constitutional settlement—a distortion in which all liberal elements have shared, from the university professor to Supreme Court Justices—there is a serious danger (presently and openly on the Left; potentially lurking in some right-wing attitudes) that not only the distortions, but the constitutional settlement itself may be called into question. For the time being it is only from the Left that the attack on our constitutional structure comes. But if social order is not reasserted soon and the revolutionary threat from the Left repressed, an anti-constitutional mood may arise on the Right out of outrage and despair.

The dangers of polarization are intensified by the character of the social strata which are moving right and left. The movement to the right has been until now simply a desire to return to traditional American values—national honor and national interest in our dealings with the world, social peace at home, the restoration of a recognition of achievement at all levels, instead of a social policy directed, at the expense of the achiever, to massive welfarism. This is the outlook of the immense majority, of the Middle Americans. But their views find small reflection in the gamut of intellectual and media presentations, which, for want of challenge, pass as public opinion. Except for a small and beleagured group of conservative intellectuals, the academy and the media (the main articulators of our society) express only the range from those who still clutch the dry husks of liberalism through radicals and revolutionaries, black, white, male and female.

This *trahison des clercs*, this betrayal by the intellectuals of their duty to articulate the tradition and body of their civilization, accentuates immensely the dangers of polarization. No society can function without intellectuals, that is, without those capable of expressing, both symbolically and intellectually, the deep beliefs of the people. When the intellectuals as a group separate themselves from the people and stand in sharp opposition to their deepest beliefs, the very fiber of civilization is in danger. The people will find leadership, will find those capable of articulating their social instincts—and if they can no longer find men trained in the disciplines of the tradition (the role of intellectuals), they will turn to anyone who seems to speak for them, to the "terrible simplifier," to the demagogue, to the totalitarian. These are the murky depths of the crisis that confronts us today.

The solution, if we are not to fall prey either to the revolutionaries of the Left or to some redressing emanation of total power, will have to be found in a legitimate, existing institution that can fill the intellectual role of articulation and symbolization, but which is outside of the contaminated academy and its satellite, the media.

Such an institution exists—the Republican Party; for the role of expressing and articulating the instincts of a people is not limited to academic and media men; it is also the role of men of politics. The underlying transformation of the Republican Party in the past six to eight

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years has not been widely remarked. The decisive moment was 1964 and all the pundits drew all the wrong conclusions from that election. True, Goldwater suffered a sharp defeat. But those who saw in that defeat the rout of conservatism looked only at the surface. Before, during and after that election year the leadership of the Republican Party, from precinct level to national level, shifted decisively from me-too liberals to essentially conservative hands. The fact that not Reagan but Nixon was nominated in 1968 did not reflect a lack of conservatism among the delegates, but rather the trauma of the 1964 defeat. The great majority of the Nixon delegates were conservative. The men who brought about Nixon's nomination—Goldwater, Tower, Thurmond, Buckley—were conservatives. The campaign was waged as a conservative campaign, appealing to Middle America.

The question remains, to what degree has the present Administration fulfilled the role of leadership of Middle America and conservative America generally, which the Convention and the campaign adumbrated? Is the Republican Party giving the leadership necessary to preempt their loyalty and head off the potentiality of new and unconventional, if not extraconstitutional, movements? The answer to these questions is ambiguous; the record is mixed.

As far as rhetoric is concerned, the Nixon Administration, particularly in the speeches of Spiro Agnew, has been speaking to the issues concerning the broad conservative majority of the American people. But when it comes to action, there is much less to be said. In his Supreme Court appointments and in holding firm against the radical, defeatist campaign on the Vietnam war (however murky the actual conduct of that war), Nixon has reflected the views of this constituency. But in the other actions of the Administration there is a great deal to be desired: the proposals for immensely extending the scope of welfare; the strange maneuverings on forced integration; the continuing decay of the American arms posture vis-à-vis the Soviet Union; the growing influence of liberal-oriented personnel in the White House staff.

THERE WOULD SEEM to be some understanding in Nixon's mind of the hopes and fears of his broad American base, however ambiguous the record of his Administration. Why else did he give to Spiro Agnew the main role in the 1970 election campaign? It is the broad truths that Agnew has been advancing that have seized the imagination of the great American majority. Much can be said one way or another of the detailed rhetoric of his statements, but the fact remains that he has been speaking to the concerns of that wider constituency the Republican Party must lead responsibly if it is not to become the prey of some demagogue as yet unknown, who will be far more irresponsible than George Wallace.

But words alone are not enough. The Republican Party will have to rid itself, in its programmatic actions, of the remaining residues of liberalism that make its present course so uncertain. Thus and only thus can it exercise the leadership it must exercise if the energies of Middle America are to be contained within the constitutional tradition. □

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The Continuing Claims of Liberalism

CHARLES FRANKEL

I FEEL A CERTAIN ZEST, and a kind of encouragement, in finding myself, an unreconstructed liberal, in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. Its editors apparently still labor under the antedeluvian notion that the opposition should have a chance to speak its piece. Despite their eagerness to declare liberalism dead, they show some regard, I can't help but note, for one of liberalism's contributions to the world. For the rest, I find my new environment quite familiar. I am surrounded, as usual, from the Left and the Right; and I observe that NATIONAL REVIEW, a conservative periodical, has chosen to celebrate its birthday by talking about liberalism. In this preoccupation it is at one with the *New York Review of Books*. My first reaction to the question, "After liberalism, what?" is to wonder what radicals and conservatives will do with themselves if liberalism goes. They will be wandering around without a purpose in life.

The first thing, I suppose, in discussing liberalism and its assumed or desired demise is to try to be a bit clear about what "liberalism" means. And to do this, it is necessary to make a distinction between what I would call "critical liberalism" and "pop liberalism."

Almost all important social outlooks tend in the course of time to develop on two levels. At one level, there is a solid core of ideas resting on a tradition of sophisticated discourse and argument; if the outlook has been more than the creed of an insulated sect, these ideas also carry the imprint of practical experience, of the decisions that governments, courts or significant political movements have had to make when they were seeking to attain or use power and were not merely engaged in symbolic or play-acting gestures. However, a social outlook, as it moves out into the political arena and cultural marketplace, inevitably picks up a large number of adherents whose relation to it is like Pavlov's dogs to their bell. They simply salivate when they hear the right sounds. Accordingly, there arises at a second level, a cheapened version of the original outlook, louder but flabbier. If a core outlook expresses skepticism about human wisdom or goodness, its debased version will be cynical; if it is marked by compassion for suffering, its shrill partner will turn this into a belief in the superior virtue of those who suffer.

Liberalism operates on these two levels. Critical liberalism has tried to look at social issues as *problems*, to be approached without fixed preconceptions or empty arguments over political labels like "Left" and "Right," but rather with a view to determining the facts and finding a fair and workable solution. Pop liberalism turns this into the astonishing notion that a cure lies ready at hand for any problem that exists, and that the mere presence of the problem is a sign of the wickedness or benightedness of the powers that be. Critical liberalism makes the elementary point that the reform of institutions is necessary to their health. The pop liberal turns this into a feeling of shame in the presence of anyone who seems to want change more than he, and constantly worries about being outflanked on the Left. This process of removing all modulation, complexity and sense of fact from a body of ideas is called, I believe, "telling it like it is."

But liberalism is anything but unique in this respect. It is not foolproof, but neither is any other point of view. Accordingly, when we compare the merits and demerits of liberalism to other outlooks, we ought to be sure which version of it we have in mind. I would not confuse Edmund Burke with a leader of the John Birch Society, and I would not try to refute Karl Marx or Professor Genovese by discussing the views of Jerry Rubin or analyzing the thought-processes of those who, to strike a blow for liberty, throw bombs at libraries. Similarly, it is a far cry from the ideas of John Stuart Mill, John Dewey or Louis Brandeis to the views of pop liberals.

TO BE SURE, a social outlook has to be judged, if we are measuring its actual historical and political significance, not only in terms of its core of developed ideas, but in terms of the distinctive kind of deformation to which it is prone. Pop liberalism has to be assessed as part of the total phenomenon known as "liberalism." But if we do so, the alternatives against which it must be weighed, at least within the framework of the present discussion,

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are pop conservatism and pop radicalism. And I would ask the reader to consider, as the first step in our discussion, whether these poisons, all in all, are not perhaps even worse than the poison of pop liberalism.

List a few of the traits of radicalism in its critical version: a politically oriented critique of science, art and culture; an analysis of social issues in terms of class conflict; an emphasis on the importance of achieving its goals combined with suspicion of the restrictions that liberals place on the means that should be used; a deliberate vagueness about the actual character of these goals; and an optimism that endemic problems of modern society, such as bureaucracy and the management of the economy can be solved or by-passed if only people have the right ideological stance and have been made over as new men with a new ethic. Give the pop radical a crack at these notions, and he turns them, as we know, into philistinism, a Manichean view of society, a mindless retreat to theatrical actions for their own sake, and a view of government and politics in which hypostasized abstractions play the parts of real people. I am not impressed.

Nor does pop conservatism do better. The critical conservative stresses the importance of continuity with the past, of fixed principles, of loyalty; the pop conservative greets dissent with indignation, and sees conspiracy as the great cause of social disturbances. The critical conservative, in the last half century, has argued that the free market is the most rational means for allocating social resources and determining social utilities; the pop conservative falls into platitudes whose effect is to defend privilege, the manipulation of the consumer, and the arrangements that permit industry to pass off to the rest of us its costs in pollution, ugliness and inconvenience. And he seems incapable of even formulating the question whether there are social and cultural values with respect to which the marketplace is an inadequate judge.

When we turn to the issue of violence, domestic and international, pop radicalism and conservatism look, if possible, even worse. Pop radicalism sleepwalks in a dream of revolution that is at once unrealistic and internally incoherent. The revolution won't happen, and if it did happen the industrial machine wouldn't produce the goods required to achieve peace and plenty because the people who know enough or care enough to run the machine will have been alienated or exterminated. In an advanced industrial society, a "revolution" is just what the word implies: one full turn around, accompanied by dizziness and nausea.

As for pop conservatism, its indignation at protest at home merely hardens the protest and makes it worse. And its preoccupation abroad with ideological confrontations and military measures freezes the international scene in a state of hopelessness and terror which imposes intolerable strains on human beings. It is unreasonable to think that this condition can indefinitely endure without exploding into violence or collapsing into nihilism. The process has already started. Unless we are really prepared to talk about hydrogen bombs as though they were large bows and arrows, there is therefore something to be said for the desire, even of jejune liberals, to stand in between the warring fanaticisms and exercise a moderating influence.

But let us turn to more promising subjects. The current scene is dominated by the kinds of superstition I have been describing. The problem is to see whether we can reconstruct critical social philosophies—radical, conservative, liberal or unlabeled—that might remove some of the contamination from the intellectual air. Does a critical liberalism have anything to contribute to this task? I am inclined to think that even conservatives and radicals, if they are critical-minded and if they are prepared

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I would ask a question of thoughtful conservatives and radicals: When they advocate the death of liberalism, are they also advocating the death of liberal attitudes and political-moral beliefs? This is a straight question, and they should not hedge like the proverbial liberals they describe.

to look into their own minds candidly, will agree that they want and need this kind of liberalism.

Obviously, no brief account of what I have called "critical liberalism" can be more than a sketch. But I would suggest that it is a composite of three things: a general attitude toward life or *Weltanschauung*; a belief in certain political practices and moral norms; and a set of particular social programs, which change as conditions alter and new knowledge emerges. Let us speak about the *Weltanschauung* first. It has two strands—a sense of the many-sidedness of the human scene, and a sense that every social system weighs more heavily on some people than on others and that this should be corrected to the extent that it is possible.

The first strand in the liberal attitude is suggested by the meaning we attach to the word "liberal" when we speak of a liberal education or of a man of liberal intelligence or disposition. What the word "liberal" designates, I take it, when it is used in this way is a certain breadth of interests and sympathies, a recognition of diversity and variety, a sense of the inevitable limitations of any man's situation or perspective. Conservatives and radicals, of course, can be liberal in this sense, and political liberalism cannot be credited with having invented this attitude. However, it is the political outlook that has attached the greatest social value to it, and that has tried most deliberately to develop the political forms and strategies calculated to support and spread it.

The second strand in the liberal *Weltanschauung* comes from its historical role as the outlook of groups struggling to break through an inherited system of power and privilege. In the course of its history, accordingly, liberalism has split in half. A liberal philosophy developed which spoke for the interests of groups and classes that had managed to arrive, and which interpreted the broad liberal ideals of liberty and equality in such a way as to restrict their practical application to the protection of the liberties and powers possessed by these groups and classes. However, there also remained another branch of liberalism which retained the tradition of speaking for those shut out from the protections and opportunities offered by the existing social order. This variety of liberalism interpreted the general ideals of liberty and equality as imposing a continual requirement for social reform in the interests of those who bear an undue proportion of a society's burdens. This is the source of the egalitarian strand in the liberal *Weltanschauung*.

ACCORDINGLY, although the specific social programs favored by critical liberals change from one period to another, there tends to be continuity in their views about the political forms and moral norms within which such programs should be realized. Translated into political and moral terms, the liberal *Weltanschauung* calls for making tolerance the keystone on which social cooperation depends. In education and government, in the relations between classes, in styles of culture, it favors choices that are likely to promote rational communication and criticism, a fluid social structure and a dispersion of power sufficient to give the curious and the restless room to turn around. And because liberalism's outlook is dominated by a sense of the many-sidedness of the individual and of any sophisticated society, it stresses the virtues of negotiation and compromise, within a framework of civil liberty about which there can be no compromise. It does so not simply because negotiation and compromise are "realistic," but because they reflect the moral respect that should be shown to people whose interests and views are different from one's own.

The two strands in the liberal *Weltanschauung* also explain some of the problems that have characterized the internal history of liberalism. In moments of crisis, liberals have often split between those for whom liberty and tolerance are crucial and those for whom the cause of the weak is more important. Moreover, in its concern to speak to and for the people who are shut out, liberalism has collected allies whose roots go back to traditions of evangelical social reform or to Calvinistic or Prophetic struggles against flesh and the devil. Thus, the distinctive tradition of political liberalism, with its anti-Utopian bias and its distaste for absolutisms that divide people into the camps of the saved and the damned, has lived in the recurrent danger of being submerged in the heat of battle.

There are two morals which are often drawn from this story by conservatives and radicals. One is that liberalism had better decide whether it cares more for liberty or for equality, for negotiation or for justice. But the choice cannot be made. Liberty and tolerance are not likely to survive in crowded modern societies unless there is a serious effort to remove major reasons for social discontent. Conversely, equality without liberty or individual or cultural variety is a stifling prospect, and not a very good bet even for achieving equality. The libertarian and egali-

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tarian strands in liberalism produce an inner tension, but without that tension each would be incomplete.

The second false moral is that liberalism should stay out of coalitions because it loses its purity in them. However, the practical success of liberalism has derived mainly from its power to work in coalitions with people not all of whom are liberals pure and simple. While there are dangers in this, and liberalism has sometimes succumbed to the dangers, the alternative is for liberals to emulate ideological conservatives and radicals and remain pure and simple. Surely a political philosophy has another purpose besides giving its adherents a sense of their superiority to the rest of the world.

Accordingly, I would ask a question of thoughtful conservatives and radicals: When they advocate the death of liberalism, are they also advocating the death of the liberal attitudes and political-moral beliefs that I have described? Do they want no liberty and tolerance and no institutions to protect them, or no concern for a widening equality and for public goods on which everyone's individual welfare depends? These are straight questions, and they should not hedge like the proverbial liberals they describe. If, as I suspect, the answer of many of them would be that, of course, they wish these attitudes and concerns kept alive, they should then ask themselves what they are willing to pay to do so. The price, I believe, is the substantial modification, in tone and substance, of their positions.

FOR MYSELF, I do not see how toleration or compassion can be kept alive, except perhaps in a few monastic retreats, if we accept the radicals' belief that conflicts between different classes or ideologies are irreconcilable and can be settled only by total victory for one side. Nor do I see how they can be kept alive in the world as it is if we adopt the conservative view that the free market, if only we leave it alone, is capable of providing us with livable cities, a decent countryside, an enforceable system of law and order, or an economy that does not leave millions as public charges. In the abstract, there is perhaps the dim possibility that the conservative theory of the free market can be defended. But it is not politically viable, and it could be put into practice only at the expense of draconic forms of social control.

The problem, indeed, for conservatives and radicals, as for liberals, at any rate if all are interested in maintaining a liberal civilization, is not to engage in abstract polemics but to construct social programs capable of winning assent and of dealing with the quite unprecedented problems we face. In this regard, both conservatism and radicalism, it seems to me, are unequivocally nostalgic. They breathe the preconceptions of a world that no longer exists, if it ever did. But I confess that liberalism, in its concrete social programs, is only a little less fixed on the past. It is still living fairly largely on the inherited capital of the Thirties.

THIS MOMENTUM from the past is not sufficient to keep it going; and neither are arguments, no matter how successful, which show that its basic attitudes and principles are sound. What will count for the future of liberalism is the attractiveness and strength of character of its leadership, and the appeal and effectiveness of its practical programs. A major task of renovation lies ahead of liberalism. Its problem thirty years ago was to increase the productivity of the economy. Its problem now—everybody's problem—is to create ways to bring the economy under the control of a humane system of social cost-accounting that will be sensitive to the costs, in anxiety, disorder and inanity, of the idolatry of GNP. Liberalism's problem three decades ago was to get people back to work. Its problem now is to reorganize work so that more of those who engage in it will enjoy it and believe that its purpose is useful, and fewer will be apathetic or hostile. And in every other field—the cities, education, race relations, welfare policy, foreign affairs—liberalism's situation is similar: The old assumptions no longer hold, and what is needed is the capacity to think through to new ones.

Indeed, liberalism, if it wishes to survive, is under a special obligation to develop workable programs. In this sense it is weaker than either radicalism or conservatism. Radicalism has a way of surviving irrelevance and failure, for what it offers is escape to another world. And conservatism is not likely to notice that it is anachronistic. For when the solutions it offers are no longer workable, it condemns the world and not itself.

It may be, as the radicals say, that liberalism is too patient and polite to do what needs to be done to relieve human misery. But radicals are the last ones who should talk, in the U.S., of getting things done and getting them done fast. Liberalism's past record of effectiveness and speed in lessening human misery is better than radicalism's. And it may be, as the conservatives say, that liberalism listens too much and bends too easily. But rigid structures break more easily than flexible ones, and unless conservatives are prepared to stand fast, and to pay the price in force and intimidation that this will probably cost, they will need liberals to nudge them a bit. If liberalism goes, what follows? What follows, I think, is a radicalism turned wholly doctrinaire, a conservatism turned irretrievably callous, and an illiberal society. □

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Secession of the Intellectuals

JEFFREY HART

At a patriotic rally in Seville during the Spanish Civil War the founder of the Foreign Legion, General Millán Astray, a colorful and frequently wounded figure, made a speech that has long been remembered. His climactic utterance has been variously reported, but he seems to have shouted "'*Abajo la intelligentsia!*'"—Down with the intelligentsia! Doubtless the general was caught up in the tumultuous enthusiasm of the rally; nevertheless, he gives you, as they say, something to think about, for his words point to the special, the peculiar moral problem of the intelligentsia, or, as we would be more likely to say, the intellectuals—i.e., their habitually antagonistic, and sometimes even treasonous, relationship to their social setting, to their surrounding society.

This settled antagonism, this spirit of inner defection, exists in its most concentrated form in the academy (the only American institution, let us note, that is entirely run by liberals, and, not coincidentally, the institution furthest along toward disintegration). But the attitude spreads out beyond the academic foci and affects those who participate in one way or another in what we can very broadly call intellectual culture: the media, the arts, publishing, Madison Avenue and so forth. The key assumption—it may be powerful and aggressive, or muted though still very much *there*—is that all insight, imagination, refinement, all spirituality even, spring from, or at least are inextricable from, an initial nay-saying to the surrounding society: to the Babbitts, the boobs, the "alumni," the Legionnaires and TV watchers, the whole array of insensate philistinery. When the negation is felt with special force, distance can lend enchantment to the alien and to the actual enemy: to Che, the Vietcong, Ho. The negation can become treasonous. Abroad, our enemies are always somehow admirable, our allies (a shrinking group) always corrupt, despicable, laughable —for after all they are connected with *America*. At home, the Panther and the SDSer become sympathetic figures.

This peculiar syndrome has become a political problem rather than a matter of merely private pathological interest because we now have a *mass* intelligentsia: through mass higher education, through the permeating effects of the media, through affluence, through paperbacks etc., a sizable segment of the population participates to some degree in intellectual culture and—again in varying degrees—absorbs its habitual attitudes.

But what is the source of the attitude itself, seemingly so perverse? Many suggestions have been made, and there is some truth in each of the most familiar ones. One analysis derives from Nietzsche and holds that liberal moralism is a decay product of Christianity. Self-interest, *winning*, are bad. Pride is to be brought low. You win spiritually through *losing*, and the Vietcong are the agents of our salvation. This may apply to some of our more deliquescent Protestant circles. Other explanations are more Tocquevillian in style. Thus, in a democracy there is no formal social hierarchy, a fact which gives rise to a frantic search for other ways to be superior, to rise above the herd. One way to achieve instant superiority is to reject, to invert, the emotions and values of the majority. They, so to speak, cheer the cavalry; you root for the Indians. They are patriotic; you will be the reverse. The Social Climber as Traitor. Or, one can look to concrete social relations for an explanation, and derive the moral perversity of the educated from their perception that they are at once superior to and dependent upon —even at the mercy of—the philistines, a paradoxical and ignominious position to be in. And there are countless "history of ideas" explanations: Gnosticism or some other millenarian view has resurfaced, formal socialist ideology has had its influence, and so on. But the fundamental answer, I suspect, is much more specific, and lies in the cultural history of, at most, the last two hundred years.

Critics of society, to be sure, there have always been, often very useful ones. It is the assumption of fundamental antagonism that is new—and how new, indeed, is seldom recognized. Virgil, for example, celebrated the Rome of Augustus and the real and legendary history which had led up to it—all those cities destroyed, Troy, Carthage, the Italian tribes subdued, even—and there is no doubt where the poet's sympathies lie—an "underdeveloped people" tricked and tormented: the Cyclops. But move forward in history to comparatively modern times. Shakespeare, Spenser and Sydney, the poetic glories of the English Renaissance, hailed the new Tudor

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dynasty. Swift and Pope could be savage in denunciation, but those they denounced were the malevolent or misguided enemies of norms Pope and Swift shared with the rest of their countrymen. Satire works only to the extent that those norms *are* shared.

An oil painting probably by Melozzo da Forli, and now in the collection at Windsor, can stand as a kind of emblem of the relationship traditionally—from the Renaissance until the end of the eighteenth century—presumed to obtain between the poet and man of letters on the one hand, and state or society on the other. In the painting, the Duke of Urbino, Federigo da Montefeltro, wearing his robes of state, sits in a large rectangular hall, his left hand resting upon a folio. His eleven-year-old son Guidobaldo, dressed in yellow damask, stands at the Duke's knee. Behind the Duke and his son stand three men, one in the red suit of a cardinal, the second in black ecclesiastical garb, the third, perhaps a councillor, in secular clothes. All are listening to a grey-haired man of letters, dressed in black robes, who sits in a pulpit opposite the Duke. Open on the desk before him is a large volume. We see that he is reading aloud, as was the custom, and doubtless commenting on the text as he proceeds. The meaning of the picture is clear: literature, moral philosophy, scripture are sources of wisdom, yes, but wisdom that will guide the ruler and help to produce the good state. Virgil, Ben Jonson, Pope would have understood the painting instantly.

Literature, art, the life of the mind, conceived of as forces within society, recalling it to its own norms, reminding men of who in fact they are—this was the dominant conception of the role of the artist and the intellectual until nearly yesterday: until, that is, the early nineteenth century, when special, not to say unique, historical conditions opened a chasm between the artist and the intellectual and what by then had become a largely bourgeois and commercial society. Placed in its best light, the antagonism of the artist and the intellectuals to the bourgeois majority was a protest against materialism, against complacency, against selfishness, against Gradgrind, Bounderby and Scrooge, against the narrow conception of human destiny that seemed to be epitomized by Louis Philippe, the "bourgeois king." To be sure, this idealism sometimes provided a noble pretext for the deployment of much less magnanimous motives. Baudelaire, for example, cordially hated his stepfather, General Aupick, and regarded him as a usurper of his mother's affections. At one point during the Revolution of 1848 Baudelaire was seen, rifle in hand, on a Paris street corner haranguing the crowd. "We must go and shoot General Aupick," cried the poet. "Down with General Aupick!" It remained for C. Wright Mills to erect into a veritable doctrine this kind of confusion between the private and the public. At the end of *The Sociological Imagination* Mills urges his readers to move their private psychological difficulties into the political arena and work out their amelioration there.

DURING the nineteenth century the spirit of antagonism to a new, raw and, in many ways, narrow ruling class brought into alliance many disparate and even mutually contradictory impulses. The aestheticism of Flaubert and Mallarmé, the bohemian diabolism of Baudelaire, the various kinds of political radicalism represented by Daumier, Hugo and Marx: all shared an attitude of detestation toward a dominant and apparently invincible "respectable" society. Art, in Matthew Arnold's summarizing phrase, was to be a "criticism of life" and he meant, specifically, that it was to be a criticism of bourgeois narrowness, a criticism of—to employ his terminology—the Philistines, who lacked all joy, imagination, refinement, spirituality. The artist and the intellectual would henceforth be a permanent member of the spiritual Opposition; they would make up a "saving remnant."

Thus were the great antagonists established: society—monolithic, immovable, granitic. The counting-houses of Coketown and the mills of Manchester. And arrayed against society, the men of spirit and imagination. So powerful was this polarization, so useful in many ways, that it continued to be definitive, to shape our conception of the artist and the intellectual long after the specific social conditions which gave rise to it had ceased to exist.

Self-interest, winning, are bad. Pride is to be brought low.
You win spiritually through losing,
and the Vietcong are the agents of our Salvation.

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Virtually everywhere you turn in nineteenth-century culture, the antagonist relationship proves definitive. Thus the shades of a psychic prison house close upon Wordsworth's growing boy, and custom and habit—the psychic representatives of society—lie "like a weight" upon him. For Rousseau, man was born free but is everywhere—*everywhere!*—in chains. Society here becomes a veritable Bastille of the human spirit. Rameau's nephew, in Diderot, is freer, more spontaneous, more powerful than his respectable uncle. Shelley, meeting Death upon the way, saw that he looked like Castlereagh, the Foreign Minister. Blake sought release through vision from the mind-formed manacles of his culture. From Rousseau through the Romantics and on to Eliot, Yeats, Pound, Picasso and the other great moderns, one proposition is clear. Art stands in an adversary relationship to existing culture, and this remains true even when the "doctrine" espoused by the artist is conservative or traditionalist, as in Eliot and Yeats. This is why, for example, *Partisan Review*, in its best period, could be Marxist politically even while espousing the modernist poetry of the Anglo-Catholic Royalist Classicist, Eliot.

The adversary style is a broad cultural phenomenon, by no means confined to literature and the fine arts. For Freud, civilization imposes "discontents"—pain—upon the infant mind, upon the adult unconscious. For Marx, analogously, society crushes the working masses. Lionel Trilling, who has written so well on this aspect of cultural history, speaks of the "clear purpose" of nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature as being one of "detaching the reader from the habits of thought and feeling that the larger culture imposes, of giving him a ground and vantage point from which to judge and condemn, and perhaps revise, the culture that produced him."

Under optimum circumstances, this procedure is clearly beneficial. If the audience for adversary art is highly developed aesthetically, if its members know how to *use* the adversary art as an agent of liberation and criticism, if they have the intelligence and the balance to so *use* it without permitting it to destroy through its very critical power and its mythogenic capacities what Yeats called "the common good of life," then, but only then, can the adversary art function as it should within society. Prior to World War II the adversary writers were read by tiny audiences, avant-garde audiences. At their best, they understood the art as critical, as corrective. Yes, we should recover our sense of heroic possibility (Yeats); yes, we must attend to the things of the spirit (Eliot). But not at the sacrifice of all other mundane good. The adversary art is part of a cultural dialectic.

SINCE World War II, however, the avant garde, vastly expanded and coarsened, has become a kind of mass adversary culture, and it has become institutionalized. During the past 25 years there has occurred a sort of cultural explosion: paperbacks, Eliot reading his poems to fifty thousand students in a Midwestern football stadium, LP records, Mailer and Genet "covering" the Democratic Convention, Mailer and Genet and de Sade appearing in mass circulation journals, the op-art and pop-art and porno phenomena.

All of these things, along with affluence, the GI Bill and the assumption, implicit in democratic theory and increasingly the premise of government action, that absolutely everyone must go to college, has now given rise to a vast student proletariat. Twenty-five years ago, about 10 per cent of the college-age population attended college; today the percentage approaches 50 and it will continue to climb. Much of this proletariat absorbs the attitudes of the adversary culture, which pervade the academy and percolate down in some form to the very dullest student, who could not, as a matter of fact, tell Mallarmé from Huey Newton.

Precisely because the adversary stance has become a mass phenomenon, and because it has become institutionalized, it has also become fixed, habitual and coarse. The symbolic moment, surely, was when the avant-garde Picasso created the mass symbol of the Peace Dove.

Thus far we have approached the current cultural and social circumstance by way of aesthetics, of art and feeling. But it is possible to move to the realm of doctrine, of explicit formulation, of idea. Insofar as the mass adversary culture feels the need to translate attitude and style into formulation and idea, it reaches for the most readily available structures of critical political ideas: to liberalism and radicalism. It is remarkable how the adversary assumptions have shaped our sense of political "idealism." Political idealism tends, almost by definition, to become oppositional, to "protest." The ordinary bourgeois undergraduate today, casting around for something of an elevated character politically, desiring, vaguely, to express some political idealism, would never identify himself with, say, Ben Jonson's tribute to Queen Elizabeth, cast in the form of a hymn to Diana:

Queen, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

The attitude is unthinkable. Our young bourgeois' model is bound to be something like the Zola of the

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Dreyfus case: *J'Accuse*! Or Kunstler, or someone equally absurd.

It is worth pausing for a moment over the nature of this political idealism, and over the kinds of intellectual structure shaped by it. We have already noticed that there has come into being during the last quarter century—through mass education, through the media, through widespread quasi-literacy—a rather large class of people located somewhere between the few who exercise direct responsibility in governing and a large body of others who, though not necessarily stupid, are preoccupied by the immediate and the local. This vast, intermediate and as they say "educated" class is affected at least intermittently by the adversary culture, and sometimes is profoundly affected. It is also energetic and, in a confused way, anxious to do good. To the individuals in this class, correct opinion, virtuous opinion, is very important, though the opinions they do form lack the anchorage of direct involvement and specific responsibility.

The chips are seldom really down, and they are seldom faced with the alternatives of correct judgment or concrete loss. Nevertheless, the educated class—perhaps we should call it merely the Bachelor of Arts class—does succeed in defining the terms in which matters of public importance can be discussed; its views prevail in our public discourse, and though our statesmen often act in contradiction to those views, they do so only with great circumspection. As Edward C. Banfield, the Harvard urbanologist, has aptly put it, we once were governed by the smoke-filled room, but now we are increasingly governed by the talk-filled room. And yet, for all its power, the contemporary educated class has succeeded in imposing upon our public discourse a structure of ideas that is suffocating in its narrowness.

An English political philosopher, Kenneth R. Minogue, has had a number of penetrating things to say about the conception of "virtue" prized and energetically sought by the mass of modern educated opinion. Such opinion, Minogue notices, views history as a series of recurring moral melodramas in which villains or oppressors are continually defeated by their *victims*. One after another, kings, religious establishments, slave-owners, malefactors of great wealth and tyrants of various kinds, have been brought to earth by those whom they have wronged. It is a secularized version of "the last shall be first." It is also a highly abstract version of the history of the last two hundred years or so—of, that is, the triumph of middle-class values over opponents of different kinds. Moreover, there will be, in fact, a final triumph. Conceiving of all conflict as arising out of the relationship between oppressor and victim, this view of history looks to a time far off in the distant future when there will be no more conflict because there will be no more victims.

At its root, says Minogue, this view of history informs a sensibility, now, indeed, a pervasive sensibility, that is dissatisfied with the world, and dissatisfied with it not because it too seldom manifests any will toward heroism or honor, not because it lacks beauty, or holiness, or because things pass away, not, that is for any of the countless reasons men have found for melancholy or despair, but because it contains *suffering*. "The suffering of any class of individuals is for liberals a political problem, and politics has been taken as an activity not so much for maximizing happiness as for minimizing suffering." Sir Kenneth Clark, the art historian, has made the same point in the course of reflecting upon the development of Western civilization. "Ask any decent person in England or America what he thinks matters most in human conduct: five to one his answer will be 'kindness.' It's not a word that would have crossed the lips of any of the earlier heroes of [civilization]. If you had asked St. Francis what mattered in life, he would, we know, have answered 'chastity, obedience and poverty'; if you had asked Dante or Michelangelo they might have answered 'disdain for baseness and injustice'; if you had asked Goethe, he would have said 'to live in the whole and the beautiful.' "

In itself, of course, the impulse toward kindness, toward the amelioration of suffering, is surely a good thing, but when it becomes the animating force of the moral life and of political principle, it produces a crippling standardization, and it does so because, in the interest of making kindness efficient, it tends habitually to structure reality in terms of what Minogue calls "suffering situations." As a matter of settled moral habit this sensibility instantly structures events in the political realm in terms of suffering, in terms of oppressor and victim. But this habit, as a moment's reflection will show, involves inevitable distortions and, on moral grounds, is always shying away from reality. First, even if the oppressor-victim relationship does obtain in a given situation, this may not be the most important thing to say about it. To insist on that structure necessarily pushes into the background other structures and features which may be very important indeed. All too often, furthermore, the desire to structure a situation in terms of oppressor and victim—a desire, often, of overwhelming power, since for this sensibility the oppressor-victim structure is the source of meaning and value—results in a complete imposition upon reality: The structure being imposed does not correspond to anything at all in the reality being perceived.

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Those who lose their grip on the reality of the world will shortly lose the world itself. Poor fools, one cannot but sigh, poor fools, the barbarians will make short work of you.

Indeed, the structuring of reality in terms of suffering situations so often collides with the commonsense observation of reality that the structuring requires quite sophisticated elaborations and extensions in order to "cover the facts." On the face of it, the Negro gunman who sticks up a liquor store, shoots the owner, and leaves with the booze and the till might seem to be the oppressor and the store-owner the victim. On the face of it, the juvenile delinquent who pours lighter fluid on his junior high school teacher and sets him aflame might seem to be the oppressor, and the blazing pedagogue his victim. Not at all. Both forms of aggression tend to be explained by means of the *presumption* of prior suffering. The Negro has suffered at the hands of white America, the juvenile delinquent because of unloving or unstable parents. The doctrine of "implied suffering," clearly enough, rests upon the assumption of natural goodness. Since the Negro gunman and the juvenile delinquent are naturally good, their violence must be the product of their environment. This entire approach can be, and often is, pressed to the point where the judgment is totally discountenanced: The nastier and the more violent the act, the greater is the presumption of unseen suffering. The more outrageous, the more noble. And of course this entire overlay of theory and assumption obscures the particular and concrete reality. The Negro gunman may have suffered. But he may also desire money, power and pleasure, and have decided to take the shortcut of crime.

When it is politically applied, the suffering-situation structure does similar violence to reality. In its actual operation, the structure tends to absolve the violent acts of the Left, but not of the Right: Che Guevara, but not Franco. The Left, as Minogue nicely puts it, is allowed to make out its own credentials as victim. And the Left revolutionary may in fact be a victim. But he may also be inspired by the love of power, the desire for excitement and downright sadism, as well as by his "suffering" past and his ideal goals for the distant future. But the reality, the world itself, all concreteness fades as the ideology takes over.

The ideology of the suffering situation, indeed, as Banfield has noticed, tends to falsify the reality of the individual applying it. In his own eyes the ideologist is neutral, standing outside the situation, bestowing praise and blame. But this interpretation leaves out of the picture his own will to power, his own greed and cruelty. For the ideologist, if only in the process of passing judgment, becomes an actor within the situation, and on occasion he himself can have a shattering impact upon both "victim" and "oppressor."

The sensibility pervasive among our educated class—it is fair to call it the liberal sensibility—not only functions to obscure concrete actuality but works as a potent force for uniformity, eroding the sources of variety in order, as Minogue puts it, "to provide every man, woman, child and dog with the conditions of a good life" as conceived by liberalism. Thus liberalism constantly endeavors to minimize or abolish conflict. Have men fought over differences in religious doctrine? How foolish: such differences are unimportant. But men have fought over honor. That too is irrational. Nations themselves seem to be an important cause of conflict. Let us then abolish them, and move toward an international world state. Racial conflict is virtually universal. Irrational again: there is no difference among races, though they differ in appearance. Conflict arises out of inequalities in wealth or nurture or education. We must extirpate differences here by abolishing aristocratic schools and so forth, and by progressive taxation.

In its philosophical aspect, too, liberalism has had a narrowing and leveling effect, for despite the presence of preachers and clerics among liberals, the entire drift of liberalism since the eighteenth century has been to define man in exclusively this-worldly terms. "Modern society," writes the sociologist Peter Berger, "has not only sealed up the old metaphysical questions in practice, but (especially in the Anglo-Saxon countries) has generated philosophical positions that deny the meaningfulness of those questions. . . . To repeat a simile used before, the reality of a middle-aged businessman drowsily digesting his lunch is elevated to the status of final philosophical authority. All questions that do not correspond to this reality are ruled to be inadmissible. The denial of metaphysics may here be identified with the triumph of triviality."

The dominance of this kind of sensibility in the educated classes of our society is surely cause for alarm, since it cannot but follow that those who lose their grip on the reality of the world will shortly lose the world itself: the world cannot be governed by sentimental illusions. Poor fools, one cannot but sigh, poor fools, the barbarians will make short work of you.

The antidote, surely, lies in the various modes of recovering a sense of the reality of the world. The foundation, perhaps, should be the recovery of a sense of history. Without the materials of historical comparison, observes Daniel Boorstin, "we are left with nothing but abstractions, nothing but baseless utopias to compare ourselves with. No wonder, then, that so many of our distraught citizens libel us as the worst nation in the world, or the bane of human history (as some of our noisiest young people and a few disoriented Negroes tell us). For we have wandered out of history. And all in the name of virtue and social conscience. We have lost interest in the real examples from the human past which alone can help us shape standards of the humanly possible." And besides the historical sense, both imaginative literature and rational analysis can be restorative. It is through the imagination, after all, that we form our "images" of the world, and when the imagination operates powerfully those images correspond in an intimate way with the reality. And it also seems to me vital to reassert the claims of rational analysis, that spirit of skepticism which clears away the illusions that veil the reality and corrupt the judgment. □

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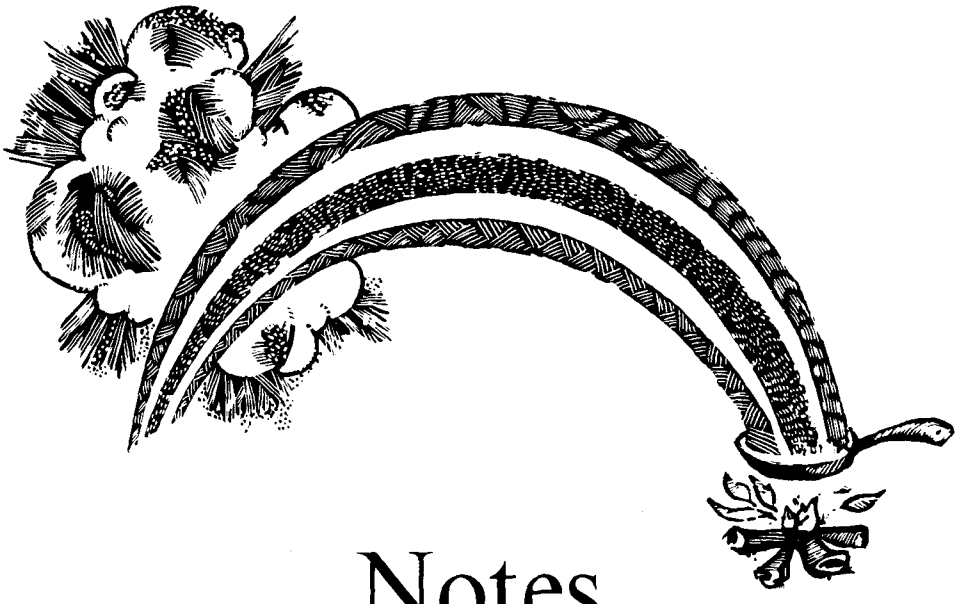

Notes On Authority, Morality, Power

JAMES BURNHAM

OUR MEDIA resounded with liberal guffaws when the Greek colonels, soon after taking power, launched a campaign against what they declared to be indecency and immorality. At a moment when most self-respecting revolutionaries would have been slaughtering oppositionists by the trainload, here were these hick Greek peasants in soldier-costume telling girls to lower their skirts, fining chaps for oaths and obscenities, demanding respect for parents and the elderly, condemning easy divorce, and ordering citizens to go to church on Sunday! Where do they think they are—back in the Middle Ages or something?

In between jeers, it may have occurred to thoughtful members of the chorus that this sort of post-coup puritanical wave has accompanied several other political overturns of our epoch. It was conspicuous in the shift from the Alexandrian Egypt of Farouk—which had become a synonym for corruption and moral decadence—to the regime of the devout Moslem, Nasser. (In his book on Nasser, J. H. Joesten quotes the comment of a CIA agent: "The real problem with Nasser is that he has no vices.") In some measure it seems to be present in the Nasserite operation of the Peruvian generals, and in two or three other of the recent South American semi-revolutions. It was at any rate in the background of the revolt against the morally dissolute Sukarno. It has been a feature of at least the early stages of the Communist revolutions. Although Communists regard themselves as liberated from conventional codes in sexual relations, the personal conduct of the Russian and Chinese Communists after taking power, and of the Castroites, was on the whole austere compared to the prerevolutionary norm; and even in sexual matters they were strict about public decorum. Felix Dzerzhinsky, organizer of the mass Red Terror and first head of the Cheka, ancestor of the GPU-NKVD-KGB, was

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considered, by his victims as well as his friends, a saint in his private life.

Is it altogether fanciful to suppose that moral nostalgia has been a causal factor in some of the political overturns of this century, both Left and Right?

EVERYBODY KNOWS that the sex/drug/pornography/incivility/obscenity/self-indulgence subculture is vile and rotten—not least those immersed in it, whose self-degradation and tendency to self-destruction is as obvious in real life as in those movies superficially seeming to glorify them. Everyone realizes, often with a horrified fascination, that this subculture has produced the perfect, concentrated symbol of its essence in the Charles Manson "family." It is a mark of the perfection of the symbol that this horde of monsters calls itself (and gets itself called) a "family." The family, foundation of human society, turns into its opposite, the anti-family, wrecking ball of society, just as the Mass, the ritual of worshiping God, turns into the Black, or anti-Mass, the ritual of worshiping Satan. (Nor is it in the least coincidence that the Black Mass is being celebrated nowadays in Southern California.)

And everyone can see, merely by looking around, that the waves of the subculture lap widely over the general culture of our society: cf. the movies, plays, books, magazines, store fronts, drug-stocked pads, pornography shops, pot- and pill-soaked campus hangouts, routine public obscenities, flaunting of perversions, dirt-wallowing, etc. etc.; cf.—vide supra, the family—the American divorce rate two and a half times higher than that of the next highest, more than 50 per cent of the marriage rate in California.

Liberalism can do nothing to cleanse or halt this Augean wave; can only, in fact, smooth its advance. The secular relativism and permissiveness to which liberalism is committed provides no metaphysical foothold on which a stand might be taken. The logic of the liberal interpretation of free speech and the other civil rights not only cannot net the immoralist, but must on his demand successfully remove the checks and obstacles by which, over the millennia, society has restricted his field of operation. His civil rights are distilled into his right to do what he feels like, to the exclusion of the public's right to be protected from the signs and consequences of what he is doing. Two generations ago liberalism infiltrated the federal judiciary, and one generation ago took it over. Its successive decisions on pornography over this period, especially during the past two decades, draw out, step by step, the legal implications of liberal ideology. Let the logical order be put in the words of an accomplished liberal: "What the counterculture embodies is an extension of the tendencies initiated sixty years ago by political liberalism and modernist culture. . . . It now seeks to take the preachments of personal freedom, extreme experience ('kicks' and 'the high') and sexual experimentation to a point in life-style that the liberal culture—which would approve of such ideas in art and imagination—is not prepared to go. Yet liberalism finds itself uneasy to say why. It approves a basic permissiveness, but cannot with any certainty define the bounds." (Professor Daniel Bell, in the autumn issue of *The Public Interest.*)

The market may be way down now, but morality still has a promising future; some of the bears are likely to get caught short one of these days.

WHATEVER the past causal role of the immorality syndrome, it is a plausible guess that the early stages of a post-liberal American regime will include an anti-immorality campaign. The market may be way down now, but morality still has a promising future; some of the bears are likely to get caught short one of these days.

This is plainly foreshadowed in the Nixon Administration. The Johnson-appointed liberal majority of the Pornography Commission comes up with a recommendation (it could not do otherwise) for lifting all bars in the Danish manner, at least for everyone above an undefined age; a non-liberal Nixon-appointed minority member rejects and denounces the majority's findings; the Vice President, as the Administration's Cato, declares that "so long as Richard Nixon is President, Main Street is not going to be turned into Smut Street." The President confirms his tribune by his comment on the Commission's report: "I categorically reject its morally bankrupt conclusions and major recommendations." Overnight the most unexpected senators begin lining up with Virtue.

The White House itself (its name displaying a renewed semantic appropriateness) becomes a broader and more telling symbol, through the impeccable family life of its present tenants—it will have to be termed cube, square being too thin a term—and the Sunday religious service. Naturally the gossip columnists are dismayed by the lack of juicy copy from the Presidential household, and the liberal ideologues are in a frenzy over the incestuous coupling of Church and State. But it's a great comfort to Middle America, with "middle" in this case stretching across a very wide band of the spectrum.

In an analysis that greatly influenced T. S. Eliot, the English philosopher of history, Christopher Dawson, argued that rationalist liberalism was able to play a humane and progressive social role only because it was drawing on the moral capital of the Christian religious tradition. "There remains the liberal tradition," he wrote in the Twenties, "which seems at first sight more hopeful, since it stands for international peace and the old ideals of social freedom and progress. . . . [But] the

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liberal faith owed its strength to the elements that it had derived from the religious tradition that it attempted to replace. Thus, insofar as it succeeded in secularizing European culture, it undermined the foundations on which its own existence depended. . . . The moral idealism which is still so characteristic of the Western mind is the fruit of an age-long tradition of religious faith and spiritual discipline. Humanitarianism is the peculiar possession of a people who have worshiped for centuries the Divine Humanity—apart from all that even our humanism would have been other than it is. . . . This element cannot continue to exist indefinitely, if it is divorced from the historic religious beliefs on which it is really founded." And now liberalism has exhausted its capital claim.

AMERICAN LIBERALISM is moribund. (I use the adjective as my dictionary defines it: "in a dying state.") But will it not be asserted—indeed, it is attractively asserted by Professor Charles Frankel elsewhere in this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW—that by many a public indication this bulletin of mine on liberalism's terminal ailment is greatly exaggerated? How can I write off liberalism so brusquely when liberals occupy so many of the high places in our nation, dominate the universities and most of the rest of the educational system, administer the funds of most of the great foundations, when liberalism sets the established rhetoric of the media and of most other public discourse even by non-liberals? I will confess that in a judgment of this sort I rely more on an intuition, an integral perception of a gestalt, than on detailed evidence and argument. If you have a feel for the zeitgeist, you will know that John Dewey, conglomerates and Berlioz are out, that Art Nouveau, campers and Black Studies are in, well before you can prove it by statistics. Big size is not always the sign of good health. On the space-time curve, the crest is where you start down from.

I rather think that American liberalism crested in the early years of the Kennedy Administration, and that this was symbolized by the appearance of prominent—among them perhaps the most prominent—liberal intellectuals in the White House inner circle. Let the symbol contract: Zoom, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., than whom few have a better claim to play The Liberal for All Seasons, ecstatically throbbing in 1962 as he stands watch by the global helm in the Situation Room; dissolve, into Professor Schlesinger, 1970, glumly bleating from the plush and sound-proofed pasture provided by the State University of New York. Who would bother pushing Arthur Schlesinger into a swimming pool in 1970?

The juice has gone out of liberalism. This is manifest in the writings of liberals. Of course, the great writers of this century—Joyce, Proust, Mann, Yeats, Pound, Faulkner, Eliot—never had any truck with liberalism. And it is years since a liberal has written any sort of book, fiction or non-fiction, with anything creative, refreshing or imaginative in it. Liberal writing has become a combination of stale formulas with wails. Oh woe is me! Our war, our cities, our crime, our housing,

Who would bother pushing Arthur Schlesinger into a swimming pool in 1970?

our TV, our youth, our aged, our poor, our air, our water, our drugs, our sewage, our blacks, reds, browns, and God knows our whites! Woe! Woe! What a terrible country, what a horrible government! Let's get out of Asia! Let's get out of Europe! Let's forget the moon and space! Let's drop the SST! Let's junk our weapons! Let's just all have a good cry together and cultivate our own cesspool! Schooling hasn't worked, so there must be more schooling. Welfare hasn't worked, so there must be more welfare. Public housing and government regulation and antipoverty money haven't worked, so there must be more public housing, government regulation and antipoverty money. Spending billions hasn't worked, so we must spend trillions.

No one need take my word for it. Here is a liberal, writing for the liberal audience of a liberal magazine:

> As iconoclastic as it is, *The Unheavenly City* [by Edward Banfield] has arrived propitiously, for its purposes, at the dead low tide of liberal confidence. At the end of a decade in which more money and energy than ever before has been mobilized to solve the problems of the cities, we perceive failure, program after hopeful program ending in disappointment. Still, it is commonplace to say that if only we *truly* shifted our effort to the cities we could succeed; that the war has sapped our moral energy; that a country cannot pursue two policies so contrary to one another as our foreign and domestic policies have been; convincing commonplaces indeed. But they may be wrong, and if so, we are left singularly ill-equipped to hear a contrary idea, as was plain in March with Daniel P. Moynihan's famous memo. . . . If Banfield is right, at least, the noblest efforts of the past thirty years have been wrong, what progress has occurred has been accidental, and only a 180-degree shift in sensibility can begin to save us. (Richard Todd, *Atlantic*, Sept. 1970.)

Professor Bell may sum up: "In culture, as in politics, liberalism is now up against the wall." We all know what happens next when you are placed up against the wall.

Try another image. Liberalism, with its first-line battalions concentrated against the eternal enemy on the right, has been outflanked from the left. Its panicky attempts at regroupment have thrown all its formations into disarray, and exposed them to all comers. The more piteously the liberals plead with the surprise foe on their left to ceasefire and negotiate, promising unlimited reparations and unconditional withdrawal as fast as their trembling legs can carry them, the more vigorously he whams their neuroses.

The one quality which a governing elite *must* have is self-confidence, confidence in its own ability and right

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to rule. Nothing could be plainer—to themselves as to the rest of us—than the collapse of the liberals' self-confidence. In recent years they have made no effort to hide this collapse, have in fact made a big do of displaying it. The quotations I have given from Professor Bell and Mr. Todd are typical liberal self-estimates, except that the usual tone is more emotional. It is everywhere recognized and remarked that the primary sentiment of liberals nowadays is guilt. Liberals pronounce themselves guilty for the troubles of the blacks, the young, the elderly, the poor, the delinquents, the Vietnamese, the Jews, the Puerto Ricans, the Chicanos, the red Indians, for slums, pollution, war, crime, overpopulation, drugs, and about anything else you might name except Spiro Agnew.

THE INNUMERABLE REPORTS on the causes of contemporary disorders—epidemic crime, arson, riots, confrontations, bombings and so on—invariably come up with the same sort of conclusions, which is not surprising since all the commissions, panels and conferences start from the same liberal premises. The "basic" causes are an environmental lack: poverty, inadequate education, malnutrition, discrimination, joblessness, bad housing. That is to say, "cause" is interpreted as meaning social or economic condition. The findings do not seem very plausible once we reflect that these conditions have existed in human society from its beginning, in orderly as in disorderly times and places. But even if they are correct, they do not answer the *political* question. Politics deals with power, with rule. From a political standpoint, the cause of increasing disorder is the decay in the *authority* of the ruler, the sovereign. The cure is the restoration of authority.

Authority rests on three primary factors: habit (custom), respect (reverence, awe) and fear. In our current disorders (Black Panthers, Weathermen, campus wreckers, military deserters, confronters of all sorts) the habit has been broken and the respect vanished (cf. the obscenities, rudeness, howling down of others). There remains only some of that proportion of the fear that is the reflection of force or the threat of force, and even this is much weakened by the knowledge that the use of force by the "authorities" is episodic and inept. (In designating the magistrates as "authorities" we recognize what in fact a functioning magistrate is: namely, one who has *authority*.)

Liberalism has always rejected the traditional ties of custom and respect as backwardness, prejudice and superstition. Now it confronts a generation of militants who take its lessons seriously. With custom and respect dissolved, only force remains. But liberalism has also—on principle, at least—rejected force, too, except as a last-minute recourse; and precisely because of that refusal to see force, in act or threat, as inevitably and continuously involved in human society, has never been able to understand force or use it wisely. Liberals always turn to force at the wrong moment in the wrong amount, and therefore bungle in using it.

The decay of authority is no sudden sickness, nor is it confined to political authority. The loss of authority

by the political magistrates is, rather, an extension of its progressive withering throughout the structure of society. The weak voice of the magistrate in administering the state echoes the weakened voice of the father within the home, the teacher in school, the pastor in church, even of the commander within the traditional model of authority, the military. We become as Ulysses, in his wonderful speech, describes the Greek camp before Troy:

> The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
> And look how many Grecian tents do stand
> Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions . . .
> . . . O, when degree is shak'd
> Which is the ladder of all high designs,
> The enterprise is sick! . . .
> . . . Each thing melts
> In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
> And make a sop of all this solid globe;
> Strength should be lord of imbecility,
> And the rude son should strike his father dead;
> Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong—
> Between whose endless jar justice resides—
> Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
> Then everything includes itself in power,
> Power into will, will into appetite,
> And appetite, an universal wolf,
> So doubly seconded with will and power,
> Must make perforce a universal prey,
> And last eat up himself.
>
> (*Troilus & Cressida*, I, 3)

Authority is a two-way relationship: for A to have and exercise authority means that B accepts, or submits to, authority. It is usually in terms of the latter that we think of the breakdown of authority, noting, as we do today, that many citizens dislike accepting authority and in rapidly expanding number refuse to accept it. But exercising authority is, often, at least as onerous as

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accepting it. How much easier, more comfortable, to forego the attempt, even when the attempt is manifest duty!

My son spends his evenings getting stoned, and my daughter shacks up with a new boy friend every weekend? Well, they've got to do their thing in their own way, you can't bridge the generation gap, and can you blame them what with Vietnam and the draft and racism and pollution and Spiro Agnew, and there is something wonderful, don't you agree, in this new freedom and openness? Those students burned down the research laboratory last night? We certainly can't expel them, now can we? We'd have three-fourths of the student-

body on strike to demand their reinstatement, and half the faculty. Besides, they've got a case, after all—the center did have some CIA contracts, and then the kids have the draft over their heads all the time, and we administrators and senior faculty haven't been very responsive, and, of course, the building was fully insured. So, sergeant, you picked up this pair you say disappeared six months ago and are down for desertion? I think we'd better just make that an AWOL count. If we started giving the book on desertions, we'd have nine-tenths of Congress on our necks. No use looking for trouble. (Hard to believe how they used to handle deserters in the old days—at sunrise. Why, if a deserter were shot nowadays, Mayor Lindsay would have the flag at half staff for at least a month.) The city wishes to withdraw its claim against the transit workers for breach of contract, your Honor. The walkout *was* a formal violation, perhaps, but there's no use being vindictive. We're agreed on the new pay scales, and if we press this case there's just going to be a general shutdown of all municipal services. Injunctions can't run subways. No, general, I can't go along with a strike against Hanoi and Haiphong. Think what world opinion would do to us, and the antiwar crowd would turn the country upside down, and the polls show the voters want out. Don't forget, we live in a democracy.

The liberalism-dominated state has been able to function, as the Dawson insight reveals, by virtue of the carry-over of authority from pre-liberalism. That authority is now dissolving. It is inconceivable that liberalism, liberals, could put it together again. The obverse of authority is permissiveness; when the logic is carried out, anarchy. Doing one's thing. Liberalism is pro-permissive, anti-authority.

As guides in lieu of authority, liberalism recognizes only reason and individual conscience informed by reason. Authority based on custom, respect, force or any factor other than reason, is non-rational, hence invalid. Each man is a rational atom, seeking his own happiness, related only externally to other man-atoms. The claim of society can be asserted only quantitatively, through one or another variety of the utilitarian formula: Each individual, seeking his own happiness, will contribute to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But when once I see through the utilitarian fraud and realize that there is no necessary coincidence between my individual search for happiness and the greatest happiness of the greatest number, existing society has no further moral claim on me, granted the metaphysical premises of liberalism. Thus, the Weathermen and the hippies, true descendants of their liberal ancestors. Even force has no claim beyond the physical fact, and thus the *authority* of the state's force vanishes if I am able to counter it or circumvent it. This violence-justifying conclusion from the liberal premises is drawn in the writings of many liberals today who are not aware of what the conclusion means in practice: for example, the columnist Tom Wicker, and other journalists of his school, who equate the violence of those who are shooting police and blowing up buildings with "police violence" and the "violence" of the American Army in Vietnam. If the two forms of force are in truth equivalent, then authority is reduced simply to the question of which force prevails.

Liberalism cannot revive authority, and government cannot continue indefinitely without authority. We may therefore predict a regime that will be *authoritative* and thus not liberal. It will have to be authoritative. The question remains open whether that regime of the future becomes authoritative through a shift to Right or to Left, and whether it will end up not merely authoritative but authoritarian.

In practice the American form of government has been a continually shifting equilibrium of diverse interest groups. Each group acts to advance its own interest and its relative power, prestige and privilege, and in the process competes, combines, bargains and compromises with the others. Some of the deals are made outside of the formal political structure, but many of the important ones are hammered out and ratified in the Congress. To act as a political marketplace in which the deals are made, or at any rate put on record, is the function of Congress. This is why the enactment of most laws (i.e., putting the deals on record) ordinarily takes place in a rush at the end of a session. The greater part of the session is spent on the bargaining.

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The United States Government seems no longer capable of winning wars or containing domestic violence. In the last analysis, this is what governments are for—to win wars and assure domestic tranquility. The rest is gravy, or meddling.

This process can be understood as a game. Like all games, it presupposes that the competitors play according to the rules. You park your guns at the door before you take your seat at the table. It was understood that there would always be a certain number of individuals who wouldn't stick to the rules. These would be defined as "common criminals," and penalized by the umpire with the help of the bouncers.

Now, however, it is not only individuals who decline to play by the established rules of our game, but enlarging groups. Some of these groups, moreover, propose to substitute an entirely new game, played according to *their* rules (though they are still rather vague about the details). Their bombers, arsonists, wreckers and police-shooters are criminals (by our rules), certainly, but they are also something more than that—guerrillas, partisans, terrorists, revolutionaries, fedayeen. Their crimes are also *political acts*. This is expressed symbolically in their fondness for slogans like "Black Power," "Student Power," "Power to the People," etc.: These groups are asserting a "dual power," counter to the established power—that is, to the United States Government. In Canadian Prime Minister Trudeau's words on invoking the War Measures Act (again the symbolism is precise) to meet the challenge of one of Canada's X-Power organizations: There is an "emergence of a parallel power which defies the elected power." Ordinary police methods under the established rules are not able to deal with revolutionary organizations, once these get beyond the embryonic stage, as Mr. Trudeau saw and we are now discovering.

It is under the traditional rules of the American political game that liberalism and liberals have flourished. Liberal ideas, temperament and talents are well suited to this sort of contest. But the truth is that American conservatives have also, for the most part, played the same game according to the same set of rules, even if their style of play has been somewhat different. American conservatism has not proposed trying another game, or even altering any of the basic rules. (Perhaps this is why Louis Hartz can argue that there is no American conservatism, that the American political tradition is liberal only.) The conservative critique has been directed at the performance of some of the star players, the condition of the grounds, the quality of the equipment, the sloppiness of the coaches, the extravagance of the managers—and of course the conservative rooters have a rival set of cheers, songs and slogans. This no doubt explains why there were no fundamental policy breaks, domestic or foreign, from Truman to Eisenhower to Kennedy; and why, in spite of the considerably changed rhetoric, the general course of the intractable issues that occupied the Johnson Administration—Vietnam, domestic violence, inflation, urban decay, periodic confrontations with the Kremlin, race relations—does not seem to have been much affected by the change to the Nixon Administration.

HOW BAD SHAPE are we in? Right, Left and Center seem agreed that it is frightful, even though each may select different evidence to make the point. I haven't been able to reach a summary judgment. As portrayed in the hopped-up media, the country is certainly a shambles—and maybe the media have become by now the reality as well as the message. But I am not alone in finding, or feeling, when I get out of cities like New York and into the vast hinterland—as I frequently and rather thoroughly do—that things are not so bad after all, that it's a great country as we always said, and Americans a marvelous people. When you look at it one way, what is astonishing is the fact that the swirling, expanding life of our enormous country is so *little* affected by all those terrible things we look at on our TV screens.

Poverty, crime, ignorance, bad housing, pollution—these we humans have always had with us since we were thrown out of Eden, and the United States probably has the least on record. Still, apart from disputable impressions, there are two present facts that must be presumed significant: The United States Government seems no longer capable of winning wars or containing domestic violence. In the last analysis, this is what governments are *for*—to win wars and assure domestic tranquility. The rest is gravy, or meddling. But if a government can't defend the nation against enemies foreign and domestic, it is on its way out.

I have said that American liberalism is moribund, but I seem led toward the conclusion that the political regime associated with liberalism—and, in fundamentals, with American conservatism as well—may also be moribund. History shows us, as Professor Genovese mentions, that moribund regimes can be a long time dying. They sometimes creak along for decades. They don't topple—or, on rare occasions, revive—until someone is around to topple, or revive, them. For that, certain conditions—those that characterize what is called "a revolutionary situation"—must usually be fulfilled. In the past these conditions have been: 1) social crisis brought by defeat in a major war, intense economic depression or runaway inflation; 2) the demoralization (loss of self-confidence) of the governing elite; 3) the presence of an alternative formation ready and willing to take power.

Although it could develop rather quickly as things are going, the first of these conditions obviously does not

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hold for the United States at present. The second is present in part: The liberal sector of the governing elite, which is the majority sector, and probably also a part of the conservative sector, is in fact demoralized. As for the third condition, there are alternative groups—on the left, at any rate—that would very much enjoy taking power, but none of them is as yet ready and able to make a serious bid. The "social formations" that line up back of them are inadequate. It is, indeed, a special feature of the current American internal situation that the revolutionary movements are made up almost entirely of non-producers. A revolutionary leadership is usually composed for the most part of non-producers, but it is hard to see how the leaders could achieve a revolution without getting at least the temporary backing of important sections of the producers. That is not likely to come about in this country except in the critical circumstances of a revolutionary social situation.

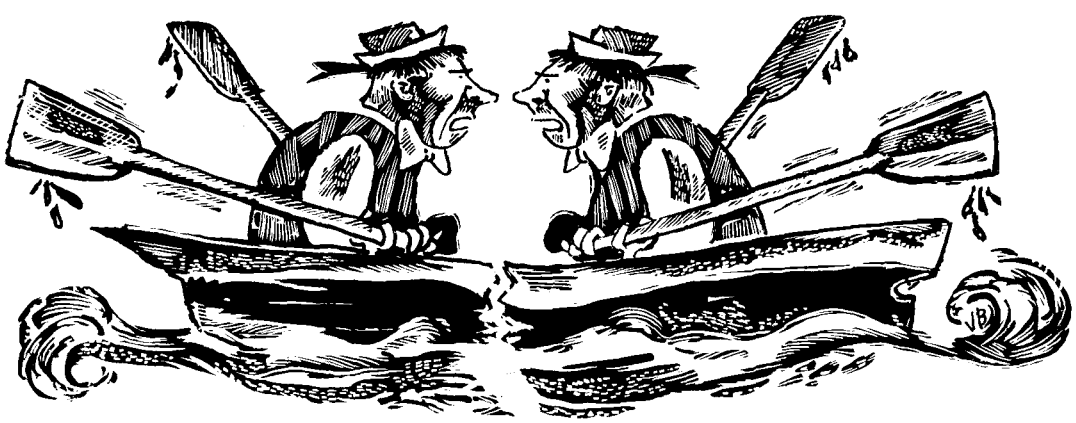
When NATIONAL REVIEW was founded fifteen years ago, the primary job of a new American conservatism, dictated by the then existing realities, was the critique of the liberalism then ascendant. Liberalism and its bearers threatened to stultify, suffocate, and in due course wreck the country, or open it up to hardier wreckers. It was necessary to explain how and why this was so. Today the reality is changed. Liberalism is moribund, however heavily its hand still lies on many of the nation's organs.

THE CRITIQUE of liberalism is complete, from left as well as right. Though it must be repeated and sustained, that duty has become routine. The key questions now are: What is to come after liberalism? Can the American type of government under the pluralistic compete-bargain-compromise rules survive the decay of liberalism? How can authority be reasserted in the moral and political mash compounded during the permissive epoch? Can a post-liberal government be authoritative without being authoritarian? What social strata will the post-liberal government be based on? (In their current flirtation with blue-collar workers, most conservative intellectuals and politicians do not seem to realize that this liaison could be prolonged only with the blessing of neo-populist social and economic policies.) What will be the role of the military? Can an effective post-liberal government be constructed within the framework of the Constitution?

The revolutionary Left knows what it wants for a post-liberal regime. By the test of experience, its model meets the essential requirement of the ability to win wars and assure internal tranquility, however disagreeable some of us may judge other features to be. A more moderately left regime of "democratic socialism" would be, in this country, only a further stage in the decay of liberalism.

Unfortunately, very little serious study has been devoted to the multitudinous regimes called (often for no particular reason) rightist, which in our time, as always, are the big majority. Man-eons of loving attention have been paid to the Marxist regimes, but for most of the regimes of the Right, a dismissal as "reactionary," "dictatorship" or "fascism" is felt to be sufficient. Only Hitler's Germany and to a lesser extent Franco's Spain have evoked a considerable literature, most of it, however, polemic and passion rather than scholarship. Yet these regimes of the Right in our time display a remarkable variety, not a little creative flair—especially taking into account the chaos out of which they usually arise—and in several conspicuous cases an impressive endurance. Then there is the new-style regime introduced by Nasser —a species that seems to be spreading—which confounds any standard classification as left or right.

I incline to agree with what I thought Professor Donald Zoll, echoing the Shakespearean Ulysses, was trying to say in NATIONAL REVIEW last winter ("Shall We Let America Die?" Dec. 16, 1969; "Order and Repression," March 10, 1970). "The problem for conservatism, then, is either to go down with liberalism, clinging to the common values and abiding by the traditional rules of the game, or to elect to fight, uninhibited by the liberal *thanatos* [death wish] or by liberal proprieties as to method. It is not an easy choice to make." One may add that it is a choice few American conservatives have yet made, or even faced the need of making. In both theory and practice, the American Right is underdeveloped country, compared to the Left. Professor Zoll continued: "There is not a 'good' order or a 'bad' order. The antithesis of order is disorder. . . . A Bismarck is much to be preferred to a Robespierre." □



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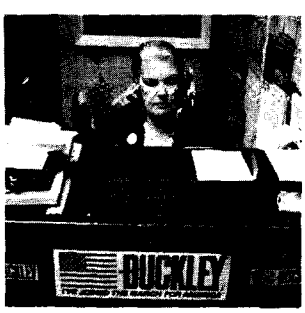
The Inside Story

The TV show *Name of the Game* takes us behind the scenes at *People* Magazine. *Superman Comics* reveals the inner workings of *The Daily Planet*. Now NATIONAL REVIEW, first in reader service, takes us inside 150 East 35th Street where forty-plus hard workers write, edit, design, promote, circulate and otherwise bring you NATIONAL REVIEW. Bob Wendlinger took the pictures. Come on in and and meet the folks.

BILL RUSHER, Publisher (and television personality [*The Advocates*]) *"There's a question of libel here."*

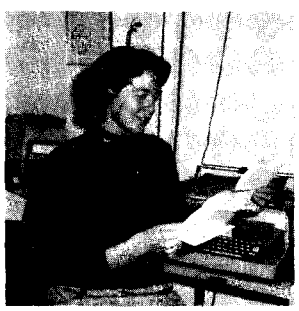
HELEN PUWALSKI, receptionist and guardian of the gates. *"Mr. Buckley is on* another *other line."*

Assistant Publisher JIM MCFADDEN with secretary JOSEPHINE GALLAGHER. *"He's better than John Wayne."*



BARBARA CONNELL, secretary to the Publisher. *"When the buzzer broke, I gave him this little Chinese gong . . ."*

Promotion Manager ED CAPANO, an *NR* man since 1960. *"I've got 150,000 reply cards on a truck that's lost somewhere between Waterbury and Providence."*



ROSE FLYNN, keeper of the books. *"Petty cash is* very *petty today."*

EVELYNE KANTER and MIKE WATKINS, editorial typists. *"But it isn't in the dictionary!"*

NADINE KLEIN (Smith '73), summer hand and Prophet-of-the-Year editor. *"But I don't* want *to go back to school!"*

JOHN COYNE, Associate Editor, author (*The Kumquat Statement*) and exiled Californian. *"I'm writing another book*—The Diary of a Mad Commuter."

Executive (to Bill Buckley) Secretary FRANCES BRONSON. *"I declare I shall go absolutely bonkers!"*

Circulation staffers RAFAEL PRUDENCIO, TRUDY SENN and JOYCE WALCOTT. *"If he doesn't know his Zip code, we can't find him."*

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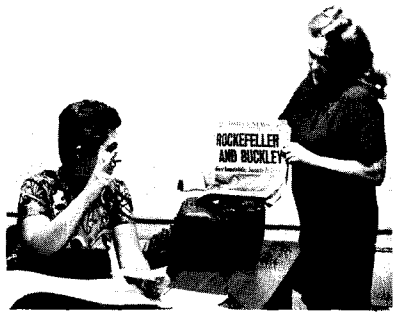
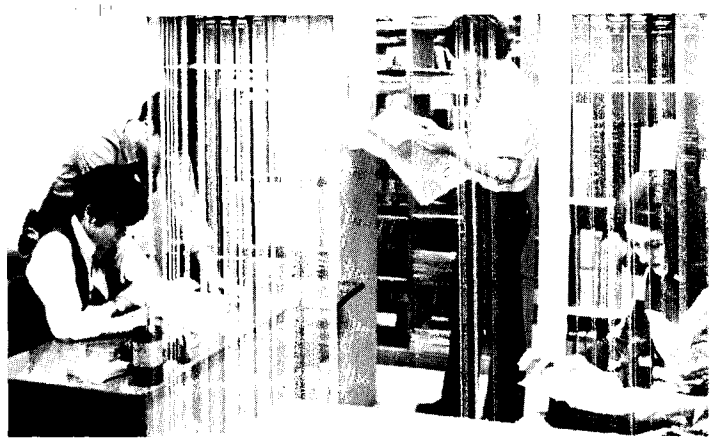
JEFFREY HART, Senior Editor, professor (Dartmouth), syndicated columnist. *"What would Hemingway have thought of Abbie Hoffman?"*



MARIA TRAINA, assistant bookkeeper and MADELINE KLUCK, Caribbean Enterprises. *"Never mind the adding machine, where's the boat?"*



Research library staff: [illegible] HENRY FASCIANI, TEX LEZAR and [illegible] WHITTEL. *"Ask us anything."*

Art Director JIM O'BRYAN with Artist-in-Residence MARGE VALKO: *"Always remember to put the price on the cover!"*

Editor BILL BUCKLEY with Senior Editor JAMES BURNHAM and Managing Editor PRISCILLA BUCKLEY. *"No, Bill. Absolutely not."*

More circulation people: Veterans MARGE DELANEY and STELLA WAGNER (front); JOHN GRIFFIN and TANA AGORAS (rear); MICHELE FUCHS and RON LUGO, master of the mail room (right). *"He still doesn't know his Zip code?"*

Advertising Department: Director PATRICK MAINES with RUSS DOWNEY. *"Ask them if they'd like to buy* both *covers."*

C. H. SIMONDS, Assistant Managing Editor (among other things), with Assistant Editor MRS. C. H. SIMONDS (seated) and Production Editor BARBARA DEVLIN. *"First of all, ladies, the page is upside-down."*

Circulation Manager DANE HILL with promotion staffers LUCY GUARDALA and SUE CULLEN. *"McFadden delivers."*

Research Director AGATHA SCHMIDT visits with GERTRUDE VOGT (retired, much-missed secretary to WFB), ELLEN CARNEY and SHEILA COFFEY. *"If we knock down* this *wall, the files could go in* here . . ."

PRISCILLA RUSSO and MARY NAGLE, *Reader Service, with* BERTHE DEBROT. *"His Zip code must be here* somewhere."

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Here's a terrific one-time-only opportunity: get your own copy of "Frankly Speaking," Vice President Spiro Agnew's controversial new book, FREE with your *National Review* subscription (new or renewal). Act now! Supply limited.

Vice President Spiro Agnew speaks out:

"I believe in constitutional dissent . . . But I do not believe that demonstrations, lawful or unlawful, merit my approval or even my silence . . ."

"A society which comes to fear its children is effete. A snivelling, hand-wringing power structure deserves the violent rebellion it encourages."

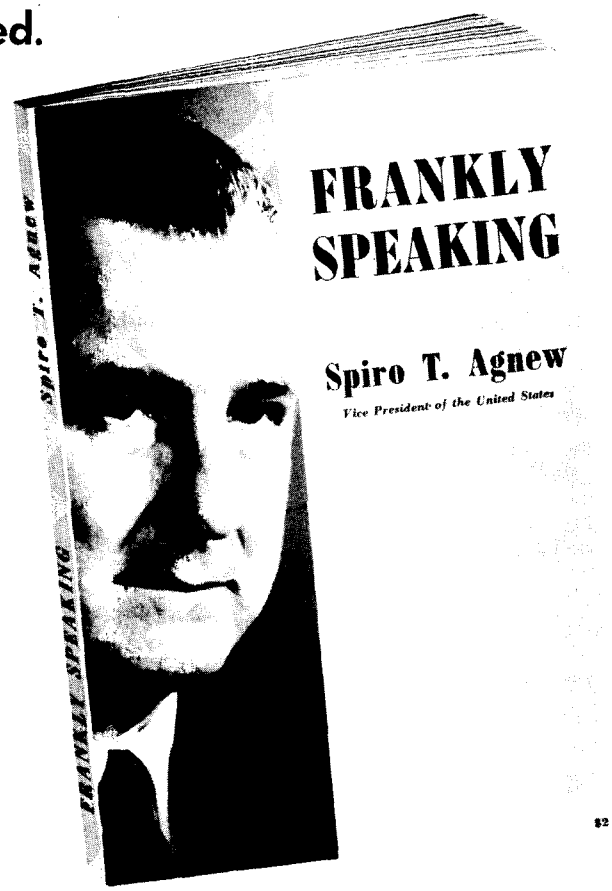
"We seem to be approaching the age of the gross."

"Perhaps the place to start looking for a credibility gap is not in the offices of the government in Washington, but in the studios of the networks in New York."

"I do not overstate the case. If I am aware of the danger, the convicted rapist Eldridge Cleaver is aware of the potential."

"It is worth remembering that our country's founding fathers wisely shaped a constitutional republic, not a pure democracy."

"These arrogant ones and their admirers in the Congress, who reach almost for equal arrogance at times, are . . . asking us to repudiate principles that have made this country great . . . They have a masochistic compulsion to destroy their country's strength."



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"Frankly Speaking" by Vice President Spiro Agnew is an unusual book by a unique Vice President. Never before has a modern Vice President been so outspoken or so bold in his opinions on the most crucial issues facing America. Agnew takes on student radicals, university professors, Vietnam War critics, the TV networks, "The New York Times"—in addition to airing his views on the effectiveness of contemporary education, what a republic should be (and what it ***shouldn't*** *be), plus many other controversial subjects. This book is a collection of the famous Agnew speeches that you have heard and read so much about—and that have drawn such heavy fire from the liberal establishment. ("Radicalism in Our Midst," "Racism, the South and the New Left," "Impudence in the Streets," "The Politics of Protest," "Education For What?," and "The Responsibilities of Television" to name just a few titles.) This is your chance to find out* ***exactly*** *what Agnew said at the time. You'll enjoy reading (and quoting from) this lively, fascinating book. Just published, it sells for $2.00.*

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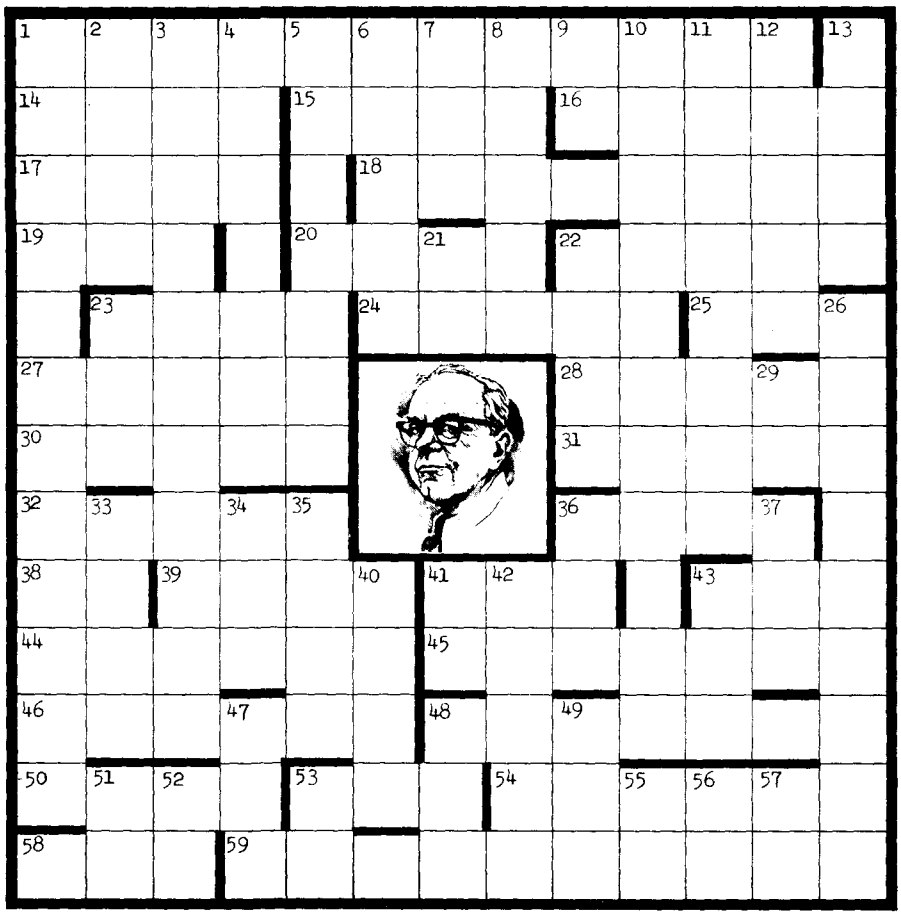
Crossword Puzzle

BY FRANK VAN OOSBREE

This crossword puzzle is based on the September 8 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. *Words begin and end at heavy lines. The solution will be found on page 1313.*



ACROSS

1. Pictured personality
14. Seaport in Algeria
15. "Knight of the Road"
16. Communist "saint"
17. Contributing editor
18. Ditto
19. Large communications organization
20. Nixon has used it on a number of occasions
22. Another Buckley
23. Holding firm against the midi
24. ——— DuBois, author of article on Buckleys
25. British skywatchers (abbr.)
27. Spanish lariat
28. Hatred
30. She was associated with GBS
31. Cringe
32. Lt. Gen. Ira C. ——— (WWII)
36. Comply
38. Trenton is its capital
39. Calla lily
41. Faucet
43. Herd of seals
44. Conservative Mohammedan
45. Founding editor of *NR*
46. ———'— forte is golf
48. *NR* cartoonist
50. Ambassador to UN
53. H. Rider Haggard novel
54. Ernest ——— Haag, contributor
58. He writes letters from Vietnam
59. WFB's own

DOWN

1. Write about books
2. Mideast native
3. Lives in Germany; is free-lance writer
4. Understanding
5. Pertaining to GBS
6. Intestine
7. ——— supra, in the place mentioned
8. Opposite of stator
9. Not permitted (Lat. abbr.)
10. Pseudonym of Washington observer
11. Goose-like
12. ——— Theodorakis, self-appointed "peace delegate"
13. City in Oklahoma
21. Tantalum
22. Cutting tool
23. Wire measure
26. 54 across wrote about this
29. —. —. has a branch at Berkeley
33. Open
34. Age
35. Country bumpkin
36. ———idian, pertaining to snakes
37. ——— Kippur, Jewish fast day
40. Partner of mash
41. Security classification
42. Spelean means dwelling in ———
43. Golfer's ambition, to beat ———
47. Japanese statesman
48. ——— enna, place of misery
49. We call it 'Egypt'
51. South sea island whirlwind
52. Selenium
53. Tin
55. Nickel
56. Metric unit
57. Interrogative exclamation

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 1260)

Aloïse Buckley Heath, and Joey Flynn and Janet Caniano, only son and only sister of Rose Flynn, the world's finest bookkeeper, and everyone's friend.

» 1967. Advertising Manager John Prichard came, saw, wept and left, but not before he had forced upon the assembly the idea that NATIONAL REVIEW should have its face lifted. It was done at cost of blood and tears, and when the editors at their very next Agony looked at what had been proposed, they Waxed Wroth. As good traditionalists should. They loathed it because . . . because it didn't look like it used to, that's why. Frank Meyer adored having so many more words in his Books-Arts-Manners section, but please couldn't he have the same number of words in nine point type as in eight? No. I don't like square bullets, said WFB. Why can't the titles in "The Week" be italicized, asked Burnham. A few adjustments here and there. Moderate heel-dragging on the part of the staff and by the time of the next Agony so accustomed had the editors become to our new face and format that the subject was dropped.

Prichard also persuaded the editors to give over one of their precious pages to a Travel-and-Food column (when he heard it was to be called "Delectations" he fainted dead away). Delectations brought Nika Standen Hazelton (the incomparable hostess of our Fifteenth Anniversary shindig) and Alec Waugh to *NR*, and never was a couple more welcomed by our readers. Delectations is the one feature today we never pull, no matter what the pressures. In due course Prichard was succeeded by Patrick Maines who has done his best (and excellent it is, too) to sell the magazine despite the burden of the editors. His house memoranda display a literary excellence that sometimes suggests we should sell the ads and he should write the copy.

» Along about that time, C. D. Batchelor, the Pulitzer-prize winning artist whose first cartoon for *NR* had appeared in Vol. I, No. 2 (he must have been sick when No. 1 went to press) reminded us that he had promised his wife he would retire before his eightieth birthday—and did so to the chagrin of the Managing Editor who sorely misses their bi-weekly cartoon conferences. During one of them Batch told her, incidentally, that his conservative credentials go way way back, back to the 1890s when as a small boy he sent a five dollar bill to General Botha, the rebel leader in the Boer War. Batchelor and John Kreuttner, cartoonist sans pareil, in our opinion (whose work appears elsewhere in this issue) carried the cartooning burden for the first ten years of *NR*'s history. Since our Tenth Anniversary, we've added Mary Gauerke whose hippie types have enlivened both our pages and our covers, and who is now widely syndicated, Tom Curtis, staff cartoonist of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, whose work has also appeared in *Rally*, *Triumph* and the *New Guard*, Mal Hancock, Joe Escourido and others. Our illustrations, once the sole domain of the urbane and Old Wordly Hungarian Alois Derso, are handled by Timothy Wong (sometime of Jimmy O'Bryan's talented Ultra Arts staff), Joseph Papin, Vivian Berger and Henry Martin.

» John Leonard, our sweet-natured friend, who came to NATIONAL REVIEW as a dropout at Harvard, then left to complete his education at Berkeley, was appointed to the *New York Times Book Review*. And it is announced that he will succeed Francis Brown as head of the entire book review section. A triumph for conservatism? Our Man at the *Times*? Alas, in between *NR* and *NYT*, John apostasized. We feel like the Jesuit College in California that graduated James Pike, who then became an Episcopal Bishop. John Leonard is our ecclesiastical triumph!

» More staff changes. Tim Wheeler leaves to found and edit his own magazine, *Rally*, in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, the germ of "OUR PEOPLE's Underworld" and more recently YARF (Young Americans for Real Freedom); and is replaced by C. H. Simonds, a bouncing blond boy of great talent who has been, in turn, Executive Whip (of the Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson), Minister of Buttons (Moratoria Kill, Tell It to Hanoi, Say It Again Spiro) and the creator of the inspired Rockefeller parody ads in 1968—GOO and FOG. GOO was reprinted in *Time*.

» Arlene Croce, whose heart was taken years ago by the ballet, starts her own magazine, *Ballet Review* and in due course resigns; William Rickenbacker informs the editors that working for *NR* has been very nice to be sure, but remunerative no, so calling on the skills he demonstrated in his best-selling *Wooden Nickels* and *Death of the Dollar* he pulls out of *NR* to produce his own investment newsletter, "Rickenbacker Report" (adv.), timing his first issue at the start of Dow Jones' long drop. And *NR* has lost three wordsmiths who could turn out editorial paragraphs like: ■ "Disarmament talks recessed in Geneva after seven months of fruitless negotiation. Disarmament months recessed in fruitless after seven talks of Geneva negotiations. Negotiations disarmed to talk less and seven fruits were recessed in Geneva. And everybody renewed his lease for January [Oct. 20, 1966]." Or ■ "Now wait a minute. Liberal Democrats say Humphrey can win the nomination, but not the election. Liberal Republicans say Nixon can win the nomination, but not the election. What if they both win the nomination? Does that leave the liberals with George Wallace? Or shall we call off the election? [July 23, 1968]," and, in November ■ "The AMA has reported the outbreak of Spiro Angina among Democratic politicians. The ailment is a mild cardiac strain brought on by overuse of the lower metaphor."

» To replace Rick and Arlene, Jeff Hart joins the staff as senior editor, having arranged his teaching schedule at Dartmouth so as to permit him to travel to *NR* every other Tuesday and Wednesday and join in the editorial conference and write those major editorials that Burnham and Buckley don't. Within weeks Jeff has his very own entry into *NR*'s running "Most Unpopular Piece Ever" contest, which had been kicked off fifteen years earlier, weeks after she joined the staff, by Priscilla Buckley's "Siberia U.S.A." The competition is keen. James Burnham held the title for some time with "Why Do They Hate Robert Strange McNamara?" All our readers under thirty loathed Ferdinand Mount's anti-marijuana piece; all our readers over thirty loathed Andy Gollan's rebuttal. Stan Evans nudged the lot aside with a job on Ayn Rand, the objectivity of which the Objectivists objected to. Along came John Greenway, touching off the biggest Indian war of the twentieth century with himself cast as Big Chief Candidate for Scalping.

Hart and Greenway between them drove the then-current Editorial Assistant Craig Chawkins, whose duty it was

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to report on the incoming mail, stark, staring raving mad, or rather in Craig's case, stark, staring, madder. He produced some classic reports. On Greenway:

> There is no doubt Greenway's life is at stake. He has antagonized not only whole Indian tribes but people who keep saying over and over again, "whaddya mean, *distinguished* anthropologist!—I'll give *him* distinguished anthropologist!" Inevitably, there were no well-maybe responses—it's simply a question of occasional fits of love and adoration or swift unalloyed HATE. Do I hear trumpets? God, Martha—it's the cavalry. And just when we were beginning to have fun!

On Israel:

> My fellow Americans. We have received ever more letters on the "Israel Overkill" editorial than on the Ayn Rand thing. Stacks of them. Boxes of them. Roomfulls. Houses aplenty with. An island of letters. A nation-full. A world of words and a galaxy of outrage. Not *one*, no sir, not ONE (not even one-half) has been laudatory. Listen dollink, I wouldn't even bother to quote from them because, well—does it make any difference, Sylvia? In the end, we're all gonna die.

» 1968. We felt like the people of Jericho when Joshua's trumpeters started to toot. Gertrude (The Infallible) Vogt—having given two years notice as what good secretary doesn't—is going away, not going to be around, going not to be there, resigning. For thirteen years she had sat there, at her desk, fielding phone calls, typing 480 words a minute, answering every question from what was *NR*'s position on gold (editorial assistant John Leonard needed to know before writing learnedly on it) to what was the current phone number of Bill and Pat's Cuban gardener who had moved to Detroit six years earlier. What would we do?

In canny fashion a couple of years earlier Peerless Leader, realizing that even Gertrude could not work into her 99th year, had run for mayor of New York. That whole enterprise was undertaken in order to persuade a capable young lady named Agatha Schmidt to work for him in the campaign. Most candidates write about how they won; Bill thinks it more interesting to write about how he lost—so pulling together the material from his campaign he hurried to Switzerland to write *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, having persuaded Aggie to stay on just long enough to finish that project. He then flung her down a mountainside—there is nothing like having a secretary with two broken legs to tie her to you—and in that weakened position got her promise that upon a return to ambulatoriness, she would head up NATIONAL REVIEW's research library (we had managed to go thirteen years without one.) That's what Aggie came in to do, to set up the Library. But what she does, capably, quietly, without fanfare, is everything. Having thus cleverly and foresightedly arranged for a staff of four to take care of the research that Gertrude used to do for him in her spare time. Bill reached out to the *Washington Star*—where it was rumored (Syndicate Boss Harry Emlark was the stoolie) there languished a maiden whose secret desire it was to turn out ninety hours of work in the mere sixty hours she puts in—and hired Frances Bronson, a beautiful dark-haired, vivacious Englishwoman who, mirabile dictu, as for once *all* the editors agree, is the only person in God's creation who could have replaced Gertrude the Magnificent. Frances' mode is different to be sure. When things get to be too much for her, she is apt to stand in the middle of the room, drop both typewriter and telephone and announce, in that enticing British accent: "Bill is driving me bonkers" and even, upon occasion, "I shall feel like getting sloshed tonight."

» In those same years, as Bill Buckley took on more assignments (and more lawsuits)—*Firing Line*, three columns a week for the Washington Star Syndicate, five books: *Unmaking, The Jeweler's Eye, Odyssey of a Friend, The Governor Listeth, Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*, plus the usual debates, speeches, magazine articles and reviews—the support staff grew. Lawry Chickering, the world's most affable young lawyer, put in eighteen months as Bill's personal assistant. The editorial staff kept pace, bolstered by a series of bright, amusing, sometimes aggravating summertime, wintertime, and special projects editorial assistants. Ed Bell, wonderfully capable, but so drawingly slow-moving that Bill Rickenbacker founded an Ad Hoc Committee to Get Ed Bell Moving Again (amended to the Ad Hoc Committee to Get Ed Bell Moving). Peter Witonski and Farley Clinton who between them one summer managed to out-talk the entire rest of the staff two to one. Phil Ardery, special projects and *Firing Line* panelist. Craig (Dollink) Chawkins, Phil McCombs, who returned three different times and ended up as personal assistant to Jim Buckley on both of his senatorial campaigns having efficiently managed to sandwich in two years of Army service (he was a *Stars and Stripes* correspondent in Vietnam) between Jim's campaigns. He is now working for the *Washington Post* (5th Column Division). Jim Hinish, Linda Lewis, Nadine Klein, and our two ed-

(Continues on page 1312)

A Mile Walk in the Mock Sins of the White Man

Once upon a time there was a paleface by the name of Jane Fonda,
Who went around the country making a goose out of herself despite
the fact that she was a gonda,
A thing anybody who saw her in the film, "Battle of the Little
Big Horny" could hardly doubt,
Which is all about this sex-deprived, whisky-sodden, cow-stealin'
Indian scoubt
For Custer, the latter having already convinced Henry, Peter, and
Senator McGovern before the picture gets really humming,
That he had it cumming.
And not only he but his 264 men and their wives and children
back at the fort.
Savvy? You can lead a Crazy Horse to water but an insane Pig
General from the Montana Territory Military-Industrial Complex
he gotta be taught
To swallow the Big Medicine of Love-in-the Raw
Hide and Freak, and Hippie Hunting Ground lore.
And Jane she heap big Injun Squaw ridum saddled movie pony bareback:
When she go home log hut Paris withum wampum what she gonna wear
back?

—JOHANNES EFF

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Mrs. Hazelton Throws a Bash...

. . . for NATIONAL REVIEW*'s fifteenth birthday.*
Everybody wasn't there (couldn't fit)—
but those who were had a happy.
Take a look.

To Remark the Fifteenth Anniversary of NATIONAL REVIEW *Magazine* [the invitations began, very sedately] *Nika Standen Hazelton and the Committee of Sponsors Request the Pleasure of* [name] *at a* [turn the page] PERFECTLY SMASHINGLY ABSOLUTELY WILD KNOCK-DOWN DRAG-OUT NO HOLDS BARRED GREAT BIG NOISY UNINHIBITED BRAWL OF A P*A*R*T*Y*." The revelers came, five hundred strong ["Sorry, fire laws"—N.S.H.] and not an inhibition in the bunch, to Central Park's Tavern-on-the-Green Restaurant. By 3 A.M. the Anniversary had been thoroughly Remarked—by old and new friends, a few friendly enemies, the brass of several competing publications, and *NR*'s editors and staff.

[illegible] to meet everybody and have a good time. To maximize the cross-fertilization, guests shook hands and chatted with Mrs. Nika Hazelton and the editors in a receiving line (from which end-man Burnham kept wandering away, so engrossed did he become in conversations). With the introductions out of the way, everyone sat down with the drink of his choice and heard a Few (really, a *very* few) Brief (yes, they were nicely brief) Remarks. Mrs. H., the Universal Hostess, arbitrix of *NR*'s "Delectations" column, welcomed one and all, instructed them in no uncertain terms to have a good time, and introduced Publisher Bill Rusher. Who in turn introduced—half the people there, such luminaries as Congressman John Ashbrook; Frank Shakespeare of USIA; Henry Grunwald, managing editor of *Time*; and read letters and telegrams from more who couldn't attend —readers Agnew and Nixon, among them.

NR's Editor offered droll readings of several liberal post mortems on the New York senatorial election, and then introduced the cause of all this tooth-gnashing, Senator-elect James Buckley, who greeted the assembly as "fellow night-riders." (The *New York Times* account of the party quoted that, coyly not mentioning that it was lifted from the *Times*' own gloomy "what-if-Buckley-wins" editorial.) Exit James, re-enter Bill to introduce pianist Samuel Lipman (an *NR* reader), who silenced the room with his renditions of Bach's E-minor Toccata and the Rachmaninoff Prelude in C-sharp Minor.

From then on, the party was given its head. The music was non-stop, from Will Bill Davison and his dixieland band, and The Repairs, a rock band led by Fairfield U's Peter McCann. ("They're good boys," said Davison of the rockers; "they're really together," said McCann of Davison's band.) The menu, served buffet-style, was Mexican—three kinds of enchiladas, chile, chicken elena, beef stew ladled out of a hollowed pumpkin ("Whittaker Chambers' original pumpkin," someone was heard to say); and guava cheesecake, Lindy's was never like this.

And so it went—talking, dancing, reveling into the night. The dixielanders packed up at 1 A.M., and The Repairs went into some of their quieter numbers. By two, the crowd had thinned considerably—but there were die-hards: "Bill said we were leaving in twenty minutes," sighed Priscilla Buckley. "That was an hour and a half ago."

A great, big, noisy, good time seems to have been had by, conservatively speaking, all.

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The receiving line: WFB introducing unidentified postulant-reactionary, to regal hostess Nika Hazelton, who will in turn introduce him to Bill Rusher, Priscilla Buckley, Frank Meyer and James Burnham.

(*Left, Above*) The meeting of two of NATIONAL REVIEW's All-Time Greats, Women's Division: Gertrude (the Invincible) Vogt, in from California for the occasion, meets Nika Hazelton.

(*Above*) A table of party-goers looking toward the bandstand where Bill Rusher is calling the revels to order.

(*Left*) James L. Buckley goes through rite of passage as politician: indoctrination from author-evangelist Freda Utley. In background, Daniel Buckley.

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The Editor Introduces The Senator-Elect . . .

. . . by quoting from Robert Mayer's column in *Newsday*, November 5, 1970, entitled "The Shame of New York."

" 'It crept in during the night. It was hanging over the city when we awoke yesterday, gray and imponderable, like the fog. Morning became afternoon and still it would not go away, the shame, the burden, the thorny crown of collective guilt. We sat in darkened apartments, Dostoyevskyan, vaguely aware of grey light filtering in through the windows, unable to stir outside, unwilling to face our neighbors, eyes cast down, unseeing. New York! New York had come to this.

" '. . . On one dark day New York removed Allard Lowenstein from the House, and placed James Buckley in the Senate. That is enough dirty work for a decade. . . .

" 'If much of this sounds bitter, it is. It is difficult to be a gracious loser when you are branded before the nation, as all New Yorkers are today, with the letter C for Conservative on your forehead. But I suppose, in time, the shame will pass, and we shall learn to live with Buckley, just as, in time, we learned to live with Nixon. Already the lady of the house is planning to venture outside, as soon as she can find her dark glasses.' "

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the man who put Mrs. Robert Mayer in dark glasses—James L. Buckley."

Commissioner Robert Moses and cousin Baroness Franz von Knapitsch applauding James Buckley's stand on pollution. James and Marcia Burnham in the background; Mrs. Margaret Church in foreground.

The Buckley table: Mrs. Wm. F. Buckley Sr. swears she never told the story about Bill and the King of England that night. Also, Priscilla, Jim and Bill.

"Hello Senator!" "Hi there, Advocate!" Jim Buckley shakes with Bill Rusher in front of party impresario C. H. Simonds. Behind them, Eugene O'Neill Meyer, son of Frank and Elsie; left, Ralph de Toledano, in from Washington.

(On left:) Jim Buckley, shaking hands with Mrs. Vic Frank, as her husband Vic, former *NR* tax counsel (easy: *NR* pays no taxes), and Mrs. Kieran O'Doherty, wife of Boss O'Doherty, look *on.* (*On right:*) Elsie and Gene Meyer.

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Mrs. Hazelton and Jim Buckley. Straining to listen, USIA Director Frank Shakespeare and fellow werewolf (*Pravda*'s term) WFB.

(*Extreme Top*) Political magician Clif White—the applause still coming in, from author Christopher Emmet.

(*Above*) Mrs. WFB, known to Women's Lib as Pat, moonstruck by proposal of lawyer-impresario Thomas A. Bolan.

At rear, Wild Bill Davison and his Dixieland band. Foreground, two of six rock stars from Peter McCann's group—Larry Treadwell and Sukie Probst.

WFB congratulates concert pianist Samuel Lipman, who substituted at last minute for Rosalyn Tureck, and brought the house down with Bach, Rachmaninoff.

Professor Peter (Ask Me Anything) Witonski, and Mrs. Francis Russell, pleased by punch.

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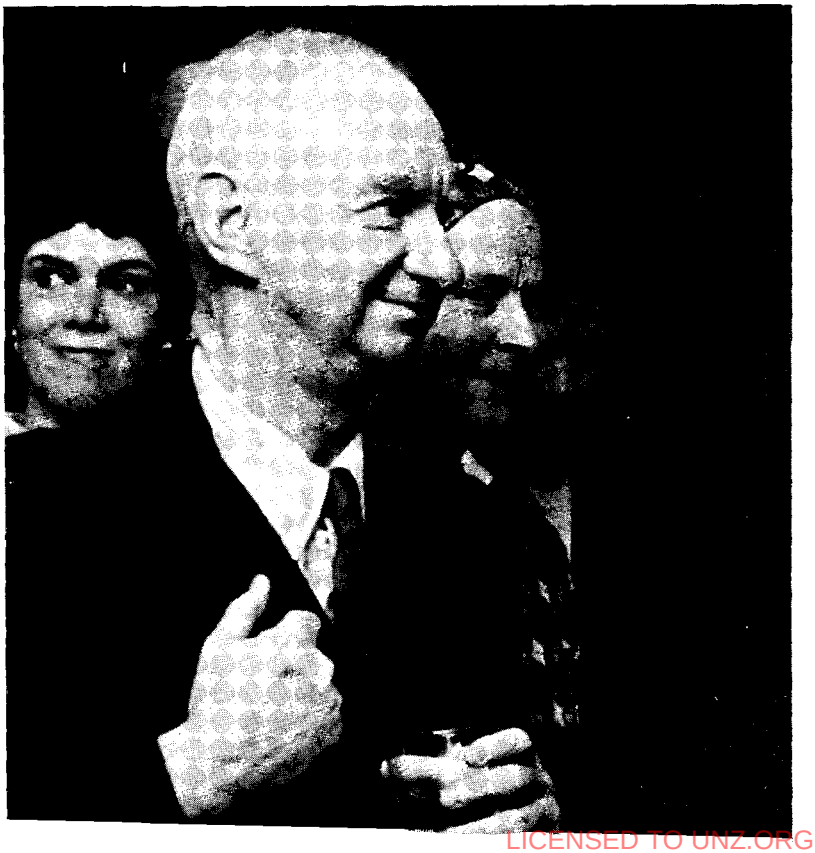
The New York Times

(*Above*) Boss Dan Mahoney of New York's Conservative Party tells Clare Luce all about the Making of a Senator.

(*Below*) Joining the "night-riders of the radical right," Columnist and Mrs. Homes Alexander.



(*Top*) WFB will sleep better at night knowing that Jim has been elected to the U.S. Senate.

(*Bottom*) Maryland State Senator Robert Bauman, YAF elder statesman, relaxing after his hard-fought campaign.

The New York Times

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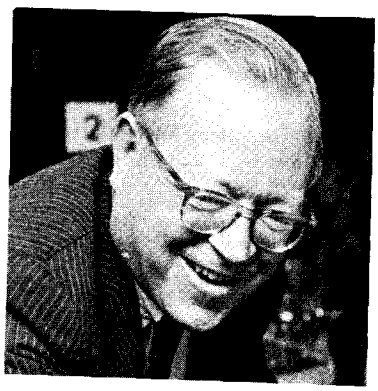
The New York Times

Mrs. Luce, widow of the Founding Titan, at rest with successor Henry Grunwald, Managing Editor of *Time*, and Mrs. Grunwald.

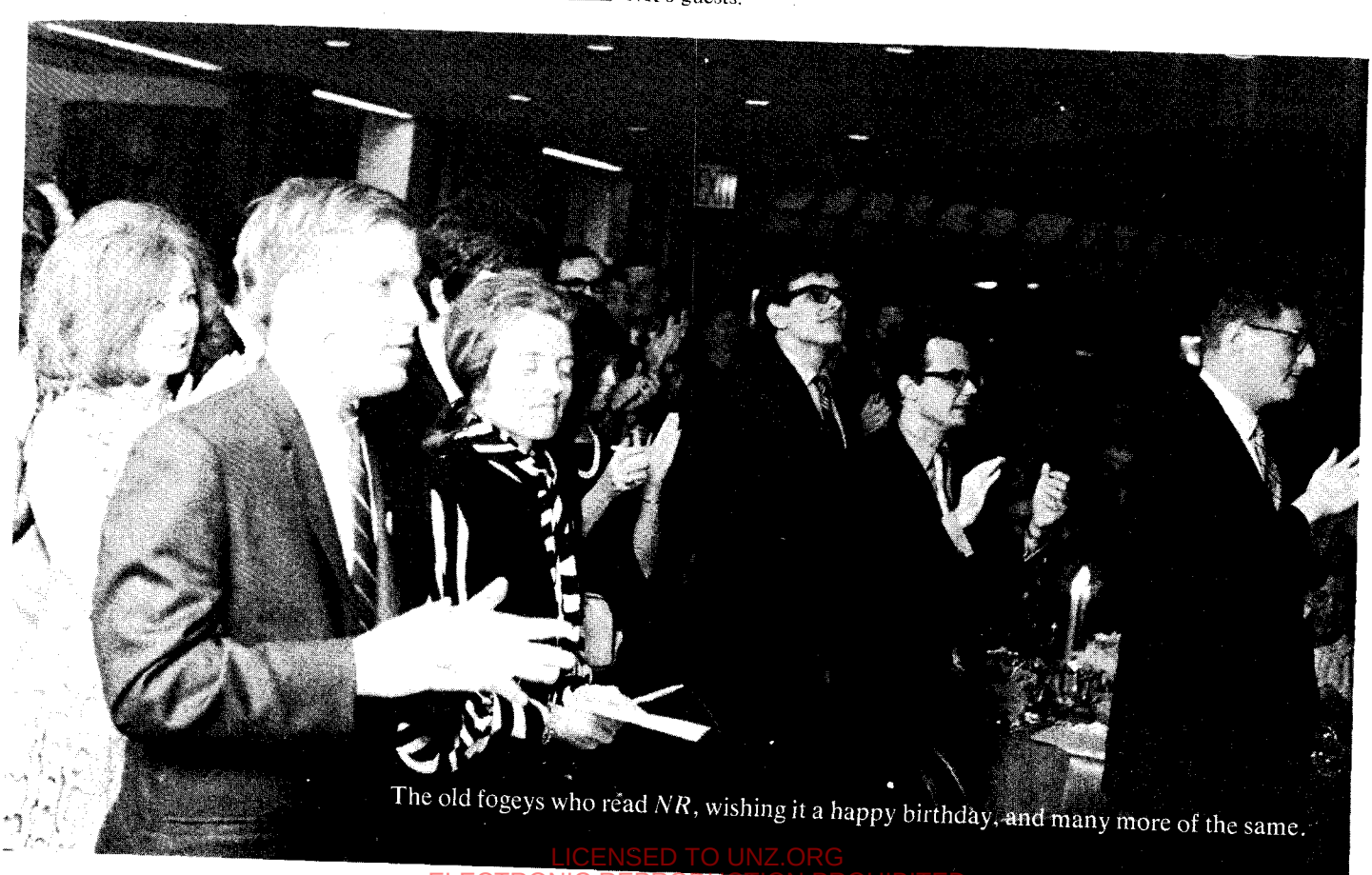


John W. Buckley, oldest brother, practicing the handshake that will unseat J. Javits in 1976.

Mrs. James Burnham sets the tone of the evening, greeting Hostess Hazelton.

The New York Times

The Senator-elect, interrupting his Jamaica vacation, greets *NR*'s guests.



The old fogeys who read *NR*, wishing it a happy birthday, and many more of the same.

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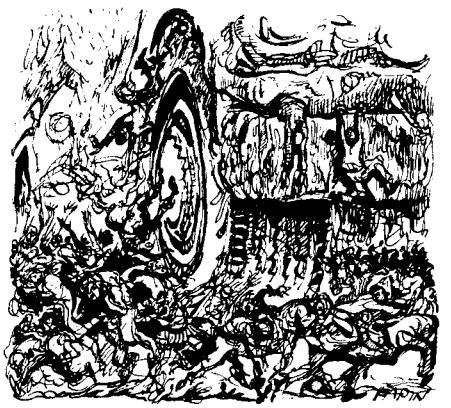
Apocalypse Next Exit

GUY DAVENPORT

THE AUTOMOBILE, a mechanical termite, has in the last two decades eaten the American town, turning it into a rotten lace of trashy buildings. This maggot-flux of traffic is the pulse of history in our time, and it is the end of a world. Strange that no writer, no artist, no composer, no philosopher has noticed it! The American town no longer has an *outside*; we have all moved indoors like so many cave-dwellers. Medieval people were insiders too. Their streets were sewers. Ours are racetracks, bloody accidents, megaphones for spun tires, slammed brakes, the roar of motors. The great historical fact of the immediate past is therefore not that Neil Armstrong set foot on the moon or that the century of total war has continued into its seventieth year or that the liberal philosophies of the nineteenth century have become the mandates for terrorism and totalitarianism, but that man has ruined his one design for a community.

Cultures are discontinuous. They are *forms* of civilization. Civilization is the only evolved condition of mankind and has no viable alternative of any popularity. Culture, which begins with growing grain, comes after civilization, and has an infinite variety of forms. Civilization is the simple fact of being tame rather than wild; it is the domestication first of man, then of the dog, then of the cat, then of the cow. Slavery is the domestication of men by men. As long as there was no way around slavery, we heard precious little about the morality of human beings domesticating human beings as if they were cattle. The machine, of course, has made it possible for man to forget altogether the fact of slavery, but history happens with such a ghostly slow motion, and cultures hold their ideals with such somnambulistic tenacity, that we shall be another century yet, at least, domesticating the machine and freeing mankind from its ingrained propensity to keep slaves.



The content of our thought when it takes the form of literature, that is, when it becomes symbols of great potency, is therefore apt to be secret, emblematic, even enigmatic. The automobile, which is merely a detail of modern technology, does not figure obviously in the vocabulary of current imagery for the simple reason that the nature of civilization is so badly misunderstood. The problem is perfectly simple. Domestication of what the historians laughably call a labor-saving device (meaning an ox for plowing or the replacement of the horse by the internal-combustion engine) has before now fooled the saver of labor. The Laplander and his reindeer come to mind —the Laplander has indeed domesticated the reindeer, but in such a way that he must follow that wandering beast in its arctic grazing. An impartial observer would most certainly remark that the reindeer has domesticated the Laplander. The reindeer *keeps* a herd of human beings. The automobile keeps a nation of willing chauffeurs, not to mention all its other slaves, taxpayers, road-builders, dredgers of oil, refiners of gasoline; I could use all the typing paper in the office and still not have completed the catalog of domestics enslaved to the automobile, a machine which, to the best of my knowledge, has botched civilization beyond repair and so dislocated the possibilities for a high culture (that was our hope, wasn't it?) that we face another dark age more terrible than any yet in history.

THE POINT OF ALL THIS IS that recent literature has displayed a nervousness and strange disquiet that needs sharp-eyed interpretation. It seems to me that the great invisible (but not impalpable) theme of modern writing is precisely the crucial problem of civilization itself. The matter is an on-going discussion from Homer forward. The *Iliad* is a poem about taming passion. Its first word is *blind fury*; its last, *horsetamer*. All of Christian tradition (and Confucian) is anchored in the concept that human freedom is possible only when man has control of himself. In the modern totalitarian state the old idea of man as a domesticated herd has come back, a Neolithic idea of human conduct. In the modern Russian novel and novels from the Soviet Empire the theme of enslavement answers in its sometimes wholly disguised way the pitiful question asked the poet Anna Akhmatova during the days of Yezhov's terror. She was in the day-long lines of wives before the Leningrad prison, waiting to see her husband (shot) or her son (Siberia). A woman who recognized her as a poet came up to her and whispered, "Can you describe this?"

"Yes," she whispered back, "I can."

One of the best descriptions of Soviet tyranny won the Dimitrov Prize of the Bulgarian People's Republic, which was awarded Anton Donchev's beautiful

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novel, *Time of Parting*, by judges who chose not to see that a story about the heroic struggle of the Bulgarians to throw off the yoke of Turkey admits of other interpretations, or that its symbolic plot concerning Orpheus conceals a Christian parable. And plainer voices have spoken: Solzhenitsyn, Zamyatin, Bulgakov, Sinyavsky, Platonov.

The American writer is not a political creature. To ask of practically any prominent poet or novelist if he is Left or Right is to ask the wrong question. He will have inherited along with the tradition in which he writes a liberal attitude that may be native to the arts in general. At the same time, he will honor a range of conservative ideas which underlie the continuity of culture. Two permanent spirits in the arts take their identity from what might be called the left and right of laughter. Comedy is always liberal, because it is the spirit of flexibility and revolt; and satire is always conservative, because it is the art of contrasting what is with what ought to be.

The political freedom of any society can be tested instantaneously by noting its tolerance of comedy and satire. Despotic governments cannot abide them, and cultural tyrannies, such as Communism and fascism, suppress them. Neither comedy nor satire has attracted the mind of the Left, which has a leaden tendency toward postures of sincerity, ritual wailing, doctrinal propaganda and high-toned seriousness. No sane artist would give up the mobility of his intellect for the frozen attitudes of the Left.

The best of our writers have continued to look for the vertebrae under the fat of the Pepsi Generation, hoping to find it organized into a spine. Tom Berger, John O'Hara, Flannery O'Connor and Harry Crews gave negative reports after extensive diagnoses that will glow with prophecy in years to come. The more speculative novelists—Updike, Bellow, Malamud—were scarcely more hopeful; alarmed worry has been the note in fiction for two decades now.

But a cultural period takes its tone as much from what it honors in the past as from what it creates. The last twenty years saw the decisive end of the brilliant modern renaissance that began in 1910. There was a great settling of dust, and many figures who were heretofore invisible emerged. One was Charles Ives, whose satiric tone poems and Whitmanesque symphonies are the only American music a sane man might listen to with attention. Another was Louis Zukofsky, who, like Ives, was content to develop the potential of his genius while everybody else was grinning at cameras and mounting bandwagons. The retrospective spirit found Borges in Argentina, Walser in Switzerland (this largely the work of the English poet Christopher Middleton, whose translations of Walser's *The Walk* and *Jakob von Gunten* made him available in English).

MEANWHILE the American talent for neglect and indifference raged on. Twenty years from now, some Eskimo scholar will discover Paul Metcalf, whose magnificent *Genoa* was published five years ago in all but total non-recognition. The professors will discover Ivy Compton-Burnett about the same time that the *Cambridge History of English Literature* ceases to identify Herman Melville as "a minor travel writer." And someday a third person in the English-speaking world will read Charles Doughty and shout the wonder of his stern epics; at the moment Mrs. William Murdough Chance and I are his sole admirers in the whole world.

Among the fine new writers there are Cormac McCarthy (*The Orchard Keeper*, *The Outer Dark*), chronicler of the heart's blackness; Harry Crews, who has recorded in three novels as wildly harmonious as banjo music the more frenetic depravities of the South; and Kenneth Gangemi, a steel-fingered, lightweight genius whose way with words approaches the control and sting of the late E. E. Cummings.

And while we are looking at invisibilities, we ought to mention the quietly subversive work of the anthropologist Rodney Needham of Oxford, who has been diligently editing and bringing out a series of books by scholars who got lost in the academic shuffle (men like Charles Staniland Wake, Arnold van Gennep, A. M. Hocart). Needham's point in his prefaces to these forgotten books is one worth listening to; namely that in our time the academic community is apt to be ruled by men highly incompetent in their discipline, and can usually be counted on to have drummed the truly competent and original scholar out of

a job. The geniuses in the scholarship of a subject (the Wittgensteins, Birdwhistells and Veblens) have stormy careers in universities, come to rest outside of them, and have to have their work rediscovered once they are safely in the grave. Such retrospection is actually a healthy and necessary circumspection, and we need an American Needham to defend and reinterpret our own lost Pumpellys, Lorine Niedeckers and Henry Slominskys.

The last fifteen years have been rich in highly imaginative literature. The novels of Iris Murdoch, John Fowles, Günter Grass, John Barth and Kurt Vonnegut Jr., to name a few masters only in a brilliant age of the novel, are all transfigurations and subtle modifications of the traditional novel. The age of Joyce, Proust and Wyndham Lewis is over; and most contemporary novelists write as if they are not following an epic period of invention and innovation, but as if they were picking up where Wilkie Collins and Dickens left off. They have assumed the new freedom of raw frankness (a recurrence rather than an innovation), and they struggle with a world that grows daily more incomprehensible.

Literature and all the arts with the

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exception of the film are going through what seems to be a new decadent period like that at the end of the last century. This movement is just beginning; one can detect the autumnal seriousness, a certain ripeness of decay, echoes of the high rot of the end of Rome. Decadence in the arts is always harvest time, the moment of summaries, resignation, retrospection. But this may be idle speculation; the present quiescence and conservatism in the novel is not paralleled by the poem, which is in bristling chaos, or the drama, which is busy swallowing its tail, or the film, which is exploring new ground with admirable diligence.

I suspect a new decadence (or philosophical weariness, if you prefer another term) for other reasons, however. The last decadence came just when the age of technology had achieved its first plateau—the covering of Europe with rails, the advent of the automobile (Kipling said it would make people cleverer; Henry James did not agree) and the airplane (which, as Wilbur and Orville Wright explained, would end all wars). In a world so turbulently progressive, literature became reflective, erudite and melancholy. The horse, the country lane, the village church faded into mythology.

We now live in just such an age again: Everything is suddenly obsolete. There are no more trains, no more pedestrians, no more quiet, no more fireflies. Everything is turning to plastic. We can practically expect to see the end of many things as old as man: the ship, towns to live and work in (as distinct from a formicary for automobiles), the wilderness. These things were in our culture all along, and many writers have already described them. Joyce located the modern consciousness in the stream of traffic as early as 1904. It will be the business of literature and the arts to contain and transmit what culture survives the century. If any. □

BOOKS AND IDEAS

The Conservative Consensus

PETER P. WITONSKI

The late Richard Weaver, in a capricious moment, defined conservatism as "the paradigm of essences toward which the phenomenology of the world is in continuing approximation." As a jeu d'esprit the Weaver aside has become a classic, quoted whenever in doubt by Mr. Weaver's votaries; but as a meaningful statement about conservatism it leaves, like many another, much to be desired. Surely Mr. Weaver, a lover of rhetorical play, appreciated this fact. He knew, better than most, that conservatism is not so easily defined or categorized—which, incidentally, may help to explain why he never did bother to define conservatism.

Conservatism only becomes conspicuous in periods of acute crisis, when lines are clearly drawn and sides chosen. It is not surprising, therefore, that the most interesting conservative writing is done during such troubled times. If, in T. S. Eliot's phrase, the "enemies of permanent things" are afoot in the land, the conservative becomes inspired with a countercause, he is free to do his special thing, which is to *conserve*. One thinks of the polarization following the French Revolution, with Tom Paine on one side, glorifying *The Rights of Man*, and Edmund Burke on the other, penning that masterpiece of conservative thought, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. People whose impulses were liberal or radical sided with Paine; conservatives tended to agree with Burke. Indeed, to this very day the Paine-Burke dichotomy is an excellent test of one's tendencies toward liberalism or conservatism.

OUR OWN CENTURY has seen many such polarizing crises, events that have roused conservatives (as well as liberals) to shed ink at a furious pace. The Russian Revolution and its aftermath, the Spanish Civil War, the New Deal, the McCarthy trauma and, most recently, the Vietnam war are prime examples. During these crises it has never been very difficult to separate liberals from conservatives. With a few notable exceptions, they turn up on opposite sides, bitterly attacking one another.

In relatively happy times—and, alas, these have been few in our century—the conservative's lot is much simpler, far less controversial, and unlikely to produce much in the way of significant literature. In such periods, the conservative simply says to himself, "I like the status quo, it is good to me and my fellows, and I want to keep it, I do not want to lose it." One is reminded of the late President Calvin Coolidge, who knew well the meaning of the ancient Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times." The past fifteen years, the period of NATIONAL REVIEW's existence, have indeed been "interesting times"; and, as a result, they have not usually been happy times. Conservatives have not had much chance to muse upon the joys of the status quo, for the status quo itself has not been joyful. Rather, they have been locked in a battle to save Western civilization. In America they have been struggling manfully—sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully—to *conserve* the American Republic, which is under heavy attack both at home and abroad.

It should be apparent, to anyone who has read *NR* over the past fifteen years, that conservatives have not always been *in agreement about the best means* of conserving our civilization and Republic—or even, whether they are worth conserving at all. Whittaker Chambers' chilling rejoinder, "Who says the West deserves to be saved?" has plagued more than one conservative intellectual, despondent over the direction of the zeitgeist.

Not all conservatives, let it be noted, are even interested in conserving the same things. Theirs is no ideology, with a fixed party line to be rigidly followed—though there are those within the conservative consensus anxious for the intellectual security of an ideological system. Ours, after all, is a society that has become accustomed to ideological thinking, and even the best of us—us con-

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servatives, I mean—occasionally succumb to the blandishments of ideological system-building. The lure is sometimes too great to be avoided, and thus—despite all protestations to the contrary—conservatism, like liberalism, has its share of ideologues. I will not name names. Suffice it to say that the very concept of a conservative movement—what Frank Meyer has called conscious, as opposed to natural, conservatism—has within it the seeds of an ideological formulation. But such ideology as does exist is too vague to be easily reduced to a simple definition. Let me simply stress that conservatives disagree on too many fine points to be lumped together for ideological purposes.

NEVERTHELESS a conservative consensus does exist, a fact that has become acknowledged since it was first noted by Frank Meyer in his treatise, *In Defense of Freedom*. Even Meyer's bitterest critics, I suspect, would now agree that, despite the variegated, occasionally disputatious and often elusive tone and content of most conservative thought, there are probably more fundamental points of agreement than disagreement. Within the confines of the American conservative tradition, such seemingly opposed thinkers as William Graham Sumner and Irving Babbitt (in their day), and Milton Friedman and Russell Kirk (in our day), can join in a common struggle to preserve the Republic from what Meyer has called the "collectivist-liberal" enemy. There may still be purists who reject this fusion—classical liberals so adamant in their libertarianism that they view traditionalists as being the next best thing to slave-owners, and traditionalists so crotchety about change that they write off all libertarians

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as vulgar Benthamites and Manchester liberals. However, they do not belong to the mainstream of contemporary American conservatism. Not only the editorial policy of NATIONAL REVIEW, but the public utterances of every major conservative politician of the past two decades, reflect this fact. We are all libertarians; we are all traditionalists.

Of course not all conservative writers are major writers. Trash and drivel prevail in all fields, and a review of the past fifteen years of conservative writing should begin by dismissing 95 per cent of it. Like Edward Arlington Robinson's visionary Miniver Cheevy, some conservative writers (I will leave their names to the reader) seem content to sate their intellects by chucking hard thinking and merely sighing for what is not. The past few years have produced a vast number of truly bad conservative books, which we may happily ignore. Let it not be said of us that "none dare call it rotten"; and let it be duly noted that those *terribles simplificateurs*, the liberals, have produced even more bad books, which we may also ignore, leaving them to the encomiasts at the *New Republic*.

SEVERAL WORKS pre-dating *NR*'s existence have had a powerful influence on the development of modern American conservatism, and *NR*'s conservatism in particular. William Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* was the first consciously conservative book to capture the imagination of a reading public transcending the conservative movement itself. More than any conservative book published in the Fifties, Buckley's youthful study of the role of liberalism at his alma mater captured the imagination of youth. It was the initial stimulus to such young conservative groups as the ISI and Young Americans for Freedom. Despite the author's occasional disclaimers, *God and Man at Yale* is a work of immense importance, even more so today, at a moment when our colleges and universities are in great trouble.

Less significant in the literary marketplace, but equally controversial and influential within the intellectual community, were the works of such prominent pre-*NR* writers as F. A. Hayek, Richard Weaver, Canon Bell, Albert Jay Nock, T. S. Eliot, C. S. Lewis and Russell Kirk. While the intellectual climate of opinion remained liberal, these writers adumbrated the kind of rigorous conservatism that was, a little later, to manifest itself in the pages of *NR*. Hayek's brilliant polemic, *The Road to Serfdom*, eloquently exposed the evils of socialism, and turned more than one reader away from the dogmas of socialist economics. T. S. Eliot, already acknowledged one of the greatest poets of our century, magisterially cried out for a renaissance of genuine civilization in his two classics, *The Idea of a Christian Society* and *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*. His literary reputation alone was enough to make people take notice. And Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* brilliantly refuted the popularly held belief that the conservatives were, in John Stuart Mill's phrase, "the stupid party." All these books continue to have an impact—and remain available in paperback editions.

But the real inundation of conservative writing began at about the same time as *NR*. Indeed, *NR*'s contributors and editors had a good deal to do with this. James Burnham, Frank Meyer, Max Eastman, John Dos Passos, Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk and William Buckley all played a major role in the conservative intellectual revival. Of particular importance was Meyer's *In Defense of Freedom: A Conservative Credo* —a work that is, scandalously, out of print!—which endeavored to explain the fusion of libertarian and traditionalist thinking at the root of American conservatism. Called by one critic "the conscience of American conservatism," Meyer, in his succeeding books and articles, has defended conservative principles and standards with a rigor and zeal surpassing even his most dedicated colleagues. Indeed, it has been said of him that, more than any of *NR*'s original editors, he has been willing to "stand athwart history, and cry stop!"

James Burnham's 1964 *Suicide of the West*, published in the midst of a Presidential campaign, advanced the neo-Machiavellian world-view that he had articulated in his earlier works. Burnham, who is not strictly speaking a conservative—rather, he is a right-wing counterrevolutionary—coldly analyzed the weaknesses of soft-headed liberalism. Also highly critical of liberalism were Barry Goldwater's bestseller, *The Conscience of a Conservative*; Willmoore Kendall's *The Conservative Affirmation*; Thomas Molnar's *Decline of the Intellectual*; and William Buckley's *Up from Liberalism*. Add to this list Buckley's excellent study of the liberal press, *The Unmaking of a Mayor* (which was praised, but generally misinterpreted, by reviewers), and we have a splendid collective critique of the liberal world-view.

NOT ALL AREAS HAVE BEEN so richly endowed with conservative commonsense. The textbooks to which our children are subjected in school and university remain, with few exceptions, solidly liberal in outlook. In the crucial field of American history, liberalism prevails even more strongly today than it did fifteen years ago. We still await that history of the United States, which Admiral Samuel Morison called for several years back, with the conservative tradition acting as the leaven. This is not to say that the scholarly world has been without important conservatives. In American history, for example, such major scholars as Daniel Boorstin, Forrest McDonald and Admiral Morison have had a powerful influence. The economics profession has been greatly moved by the writings of the Chicago school, especially Milton Friedman and George Stigler. Friedman's popular *Capitalism and Freedom*, along with his highly technical studies in the field of monetary theory, have made

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him the best-known economist in the country. In political science, such traditionalists as Eric Voegelin, Hannah Arendt (in an earlier incarnation), Leo Strauss and Michael Oakeshott have all gained great attention in recent years. Voegelin's *The New Science of Politics*, Strauss' *Natural Right and History*, Arendt's *The Origins of Totalitarianism* have profoundly affected the theoretical foundations of contemporary conservative thinking. But even with all this intellectual activity, conservatives remain a rather small minority within the intellectual community.

In the purely political realm conservatives have been somewhat more apparent. Kevin Phillips' *The Emerging Republican Majority* is, perhaps, the most widely discussed piece of psephological writing in American history. It has been attacked by virtually every prominent liberal in the country. Conservative politicians have turned to writing books with a zeal that is both heartening and surprising. Such names as Ronald Reagan, Barry Goldwater and Spiro Agnew are now to be found in university library card catalogs. Even journalism has felt the potency of conservative influence. Whereas in the early years of *NR* there were few first-rate conservative columnists to choose from, today their number seems to multiply with increasing rapidity. The views of James J. Kilpatrick, William Buckley, Kevin Phillips, Anthony Lejeune, Russell Kirk and Jeffrey Hart (to give only a very partial listing) regularly appear in newspapers all over the country.

Fifteen years ago *NR* was alone among the serious conservative journals. Today there are a number of others, both popular and scholarly, to choose from. Such magazines as *Modern Age*, the *New Individualist Review* and the *Intercollegiate Review* have published some of the most enlightened conservative writing to appear anywhere during the past fifteen years. In *NR*'s early days there was only one consistently conservative publisher, Henry Regnery of Chicago. Today most major publishing companies will bring out works by conservatives.

These are, as I say, only a few of the developments—I hope, important developments—that have taken place in the conservative literary world since the founding of *NR*. They bespeak the growing intellectual maturity of the conservative movement, as well as *NR*'s influence on that movement. Conservative writers and writings are no longer just something to hope for; they are here for us to read. □

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THEATER '70

Writer to Actor to Director

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

Any theater person who was good in 1955 is nervous, very nervous, in 1970. As society's perpetually ailing "abstract and brief chronicle," the theater is lunging into the Seventies with a consuming lust for genius. There is no place in the theater evolving around us for the merely good.

Healthy mediocrity was enough to keep a show running in New York even six or seven years ago. But our one-time best playwrights have fallen into a kind of early dotage. The Williams-Miller-Inge-Anderson group had begun to prove itself on the whole commercially unviable in the mid-Sixties, and even today the retread productions of *Death of a Salesman* or *Camino Real* don't wow them at provincial universities any more than they do in New York. And the efforts of establishment playwrights to accommodate themselves to what they take to be modish have been disastrous. Even Edward Albee, than whom no playwright responds quicker to a new idea, has not been able to keep up with his audience since *A Delicate Balance*.

THEATER, MORE THAN MOST other performing arts, responds with exceptional rapidity to the society around it. With commercial success more problematical with each passing month, producers and playwrights act in a kind of desperation to be creatures of their times. (In my sometime capacity as a reader of new scripts, I recently went through a play in which the hero responds to the frustrations of society by screaming. An archetypal response, perhaps, but he noted that it was ineffective, producing only "laryngitis." That's the best writers can do to create an attitude toward the world around them.) Trendiness is not of itself a fault. But trendiness that doesn't arise from the imperative needs of creative talents is.

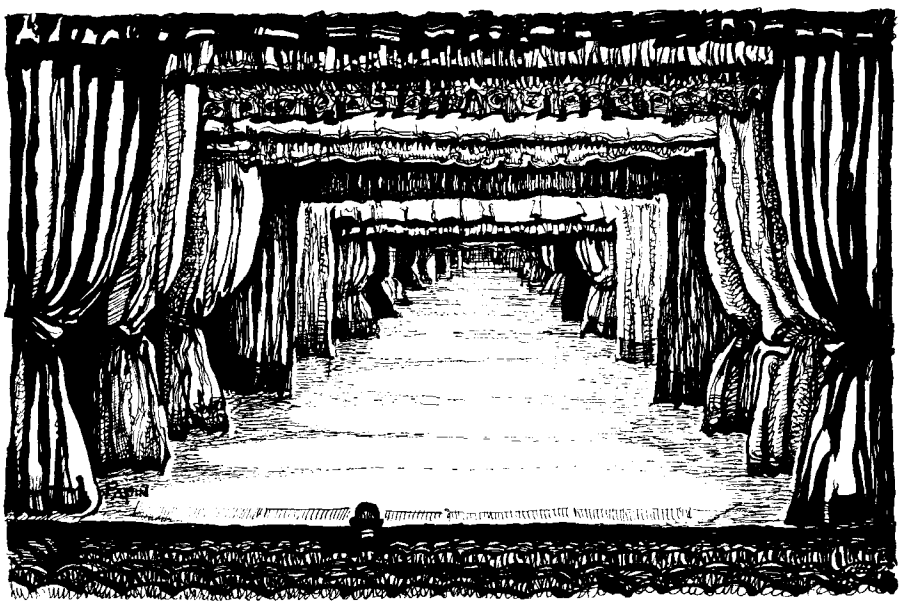
What one saw in the Fifties was a response to the need for "concern." (It used to be said of the Labor Party in Britain that it didn't matter what its policies were so long as it "cared.") "Concern" is not a very good reason for writing a play. That is, as in much of Arthur Miller's work, the idea tends to overburden the form which manifests it. One of the attributes of a post-liberal theater is that fewer playwrights are writing plays to serve an idea. When an idea is served, it is often served by something else, such as documentary theater. A play that shows "concern" can no longer hold an audience for the same reason it might have ten or fifteen years ago. Both the audience's idea of what constitutes a good dramatic experience and its idea of what the mechanics of that experience should be are undergoing marked changes.

As an audience in search of a theme, the Fifties audience has become a series of Seventies audiences. The fragmentation of the audience—so that one has, even in New York, an audience for rock musicals, an audience for political plays, an audience for off-Broadway revivals of the classics—means that the thematic content of theater has become as varied as the different audiences going to plays. Identifiable message, in almost every form of theater, has tended to become boring, except to very specialized audiences; certainly the audiences that go to so many kinds of theater in New York in 1970 do not crave any large dose of ideological input. That craving has become a specialized taste. The old "theater of intense concern" cannot support itself economically. Its demise is forcing a redefinition of theater.

Theater in 1970 is best defined as "that which tries to make people stay in New York after 7:30 for some purpose other than a movie or sex." As such it is something of a failure, even when it tries to offer the sex as a fillip. The reason for its failure in New York and in much of the rest of the country is that theater has tried too hard to be something other than what it is.

What theater has to offer that no other performing art can offer in the same way is a group of people (real people) telling a story (some kind of story) with their own voices (amplified or otherwise). Movies don't serve this function—they are pictures flashed on a screen, not people. Opera doesn't—no words, really, even when opera is sung in English. Ballet doesn't. And so on.

SO WHEN NEIL SIMON—who, whatever his faults, can hold a fairly catholic audience—tells an audience a story, some narrative that progresses through permutations, even backwards, from point A to point B, he is doing what theater audiences want the theater to do for them: to give them some new information or amusement in a relatively linear form. And in the best experimental theater, such as that of Grotowski, there is some narrative impetus,



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which is missing even in film, which may be an expanded picture-anecdote.

People are important in the theater, too, and yet most good actors use the theater as a stepping stone to films. Reasonably enough, for in our media-changeable times, one is a hot property for only so long and must make the best of it. But too often the people we think of as good, steady actors are just that—good steady stage actors, good enough but certainly not brilliant. Passable. They are having an increasingly hard time of it, but mediocrity doesn't succeed that well any more, and the flash-in-the-pan, for all its faults, is the attraction of the day.

But the all-the-great-actors-are-in-films syndrome may be finished by 1972 or 1973. The economic pinch on films is getting to be like that on theater. And when films became oversupplied with exceptionally talented people, some of them will come back to theater to displace the mediocrities who succeeded them when they were catapulted into the film stratosphere.

In some ways, the actor, as the theater's sine qua non, will dictate the direction of theater more than the playwright. There is a degree beyond which the actor will not respond to the theater's lust for novelty. He will not, for instance, let himself be killed or maimed if he can help it. There has been copulation with members of audiences, an Italian leading man has peed on a prominent Milan critic, and members of the audience at quasitheatrical rock concerts have been killed. There are very few firsts left. The it's-already-been-done-in-Warsaw psychology should, in the Seventies, begin to kill the novelty urge that has done the theater so much good and so much harm.

Since it is no longer novel to see nudity per se onstage, the use by directors of nudity should become more sophisticated, more economical and less sensational. An effect in theater is effective in inverse proportion to the number of times it is used. We can say, with some shaky confidence, that the Seventies should see theater doling out its shocks and surprises with a bit more parsimony than the late Sixties.

On the other hand, the Seventies may well see the long-dying playwright finally expire. The reason is partly economic—the playwright cannot produce well enough, fast enough to satisfy the art form he must serve, and his function is rapidly being taken over by directors, to whom most of the exciting theater of the Sixties must be credited. Who were the Sixties playwrights? Nobody knows, and to make up a list is downright embarrassing. Its directors? Brook, Grotowski, Barrault, O'Horgan, Joe Chaikin, Trevor Nunn. The director has succeeded where the playwright hasn't because artistic success in the theater today is a matter of day-to-day decision, and the director functions with a day-to-day, moment-to-moment psyche. The playwright works as if he were for all time and at a certain point regards his work as "finished." But theater is a vital art form, and a theatrical production is never "finished." The vitality of the people in the theater is a vitality that is born of freedom within certain limits.

That the theater is subject to change will be, in the Seventies, its greatest strength. The theater lover should not go to a show once but many times. And he should see different things each time. The actor should, within limits, change, and the room should be full of a closeness to life that belongs to theater and theater alone. □

NUDER THAN EVER

Losing It at the Movies

DAVID BRUDNOY

X-rated flicks? OK, the kids stay home. The other night, however, the neighbs showed a double-feature rated GP, so off we trooped: a friend and her children, ten-year-old Chuck and Carol, the twins, all gooey-palmed and eager for popcorn, fifteen-year-old Regina with a case of the giggles, and us old folks welcoming a few hours of diversion. The lead film was *Oink's Revolting*, starring Peter Fonda as Smooth Glide, the old dope peddler, Mark Frechette as his disciple Mark Oink, a pacifist incendiary who specializes in plastics, Elliott Gould as S*Q*U*I*S*H, the freak-out Jesuit, and James Simon Kunen in his first screen smash as Grape, theorist of the Movement, plus Shelley Winters as Sanguinary Sister, the hypothyroidic groupie.

Revolting documents the valiant efforts of a gaggle of ultra-cool young revolutionaries to sabotage fascist General Guts Zappem's attempt to induct a reluctant CO, Sidney Swellguy (Jon Voight), into the *Luftwaffe* of an unnamed country identified only by its street signs and beer labels, which are in Anglo-Saxon. Carol commented afterward: "I'll be darned if I've got it straight, but it sure was groovy." Regina said it resembled a lecture by her eighth-grade social studies teacher.

The second feature was *Beneath Myra and Joe and Candy and Putney and Sister George*, adapted from Rolf Gonssborg's Danish saga, *Virgin's Curiosity*, which won a prize last year. Candice Bergen, Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Sidney Poitier and Paul Newman play the title roles, in that order, as quintuplet offspring of a mixed marriage. Bestirred to heights of religious awareness by a wandering rock minstrel of the leftist persuasion (Mick Jagger in his second stunning performance), the youngsters, who live in a metropolis identified only by its mayor as Thrillsville, establish an urban commune dedicated to living by the precepts of a Gallic aristocrat named d'Etrange. In due course, the siblings each find themselves a "thing" to do, except Myra, who undergoes a mysterious transformation and sinks into a bog in the center of town. Chuckie was bored. Why, I inquired. "We saw all that stuff in fifth-grade hygiene class."

And that's how it is at the movies these days, or will soon be. Aye, as Russell Kirk would say, the enemies of the permanent things are in the saddle.

I was Regina's age fifteen years ago when my mother forbade me to see Ava Gardner in *Barefoot Contessa*. Naturally, it wasn't long before I was off ogling *Barefoot Contessa*, the wicked tale of a lady gone wrong. Her feet, as I recall, were the only bare things about her. And that, golly gee, was a dirty movie fifteen years ago—in Minnesota at any

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rate. Oh yes, the guys and I got all excited by that beach scene in *From Here to Eternity*, the one where Burt Lancaster kisses the girl on the sand at night —in their bathing suits; and some of the myopic kids were aroused by Anna Magnani in her slip in *Rose Tattoo*.

East of Eden, made in 1955, eventually wended its way to Middle America; that, too, caused a scene at home. "Oh no you won't," declared our family Protector of Faith and Guardian of Morals; "do you know," she asked, "what that filthy movie is about?" I did, and I went, and it was hot stuff, for the time, as was *Seven-Year Itch*, but of course that starred Miss Monroe, who had once posed n—e (or bare-a—d, as they say these days). Before long, Brigitte Bardot was defining Beautiful People for us in *And God Created Woman*; and, well, the progressive disrobing of the glittering damsels of the silver screen is known to all.

By and large, commercial aboveground movies reflect, rather than anticipate, the thought of certain segments of the populace. It's no secret, for instance, that sex in the cinema tells less about what's coming than of what's up already on the fringes of society, among the "avant garde." Struggle as they might against local censors and this code or that, film-makers and distributors always fight a losing battle in trying to be on top of trends. The cardinal thing to keep in mind when pondering changes in the movies in the past fifteen years is that society was very uptight during the Eisenhower era (for example, the first use of "damn" after the Production Code eased its curb on profanity occurred in a forgettable film in *1954*), whereas nowadays, the forces binding society have come unglued so that as in life, where anything goes, ditto in the films. Think it, and it's somewhere in a Hollywood or imported movie.

Politically, where once affection for America was acceptable in movies, today *Green Berets* is scorned not only because it's a lousy film, but because its pro-Americanism seems ludicrous to the trend-setters. Today, the arbiters of taste won't deign to see *Patton*, even though it's superb. Instead, they rush off to gape reverently at the pro-Communist *Z*, reading into *Z* a lesson about American perfidy, and strain to interpret a fine film about interpersonal relations, *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*, as a moral tongue-lashing of white Americans for maltreating the Indian. *True Grit* is a wonderful satire, but those who gush over *King*, a lachrymose deification of Martin Luther King, won't see John Wayne's best film because, of course, Wayne is a ——— (fill in the blank). In 1959, Senator Fulbright ignorantly accused the film *The Ugly American* of being anti-American (yes, *that* Sen. Fulbright); but the reverse situation today is even more ludicrous.

In mid-Fifties America, the problems of youth were treated sympathetically but with some cognizance of what the word "delinquent" meant, as in *Rebel without a Cause*, *Blackboard Jungle* and *The Bad Seed*. Now the discrimination

has been washed away to such degree that, if there is evident any evaluatory stance whatsoever in films like the recent *Hi, Mom!*, *In the Year of the Pig*, *if . . .* and *Woodstock*, it is that whatever "our children" want to do should be done and whatsoever they would have us believe, should be proclaimed gospel.

While from the mid-Fifties onward, efforts by Negroes to gain a decent place in the affections of their white neighbors found reflection in fine films like *A Raisin in the Sun* and *A Patch of Blue*, recent movies about Negroes, many starring the bellwether in such things, Sidney Poitier, have degenerated into patronizing travesties like *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* and *Watermelon Man*, or vulgar put-downs of white America like *Putney Swope*, or into Poitier's currently favored persona as Super-Spade: e.g., *They Call Me Mister Tibbs*.

Other "problem" themes were handled perhaps over-delicately in the mid-Fifties. All the brouhaha about 1955's *The Man with the Golden Arm* said less about the need to explore the drug situation than about that ostrich-in-the-sand age. And *Tea and Sympathy* the next year was so careful to cover its tracks that the theme of homosexuality was undiscernible to those who hadn't read the book. The latter subject, not surprisingly, has been one of the last to emerge from movieland's twilight zone. *Advise and Consent*, *Purple Noon* and *Lawrence of Arabia*, to take a few chronologically, whispered the gay aspect. Today's *The Killing of Sister George*, *Staircase*, *The Boys in the Band*, *Flesh*, *Song of the Loon* and hundreds of others now coming into the commercial movie houses, on the contrary, shout it. It is done; it is in; it is permissible to be shown, sayeth the Court; ergo, the films will be made. Maybe this is salutary, maybe not. But I'm quite sure that we are in less for a spate of movies exploring the homosexuality matter than for a deluge of movies exploiting it.

The drug matter, which is far more important to far more people, is no longer thought about as a "problem," as in *Golden Arm*, but instead is heralded as a way of life. The crucial differences between the psychedelic drugs (marijuana, LSD, mescaline) and the killer depressants (mainly heroin) and "speed" are made less and less explicit in today's films. *Easy Rider*, the closest thing to a youth-folk testament on film—even *Woodstock* is second in that regard—details the financing of Our Heroes' *Wanderreise* in the company of grass and LSD, which is one thing, by the purchase and then sale of heroin into the hands of a pusher, which is quite another. The misery of those who in real life wind up on heroin, just like that in *Easy Rider*, should be front and center in the minds of the movie audience. But that datum is ignored, or rather discounted; and the absolutely vital differentiation of these drugs (by scientific investigations and then by the public) is set just that much farther back, both by the adults who see all drugs as equally awful, and by the kids who see all drugs as equally benign.

Ah yes, W. C. Fields used to say: *Step right up ladies and gentlemen and peruse the transformation of your world.* Come to the movies and glimpse yesterday's—literally yesterday's—happening around the corner. The movies are under no obligation to set the tone of society: the movies mirror society's values. If we

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don't like what we see, we can hardly blame the cinema, except in certain exceptional cases, such as the most egregious offender in recent years, *Easy Rider*, which is accurately credited with having induced people to come to the last Mardi Gras for a grand old rampage.

If now, on the occasion of NATIONAL REVIEW's Fifteenth Anniversary celebration, the highest aspiration of filmmakers is to contrive to elucidate our affection for *Easy Rider*'s warped heroes, don't be surprised if at the time of *NR*'s Twentieth Anniversary, 1975's most revered film has successfully evoked our empathy for an opium-vending, alleyway abortionist Black Panther who gets his kicks by ravaging three year olds. I began on a satiric note, trying to make the best of the rather discomforting situation in which we find ourselves at the movies these days; perhaps it will seem, therefore, as if this last example is meant in jest. It's not. □

LETTERS

(Continued from page 1244)

There is endless commentary about a Europe "liberated" during the last great war, and the six million Jewish victims to Nazi tyranny still find frequent mention, but the reality in Russian-dominated Eastern Europe is not being observed in the process and the six million Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians continue to be sacrificed on the altar of political expediency.

VIKTOR MINNESTE JR.
Chairman,
Estonian-Americans'
Chicago, Ill. Political Action Committee

Foul-up?

Some may think it was just one of those foul-ups, but if so, it must have been inspired. For indeed the only thing it is yet possible to say definitely about the Near East following Nasser's death is precisely what your two-line masterpiece ["The Week," Oct. 20] said—nothing.

San Francisco, Calif. JOHN C. ROBB

It was no foul-up, but we quite agree with you—it was inspired. —ED.

Hendrix and Ardery

It's a wonder Mr. Ardery has not yet realized that by carping about the nonexistent "hard barrier that separates those who never knew Jimi Hendrix alive from those who loved him," i.e., the infamous Generation Gap, he is precipitating exactly the sort of division he deplores ["Notes & Asides," Oct. 6]. In the Massachusetts five-college area, where one finds probably the greatest density of student rock enthusiasts outside of Boston, no keening was heard for the great Hendrix. There was no evidence of grief, in fact—only the same faint interest expressed whenever a renowned someone dies. Call that solipsism, if you must, but tell it like it is. Jimi Hendrix was a rock musician, a good one, who OD'd once too often—not a martyr, not a symbol, and, above all, not an example.

Amherst, Mass. MARGARET AHERN

North Korean POWs

Daily, we should remember the plight and suffering of American prisoners of war in North Vietnam, as you point out ["The Week," Oct. 6]. But there are other Americans we should also be concerned for. Defense Department records show that more than three hundred American servicemen may still be held captive in North Korea. This is out of an original total of 944 who were unaccounted for. To hold a military man of a foreign power nearly twenty years after the conflict is indeed an outrage. The Communists have offered no help in the location or return of these men. Remember these truly forgotten American heroes in your prayers and with letters to your representatives.

Staten Island, N.Y. WILLIAM ROCK

More on van den Haag

Zelda Nordlinger ["Letters," Nov. 3] was quite right to comment that it will take a good deal of effort to change society's treatment of women. For example, in the article about which she was writing ["Women: How Equal?" Sept. 8], Mr. van den Haag suggests that women who reject motherhood as it is traditionally defined should do without children. I think many career women have done just that. But I'm afraid that prospective employers still see them as less "productive and reliable" than male workers. Such attitudes are not likely to change for a long time, but maybe they will change a little faster as the Women's Lib groups provoke us into examining them. For that I am grateful to them.

New York, N.Y. PAULETTE SINCLAIR

Et Cetera

I call your attention to a little ditty that appeared in the August 25 issue of The World's Greatest Magazine: "Pornography Study Gets U.S. Grant." I didn't see the study but it must have been a real bummer if it got a dead Civil War general to turn over in his grave!

Milwaukee, Wisc. DAVID D. HUSTON

Paper-wraps-rock/rock-breaks-scissors/scissors-cut-paper department. Early in your October 20 issue, Roosevelt and his ghostwriters, with Agnew and Lindsay and theirs, are shamed by Churchill's self-reliant eloquence, Alistair Cooke doing the honors. A few pages later FDR and his wordmen are again adduced, this time to justify Barry Goldwater's purchase of other men's prose; Bill Rusher officiates.

All sorts of questions come to mind. 1) Wasn't it, after all, bush-league of Churchill to hack out his own material, when even Goldwater knows better? 2) Do these guys Cooke and Rusher write *their* own stuff? 3) Or maybe each other's? 4) Is there a logician in the house?

Bethesda, Md. JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

I've done it! After ten years of subscribing to *Time* and five years of subscribing to NATIONAL REVIEW, I've canceled my *Time* subscription. As this shows a Giant Leap Forward in my thinking, I thought I ought to let the magazine responsible for the change know about it. I still receive *Better Homes & Gardens* and *National Geographic* though. Are you going to be objecting to them in the near future?

Eglin AFB, Fla. MRS. C. R. WILLIAMS

Not that we know of; but we shall give you advance notice if it becomes necessary.—ED.

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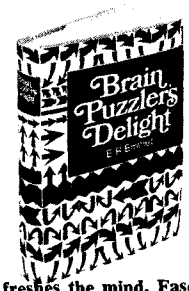

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BUCKLEY

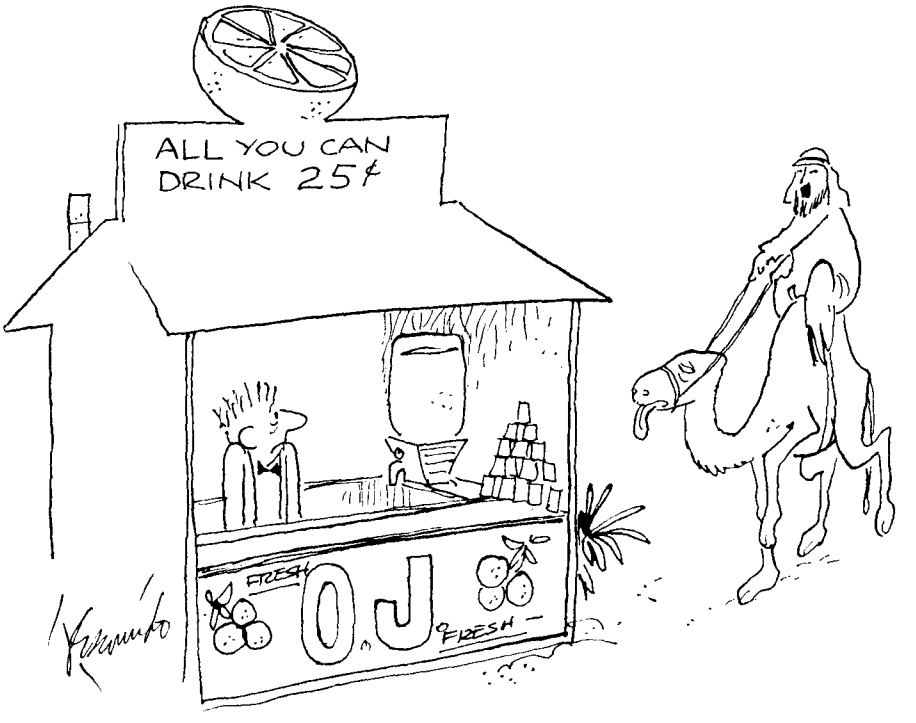
(Continued from page 1295)

itorial assistants as this goes to press, Linda Bridges, who graduated in June from the University of Southern California and came to our attention by joining into the controversy between WFB and Hugh Kenner on "that first sentence in an *Esquire* article" and Kevin Lynch. Kevin, cheery of disposition and with a wit John Coyne tries vainly to emulate, handles most incoming calls. He will, in a single day, advise a gentleman in Connecticut who has paused en route to the polls for the primary to telephone *NR* and ask whom he is to vote for (John Lupton), tell a teacher that Frank Trager's *Why Vietnam?* is the book she is looking for, and deal with The Whisperer, a constant caller who feels he is being pursued by malign rays from Outer Space. Kevin, the fifth editorial assistant to inherit The Whisperer (he whispers so that Outer Space won't hear him), has come up with a solution. He advised The Whisperer to carry a piece of aluminum foil on him at all times. (Outer Space rays can't get through that, you know.)

» 1969, and the appearance in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW of a crop of bright new younger writers. John Coyne, of Berkeley (whose first book, *The Kumquat Statement*, has just been published), joined the staff in February 1969, arriving with the Valentine Day blizzard, and spent his first four days snowed in at a motel in Larchmont. David Brudnoy, on the faculty at Northeastern, who does for the campus scene in the Boston area what Coyne does for it on the Coast; Anthony Dolan, of Yale and now points military, and Richmond Crinkley, back from his studies at Oxford, now with the Folger Library in Washington.

» November 19, 1969, the Minister of Buttons addresses a Memo to the Editor suggesting various measures that would help in handling a land-office business in "Tell It to Hanoi" and "Moratoria Kill" buttons. "The omissions," the Memo concluded, "make life very difficult for the Shipping Department, who has graciously consented to marry me, so of course, I want to keep her happy and healthy, it's only natural, right?" thus announcing the very first intra-*NR* engagement: Associate Editor Christopher H. Simonds to Copy Editor Patricia A. Carr.

They were married in September, and NATIONAL REVIEW, precocious as ever, hopes to be able before its twentieth birthday (but not too far before, *M.E.*) to announce the birth of its first grandchild, bouncing blonde Patricia (or C. H., as the case may be) Buckley Burnham Schlamm Bozell Kendall Meyer Chambers Rickenbacker Croce Hart Rusher Simonds. □



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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[Dmitri A.] Borgmann:
Language on Vacation

I do not know where family doctors acquired illegibly perplexing handwriting; nevertheless, extraordinary pharmaceutical intellectuality, counterbalancing indecipherability, transcendentalizes intercommunications' incomprehensibleness.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Happy Bicentennial

New York, Nov. 3—This being Election Day, it occurs to me that it is the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ludwig van Beethoven. And that I have not paid my tribute, which is all right because the line is very long, and anyway my flowers are pretty inconspicuous alongside those of the stellar figures of the musical world.

BUT I am provoked by my old friend William F. Rickenbacker (yes, son of Eddie), writer, sportsman, stock analyst, linguist, musician: and, first and foremost, provocateur. Mr. Rickenbacker has written in NATIONAL REVIEW to acknowledge that much of Beethoven's later music is "impossible to overrate," but that most of the early stuff is merely "manipulative bangbang." The appreciation of any particular piece of music is of course a subjective matter, as everyone knows, especially Mr. Rickenbacker, though he attempts what sounds like an objective demonstration. Beethoven, he says, is easy to imitate. "Mrs. Brown, the English mystic who claims to receive music dictated directly from dead masters, has 'introduced' some music she says Liszt gave her, but it doesn't sound like Liszt; the things she says Schubert gave her don't sound like Schubert; her Beethoven sounds exactly like Beethoven in his early, i.e., awful, period." Now all that that story suggests to me is that Beethoven is cooperating with Mrs. Brown while Liszt and Schubert are not.

So what does Mr. Rickenbacker propose? A "Beethoven Suppression Society whose purpose will be to stamp out all the Master's works up through Opus 52" ("and all the goddam operas"). Mr. Rickenbacker, wise beyond his years in extra-musical matters, ends his article, "I will not answer any letters from anyone on this subject, unless it be the editor's letter accompanying the check." Well, I have sent the check. This is my letter.

By the time Beethoven came around to Opus 52 (eight songs), he was 32 years old. He had composed two of his symphonies, three of his piano concertos—indeed, over one-third of his entire production. Never mind the symphonies, or concertos, but concentrate for a minute on what Mr. Rickenbacker would have us exclude from among the piano sonatas.

There are 32 of them, and he would ban the first twenty, right up to the Waldstein. Interestingly enough, he does not ban the "Appassionata," while passing along about it (and exaggerating) the recent slurs of Glenn Gould. Consider the carnage. Name one or two of the better known sonatas. Take the most famous of them all, the "Moonlight Sonata." Now what is the matter with the "Moonlight Sonata" is that people play it who shouldn't play it, because the first movement is technically easy. I had a teacher who solved in one stroke The Problem of the *Moonlight Sonata*: She would not permit any of her students to take on the first movement who had not developed the skill to perform the third movement. That kept all but the top 5 per cent from playing that sonata and by the time you get so you can play the last movement, you probably have enough sophistication to play the first without ruining it. Now, you cannot keep music students from permanently ruining the reputation of, say, the "Minuet in G": though when played by, say, Myra Hess, one is reminded of the simple beauty of it, like one of the pastoral couplets of Wordsworth. The third movement of the Moonlight is a little junky, so what: It is perfectly agreeable, and in any case it is a foundation for some of the exploits so perfectly consummated in the later sonatas. The very first sonata, in F minor, is wonderfully pleasant: Really, what a bore it is to say that having tasted the great vintages, you can never enjoy table wine. Mr. Rickenbacker seriously maintains that the adagio movement of the C major (#3) sonata, is less than sublime? The "Pathetique" sonata is grand and exciting, though to be sure one can skip the last movement, even though music boxes are also worth listening to every now and then.

I tell you what. Here is my propitiation to Beethoven. There is a splendid artist whose name is Alfred Brendel, a Viennese who teaches in Mexico and performs everywhere. He has recorded all of Beethoven's piano music, stereo, for Vox. And a wonderfully enterprising company, The Dollar Record Plan, Inc. of P.O. Box 86, Pearl River, N.Y. 10965, has brought out these records at the astonishing price of one dollar ($1) apiece. You can buy *all* the sonatas for twelve dollars. If you have caught the Rickenbacker virus, you can buy all the later sonatas (volumes two and three) for six dollars. Now, my offer is this: Buy the lot. If you don't like the first half, send them to me and I'll reimburse your $6, and transship the records to a hospital, as the anonymous gift of someone who turned deaf. And when next I ask Bill Rickenbacker to write for NATIONAL REVIEW, I shall ask him please to refrain from using the early letters of the alphabet. □

SENATOR BUCKLEY

New York, Nov. 7—On sober second thought, I welcome the election of James L. Buckley as senator from New York. Concerning the election and the meaning of it, there is much that could be said. But, for the time being, a couple of points.

1) The political meaning of the election is being challenged by those who point out that Mr. Buckley took less than one-half the vote. They go further and say that if Senator Goodell had dropped out of the race, Ottinger would have beaten Buckley. One CBS reporter said that, asked how they would have gone if Goodell had dropped out, a cross-sample of the Goodell voters indicated 80 per cent to Ottinger, 20 per cent to Buckley. If that had been the case, Ottinger would have won easily, 56 to 44. But such analyses are too schematic. And can be made to lead to contrary results.

SURELY a part of the miracle of that election is the third-party aspect of it? What is it worth to have the backing of a major party? Granted, Buckley had one part of what comes with major party backing: He had the tacit endorsement of President Nixon. And he had a half-dozen endorsements from well, though not critically, situated Republicans. The majority of the Republican congressional delegation went dutifully for Goodell.

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So did the governor (and Rockefeller as governor is far more influential with his own party than most governors). Republican senators streamed up from Washington to push for their colleague. Even Senator Tower, whose personal sympathies were obvious, made the dutiful endorsement, in his capacity as campaign chairman for the Republican senators. By no means last, is the advantage of the position on the ballot. "Vote Straight A," Rockefeller campaigned, arm-in-arm with Goodell during the last day. And a lot of people did, cutting Buckley's plurality, as projected in the polls, by almost one-half.

Let the question be moot. But resist the temptation to discount the result as freakish, because the arguments are by no means conclusive. As for the future? Even as I recommended in connection with the mayoralty race a year ago that there should be run-off elections in three-way races in which the winner fails to achieve a majority, I agree that that reform should be adopted even if it involves a contest in which the initial winner is related to me.

2) I intend from time to time to recall some of the rhetoric of the closing days of this campaign. Very instructive. For instance, Miss Harriet Van Horne, the syndicated columnist: "If this election goes as President Nixon would like it to go, the long train will soon be entering a dark tunnel. The Omnibus Crime Bill . . . will not curb crime but it will drastically curtail freedom. It wipes out in one terrible blow the major guarantees of the Bill of Rights. It gives J. Edgar Hoover and John Mitchell the kind of authority enjoyed by Gestapo chiefs and hanging judges. . . . We shall all be living [a nightmare] as the long train winds through the dark tunnel." I don't remember the rest of Miss Van Horne's column, but I think she spent it bemoaning the excesses of Spiro Agnew's rhetoric.

WHY are they ail so melancholy? All that the New York voters wanted was one senator. If they can have the *Village Voice* and the *New York Times*, can't we have a senator? And if his election causes a mass exodus from New York—aren't they always saying that New York is overcrowded? And anyway, the liberals out in California clearly need help, so wouldn't it be fair if we gave California a few of ours? Some years ago the *New York Times* set out to colonize California with a local edition of the *Times*. But it turned out that absentee management didn't work. Why not try again, and this time send management out there to supervise the operation? Which reminds me, the *New York Times* editorial a week ago spoke about Buckley voters as "night-riders" who want to assassinate freedoms. Now I appeal to the higher intelligence of Harriet Van Horne, how can night-riders live in tunnels? Really, the voices of moderation ought to concert their metaphors. If you think it's easy to have one foot in the tunnel and the other foot in the stirrup of a horse, well, you are the Forces of Obscurantism. □

THE ECONOMIC ISSUE

New York, Nov. 14—The recent election seemed to show a developing maturity on what they call the social issue. That is to say, a recognition of the necessity for social stability, in the absence of which nothing good can happen in a free society. The voters' ambivalence—there were Republican successes here, Democratic successes there—suggests two things.

One of them is that Democrats are also able to read Scammon's book on the real majority, and adjust their rhetoric accordingly. (There were very few dissenting Democratic votes on the Omnibus Crime Bill.) The second is that the voting public needs to learn a great deal about elementary economics. Because one cannot doubt that it was the economic question that figured decisively in many areas.

It is generally supposed that the economy will be the first order of business for the Nixon Administration as the countdown begins for the Presidential election. What needs most to be done is not funny-money, economic razzle-dazzle, but public education. And the sooner the better, because if you wait too long, you are going to be explaining things against a demagogic background that makes education impossible.

For instance, the other night an antagonistic member of an audience rose to inform me that after all, Richard Nixon had induced unemployment. Said I: Why? There was a pause, and silence, almost as if it had been scripted. Indeed, why should Richard Nixon, President of the United States, desire unemployment?

Well—and of course it is obvious he doesn't desire unemployment. If it had been a trained economist of the Keynesian school who was there, he'd have replied to my counter-question: "Because Nixon adopts old-fashioned remedies for curbing inflation." Counter-question: "What are newfangled remedies for curbing inflation?" To which the only appropriate answer is: a totalitarian economy. In fact, there is nothing in between.

It cannot be said too often that deficit spending has certain consequences, and that those consequences are disagreeable for some people. Not, obviously, for others. If the government were to go into debt in order greatly to increase welfare benefits, or in order to make a dozen more moon landings, there would be immediate beneficiaries: those who received the welfare, and those who manufactured, both owners and workers, the parts necessary to the moon flights.

But others would pay. First with inflation, which means simply that everyone's salary is docked—currently, at about the rate of 6 per cent per year. Secondly, by unemployment, as the effects of inflation reduce real demand. Mr. Johnson managed to spend $50 billion more than he raised through taxation. Mr. Nixon was given the job of straightening out the mess. Mr. Nixon needs to give the voters a demonstration like King Canute's. How?

AND HOW to cope with some of the by-products of the problem? There is a lachrymose journalist here in New York whose profession is to weep over the indignities visited by American capitalists on American workingmen. The most recent affront he fingered is the law (there are variations of it in various states) that says that men on strike are not entitled to welfare until after the seventh week. After the seventh week! Why at all? What forces, just to give an example, ought to bring pressure to end the strike at General Motors, which boosted the unemployment figures by almost one-half million? These are men and women who could go back to work tomorrow for incomes that would appear gaudy to a Frenchman or even a West German. I do not say that their demands are unjustified—I simply do not know. But I do say that the notion of giving welfare to strikers is an economic and sentimental lunacy which, to the extent that it goes unprobed, encourages the economic ignorance which is the best friend of Democratic demagogues.

And finally, a word—the same old word—about minimum wage laws. It is getting to be like Social Security. You can't oppose Social Security, even in order to propose a better form of social security. And you can't oppose minimum wage laws, even in order to increase economic benefits for the poor. Too bad. So the only thing is to keep them low enough so that they don't really make any difference. Well, on with it, Mr. Nixon. Fortunately, there are a couple of years to go, and although the road will be strewn with corpses left over from the last Democratic debauch, we ought to be headed toward an improved economic situation. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Reflected — 55 21 171 176 76 203 89 45

B. A small tree of Florida and the West Indies — 95 188 103 24 82 86 22

C. Big league outfielder of a few years ago — 102 142 83 96 25 159 127

D. The Nemean games were held in his memory — 116 199 28 201 16 114 209 9

E. Divine chastisement — 134 99 150 167 194

F. A type of management-labor union contract — 146 174 33 38 43 63 72 101 126 137

G. A type of cell; it incloses a body — 161 5 151 106 175 128

H. Italian anatomist (1524?-1574) — 169 91 107 193 153 183 32 113 163

I. He could tell a lot of old wives' tales — 19 34 52 92 98 4 10

J. An American motion-picture producer and director (1881-1959) — 130 23 152 170 179 206 37 54 68 104 119 162 184

K. A song from the opera *Clari, or the Maid of Milan* — 192 50 100 109 115 117 133 136 141 168 181 213 29

L. A type of golf stroke — 207 196 56 157 202 65 191 138

M. Constructs — 90 178 131 120 143 154

N. Tasks which may help you break even — 125 132 166 1 198 147 73

O. To the full extent — 2 27 31 35 51 57 77

P. What the woman said when she married an actor after having buried a banker — 155 14 58 42 67 75 78 121 139 3 7 70 81

Q. The speaker ought to quit soon after saying this — 185 211 190 148 204 17 59

R. A feathered friend who needs a vermifuge — 195 46 12 84 145 108 182 30 18

S. An inventor who quit listening to the radio — 200 60 64 71 80 177 186 189 205 6 66

T. Toward the rising sun — 212 36 158 62 49 144 87 85

U. A radio-television program that was broadcast for many years — 180 11 15 20 26 41 97 112 122 140 156 208 210 44 105 129

V. To express indirectly — 8 160 172 93 47

W. Pretentious — 40 135 149 53 61 13

X. That is — 118 94 111 48 69

Y. A type of culture — 173 164 123 74 187 39

Z. Situated down or below — 110 165 124 79 197 88

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1313 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

			1 N	2 O	3 P	4 I	■	5 G	6 S	■	7 P	8 V	9 D	10 I	11 U	12 R	13 W	■	14 P
15 U	16 D	17 Q	■	18 R	19 I	20 U	21 A	22 B	23 J	■	24 B	25 C	26 U	27 O	28 D	29 K	30 R	■	31 O
32 H	33 F	■	34 I	35 O	36 T	37 J	38 F	39 Y	40 W	■	41 U	42 P	■	43 F	44 U	45 A	46 R	47 V	48 X
■	49 T	50 K	51 O	52 I	53 W	■	54 J	55 A	56 L	57 O	58 P	59 Q	60 S	61 W	■	62 T	63 F	64 S	■
65 L	66 S	67 P	68 J	■	69 X	70 P	■	71 S	72 F	73 N	74 Y	75 P	76 A	77 O	■	78 P	79 Z	80 S	■
81 P	82 B	83 C	84 R	85 T	■	86 B	87 T	■	88 Z	89 A	90 M	91 H	92 I	93 V	94 X	■	95 B	96 C	■
97 U	98 I	99 E	■	100K	101F	102C	103B	104J	105U	106G	107H	■	108R	109K	110Z	111X	112U	113H	114D
■	115K	116D	■	117K	118X	119J	120M	■	121P	122U	123Y	124Z	125N	126F	127C	■	128G	129U	130J
131M	132N	133K	■	134E	135W	136K	137F	138L	139P	140U	■	141K	142C	143M	144T	145R	146F	■	147N
148Q	149W	150E	151G	152J	153H	154M	155P	156U	157L	158T	■	159C	160V	161G	162J	163H	164Y	165Z	166N
■	167E	168K	169H	170J	171A	■	172V	173Y	174F	175G	176A	177S	178M	179J	■	180U	181K	182R	183H
184J	■	185Q	186S	■	187Y	188B	189S	190Q	191L	192K	■	193H	194E	195R	■	196L	197Z	198N	199D
200S	201D	■	202L	203A	■	204Q	205S	206J	207L	208U	209D	■	210U	211Q	212T	213K	■	■	■

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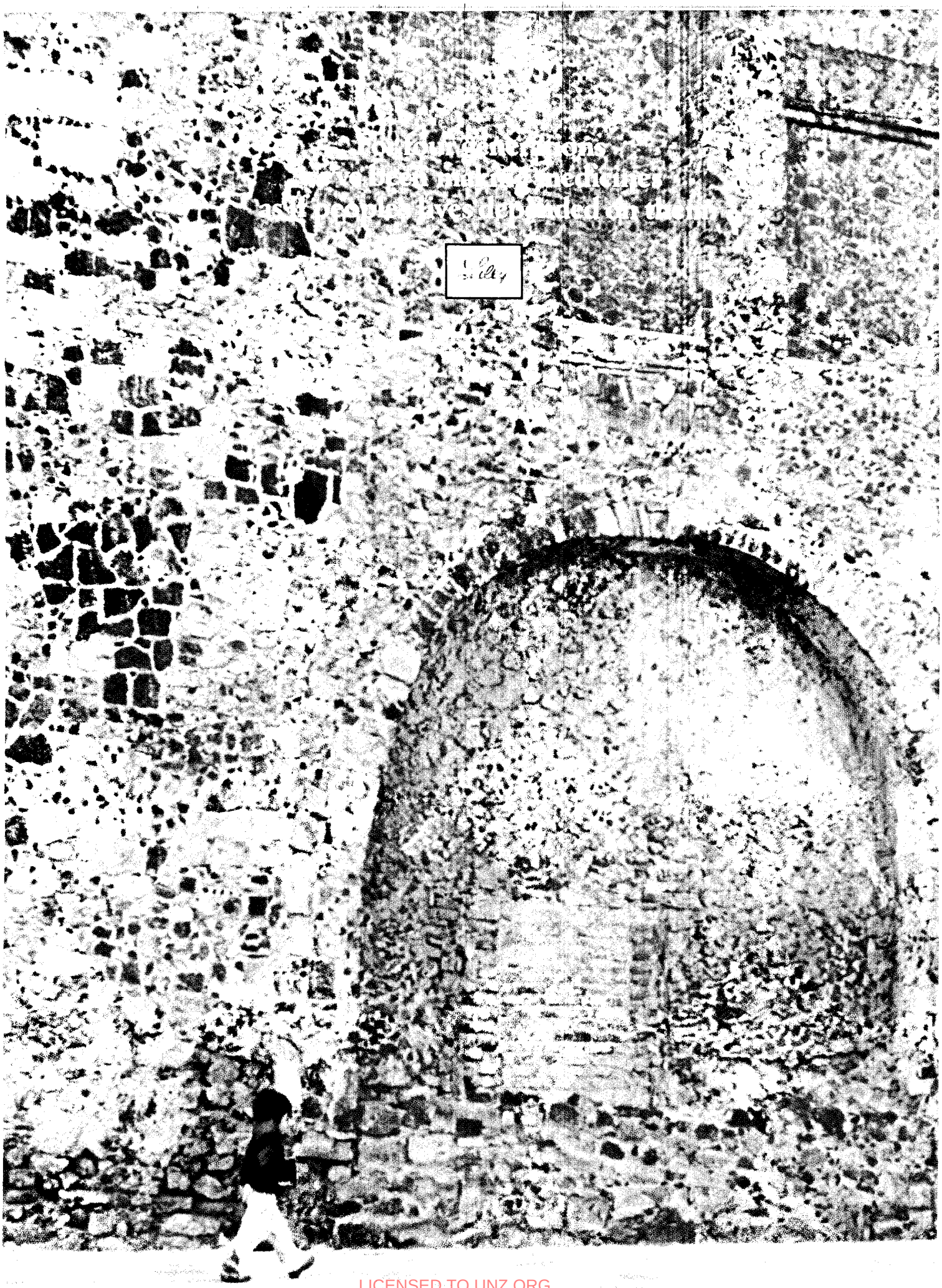

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Fifteen famous cures for a hangover.

Rumor has it that a certain Duke eats a dozen raw oysters for breakfast.

According to one of our friends, that's utterly extravagant, when a couple of raw eggs will work just as well.

One guy we asked does fifty push-ups. Another goes for a thirty minute walk. And a third recommends three cold showers at five minute intervals.

You will also hear about thyroid extract, "special" pills, and Vitamin B. You will be told about packaged oxygen. And informed that a spoonful of Tabasco sauce can make you forget anything that ails you.

You can lie down with an ice pack. Sit up with a soft-spoken friend. Drink tomato juice with a twist of lemon. Drown your sorrows in Colombian coffee. Or try the most famous cure of all—biting the dog that bit you.

But no matter what you do to amuse yourself (or convince yourself) the only thing that will cure a hangover is time. The body oxidizes alcohol at its own rate, and there's no way to speed up the process.

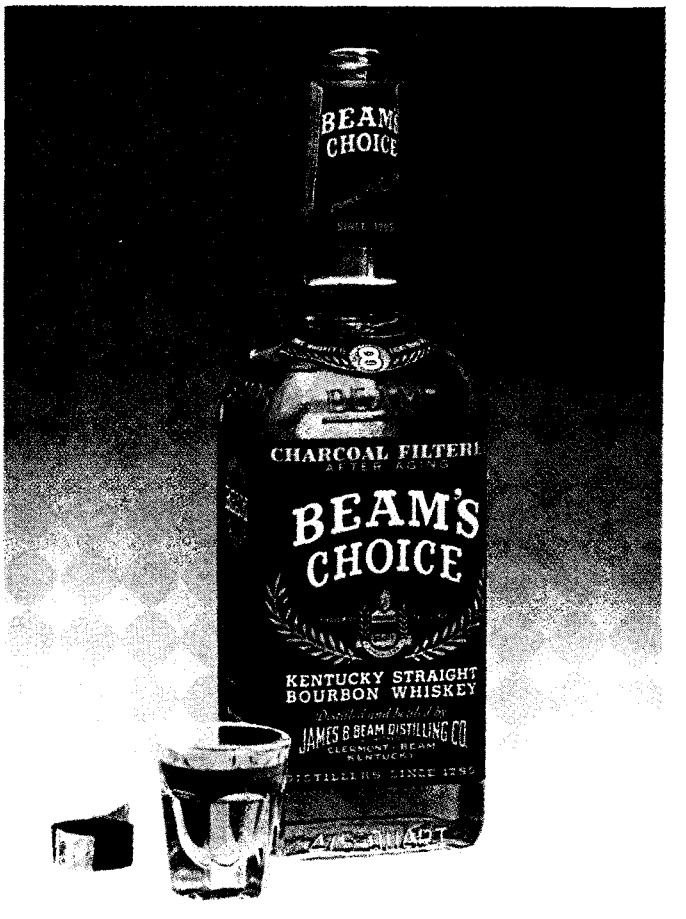
Why are we telling you all this? Because no matter what you drink—if you drink too much of it—you'll probably get a hangover.

And what bothers us most, is that you might end up blaming our Bourbon when you have only yourself to thank.

Beam's Choice is an 8-year-old Bourbon. It's charcoal-filtered after aging. And we think it's about as close to perfect as anybody's going to get.

When and if you decide to try Beam's Choice, you'll find it's simply too good to waste.

And the way we see it, if you're the kind of man who appreciates a good thing when he finds it, maybe you'll decide to make your last hangover your last hangover.



EIGHT YEARS OLD. 86 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

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